

LUCIFER.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE NO. 1066

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Fashionable American society has evidently come to the conclusion that it took a serpent to its bosom when it made a pet of Bernard Shaw. Some time ago New York received him on the recommendation of England, Germany and Europe generally, and was delighted to find that he was much livelier than most of the other writers who had been sent over with similar credentials. Accordingly, it grew very fond of him. But Shaw turned out a sad disappointment. After gaining the confidence of the respectable with comparatively harmless plays like "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell" he suddenly unloosed his claws, and horrified his admirers with "Man and Superman" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Then leading citizens found out that Shaw was a Socialist, and indignant fathers and husbands realized that he was an apostle of Free Motherhood. Fashionable New York is trying very hard to drop Bernard Shaw now, and the critics all say that they really never thought he was anything of a playwright, and they never could see what all the fuss was about.

Europe, however, is accustomed to the radicalism of genius, and has not lost its head over the opinions of Bernard Shaw. Germany was, perhaps, the first country that fully appreciated him. When London still thought of him only as a Fabian essayist Berlin acclaimed him as a rising dramatist. What England now thinks of him may be gathered from two recent articles, one in the "Athenaeum," which has always been considered the chief English literary review, and the other in the "Edinburgh Review," the best of the quarters.

The "Athenaeum" says: "The man who stands highest among living speakers of our tongue for the combination of distinction and fastidious taste could pick no hole in 'Man and Superman,' except that 'Hell is too long.'"

The "Edinburgh Review," in its April number, says: "The power of producing an impression of life which seems, and which is, more real than reality, may be counted Mr. Shaw's supreme gift as a dramatist." And again: "His plays have the disarming quality of seeming to write themselves."

As I said, Europe expects great writers to be radicals. When Tennyson died a few years ago it was universally admitted that there were only two men fit to succeed to the office of poet laureate, William Morris, the Socialist soap-box orator, and Swinburne, the atheistical free lover. Both refused the position when offered by Gladstone, and it remained vacant for some years. Ibsen, Tolstoy and Anatole France are Anarchists; D'Annunzio and Bjornson are Socialists. It is safe to say that all these men, together with Sodermann and Brandes, have published opinions on the sex question which the Chicago postoffice would consider hopelessly unobtainable.

Bernard Shaw differs a little, however, from all these literary radicals. They were all known as writers before they were known as radicals. The best work of all of them, except Ibsen, is a thing apart from their radicalism. We can read "The Earthly Paradise" without thinking of Socialism, or "Anna Karenina" without a suggestion of Anarchism. With Shaw the order is reversed. Dramatic composition was quite a late event in his history, for he was more than thirty-six when he completed his first play. But for many years before that he had been well known as a Socialist lecturer, an opponent of marriage, an anti-vivisectionist, an anti-rationalist, a vegetarian and goodness knows what else besides. Shaw is fundamentally and essentially a social revolutionist, and only in the second

place a man of letters. Every good thing he has ever written is more or less saturated with his revolutionary views.

His preliminary training in the study of social questions gave Shaw a great advantage over the other writers I have named. After all, most of those are what Emerson calls "weak and literary." Such men as Ibsen and Swinburne are little more than examples of the "incoherence of transition." It is impossible to say clearly and definitely what they stand for. Not so with Bernard Shaw. The social questions dealt with in his plays were all questions which he had formerly debated in public meetings with the best debaters in London, or studied in books of statistics. To show how well he equipped himself I shall give a quotation from his tract on "The Fabian Society; Its Early History":

"I made all my acquaintances think me madder than usual by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies and haunted all sorts of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings and made speeches at them. I was president of the local government board at an amateur parliament, where a Fabian ministry had to put its proposals into black and white in the shape of parliamentary bills. Every Sunday I lectured on some subject which I wanted to teach to myself; and it was not until I had come to the point of being able to deliver separate lectures, without notes, on Rent, Interest, Profits, Wages, Toryism, Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Trade Unionism, Co-operation, Democracy, the Division of Society into Classes, and the Suitability of Human Nature to Systems of Just Distribution, that I was able to handle Social Democracy as it must be handled before it can be preached in such a way as to present it to every man from his own particular point of view."

As a result of Shaw's long experience in debating, answering questions at meetings, and compiling statistical tracts, he has very clear ideas on every social problem. He knows just what he wants, why he wants it, and how he proposes to get it. One eminent critic said that "the difference between the spirit of Tolstoy and the spirit of Mr. Shaw is the difference between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of Euclid." This was intended as a reproach to Shaw, but it was really the highest praise.

Shaw has another point of superiority over other great radicals in his essentially modern type of mind. Eminent writers have a strong tendency to be prisoners of the past. Tolstoy wants to do away with luxury, and persuade everybody to live a simple life upon the land, working hard on plain fare. Ruskin wanted to abolish railways and return to stage coaches. William Morris thought that nothing good had happened since the days of Chaucer, and his idea was that we should go back and live in a state of society without organization or machinery, dancing in blissful equality round the village maypole. Shaw has no patience with anything of this kind. He has no reverence for the past. He knows very well that modern cities, modern machinery and highly organized industry have come to stay, but he wants to organize society so that these things may become a blessing instead of a curse. He wants to make cities sanitary, to fill them with inhabitants produced by the most up-to-date methods of scientific breeding, to make machinery public property so that it may be used to cut down the hours of labor to a minimum, and to supply the people with plenty of lively entertainment. In short, Ruskin, Tolstoy and Morris had so little imagination that they could think of the future only in terms of the past, while Shaw has so much that he can imagine a future unlike anything that has ever yet existed.

Many critics have considered his disregard of sentiment a serious fault. But it is really a great virtue in a social reformer. Sentiment

will gather around whatever is established, as surely as moss will grow on an old stone wall. No matter how bad a social system may be, those who have been reared under it will love it and die for it. The social reformer need think only of the primary emotions and fundamental needs without bothering about sentiment. Start every one off with a strong, healthy constitution, let each have plenty to eat, plenty to love and plenty of time for play, and sentiment will take care of itself.

Shaw possesses the greatest of all literary gifts, that of being interesting. Whatever he writes, a play, a critical essay, a letter to the "Times" on the unemployed question, it is sure to be readable. His originality and irreverence preserve him from ever becoming commonplace. There is no pedantry or longwindedness about him; he sees what is the point of vital human interest in the matter and goes to it at once. The great thing with him is to get there, and he does not care how many new words he invents, or how much slang he uses, so long as the desired result is attained.

No man has dived more on the fun of being an agitator than Bernard Shaw. Agitation is his only recreation, for he is a vegetarian, a teetotaler, a non-smoker, who plays at no games and practices no vices. In his tract on the Fabian Society we are always coming on passages like these: "From 1887 to 1889 we were the recognized bullies and swashbucklers of advanced economics." "I must not linger over those high old times, tempting as they are." "Our favorite sport was inviting politicians and economists to lecture to us, and then falling on them with all our erudition and debating skill, and making them wish they had never been born. The curious may consult the files of Mr. George Stauding's extant journal, called 'The Radical,' for a graphic account, written by an individual, of the fate of a well-known member of Parliament who was lured into our web on one of these occasions. The article is suggestively entitled, 'Butchered to make a Fabian Holiday.'"

Shaw's fun and humor help him as a writer, but they are rather a stumbling-block to him as a prophet. English-speaking people expect great gravity from a man who undertakes to teach a higher morality. They think he should be something like John the Baptist. Laughing prophets are a special product of Celtic nations. The great laughter of France, Rabelais, Molière and Voltaire, have also been the great moral teachers of France. The same combination appears in Irish writers like Swift, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. British and Americans are very suspicious of such characters. They are willing to be amused, but not reformed, by them. It is useless to try to draw such a line, however. Those who begin by letting Shaw amuse them are sure to end by letting him instruct them.

The only occasion on which I ever met Bernard Shaw was at a Socialist convention held at Bradford nearly thirteen years ago. I was quite young then, and it was my first convention, so I have a very vivid recollection of everybody there. Most clearly, however, I remember Bernard Shaw. A number of propaganda meetings were held during the convention, at two of which Shaw and I were set down to speak together, and after one of them I walked home with him right across Bradford. He is a brilliant and rapid conversationalist, but what struck me most was his earnestness and politeness. Beneath his humor and flippancy lies an intense seriousness, perhaps too intense. "He was habitually melancholy, this man who wrote so gaily," said La Harpe of Molière; and I have a strong suspicion that the same might be said of Bernard Shaw. His remarkably sympathetic nature makes him very courteous—"gentlemanly to a degree," as Keir Hardie once called him. When our roads diverged I did not know my way; so Shaw, instead of leaving me to inquire for myself, made it his business to do so for me, and I remember him running across the road to get particulars from a man on the other side. In person he is about six feet high, with yellow hair and beard, rather awkward and angular, and utterly regardless of dress. He is now forty-nine years old.

The majority of LUCIFER's readers would find "The Quintessence of Ibsenism" and "Man and Superman" the most worth reading of his works. Socialists will be delighted with "Widower's House" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The ordinary person who wishes only to be amused should read "You Never Can Tell." Of all his plays I think this will live the longest, for it is the liveliest and most humorous, and its fun is of a kind that will always be appreciated.

K. B. KERR.

Little improvement can be expected in morality until the producing of large families is regarded with the same feeling as drunkenness or any other physical excess.—John Stuart Mill.

"WOMAN'S MAGNA CHARTA."

"But what is this freedom that woman seeks?" I said. "I beg you to tell me at once what this great right is that she calls her MAGNA CHARTA?"

"It is," said Mr. Lister, looking me squarely in the face, "the right to the perfect ownership of her own person."

"In what respect," I said, "does woman want the ownership of her own person? Does she not have it already?"

"In respect to maternity," he replied.

"I do not understand you," I said, "please explain more fully."

"Well," said Mr. Lister, "the women say that while they are willing, under all proper conditions, to undergo what George Sand grandly called 'the august martyrdom of maternity,' they utterly refuse to have that martyrdom imposed upon them. Maternity, multiplied and practically enforced as it is, constitutes the primal cause that has rested upon them since they were driven from the garden of Eden. They will bear that curse no longer, and the time has come for man to find a way to remove it. In short, they demand, as an inalienable right, that man shall give them an irrevocable, perpetual guarantee, that no woman from this time forth and forever shall be subjected to the woes of maternity without her free, specific consent."

"What a preposterous idea!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Upon what ground do they base this extraordinary claim?"

"Simply," replied my friend, "upon the ground that maternity is what George Sand called it, a 'martyrdom.' It puts the life of every woman who enters upon it in real jeopardy. It imperils an existence which is as sweet to woman under true conditions as man's existence is to him. The terrible risks of maternity are woman's and woman's alone."

"The risks cannot be shared by man, and woman alone, therefore, should freely elect when she should incur them. Besides the real peril and physical anguish of maternity there are the weary months of sleepless watching, of wearing care and wasting anxiety. For man lightly or indifferently to expose woman to such peril that suffering without her free and undoubted assent is worse than the worst form of African slavery, barbaric and unchristian."

"Unchristian!" I echoed, for the unexpected opening of such an entirely new field for woman's rights confused me so that I repeated mechanically, "Unchristian!"

"Yes, unchristian!" he resumed. "The women quote the saying of St. Paul, 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor,' and say that man, under the sacred name of love, casts upon woman, who is his nearest and dearest neighbor, the most grievous of human ills. He compels her continually to run a gauntlet as cruel as the Indian's tomahawk, and multitudes sink before it is run. In the face of such terrible ills, 'the clouds of the valley are sweet to them.' See, here is a specimen of the cry which appeared in the magazines just before the strike began." And Mr. Lister pointed to a letter which was contained in an article entitled "To Marry or Not to Marry." This letter was entitled:

"WHY I HATE CHILDREN."

"Poetically speaking, children are the rosebuds of life; practically they are the torments of existence. I speak from a long and miserable experience. Married at twenty-five, I am the mother of seven children at thirty-five, the eldest nine years, the youngest nine weeks. I am called their mother, but am really their slave. I was once a care-free, happy, joyous girl, but my children have made me a fretful, nervous, care-worn woman."

"All the romance of my life has gone, the poetry of existence has changed to the dullest prose. I live in the midst of quarrelling children instead of enjoying the society of congenial friends. From Monday morning till Saturday night I am working for my children, yet they show not the slightest gratitude, or make not the least return for all my devotion. Sick or well I am compelled to live in a state of noise and confusion, distracting to my nerves and detestable to all my finer feelings."

"My children are not exceptionally bad or mischievous; all children are more or less so; and, of course, the more children there are in a family the more trouble they give. Had the Roman Cornelia been the mother of seven children, instead of two, she would not have treasured them so highly, and called them her 'jewels.' Instead of their being her pets they would have been the pests of her life, as my seven children are of mine."

"I feel, in fact I know, that I was made for a better, a higher purpose than to be the helpless victim of seven little domestic despots, and one large one. The delicious bloom of my life is gone forever. The sweet fancies, the lovely aspirations, the serene happiness that

made my girlhood a perpetual joy will never more be mine. My days are passed in a painedness from which there is no escape.

"I love my husband devotedly, and he deserves all my love, for a kinder, sweeter, tenderer husband never lived; but dear as he is to me, had I known that marriage would have made my life what it is I would never have married him. A MISERABLE MOTHER."

★ ★ ★

The above extracts are taken from the booklet, "Strike of a Sex."

If the "Miserable Mother" had been the mother of one, two or three children instead of seven she would probably have had sufficient health, strength and self-control to train her children in habits of kindness, sympathy and forbearance towards herself and towards each other, so that instead of the torment of her life they would have been the joy, comfort and happiness of her life.

Of all books sold by us none more nearly preach LUCIFER's central doctrine than does "Strike of a Sex"—including "Zogassent's Discovery," written by Geo. N. Miller, and now published by the Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. The book is remarkably well printed, contains 119 pages, is entertaining as any novel, and sold at the low price of twenty-five cents postpaid. M. H.

REGISTERED AND UNREGISTERED LETTERS.

Editor LUCIFER:

Advice is cheap; and I have long since seen it clamed with kicks and medicine as one of the things we all esteem more congenial to the giver than the receiver.

Mine, for the present, is as follows:

The statute, United States (No. —) Sept. 19, 1890, is damnable of course (what else would you have a Federal statute of Harrison-McKinley days), but the section cited by Hilda L. Potter-Loomis (very likely the only person in America who has read it) does not authorize the postmaster general, or the postmaster particular, to hold up unregistered letters addressed to alleged frauds, like Helen Wilman-Potter; nay, it contains an implication that he must not do so, which, since the thing implied only reaffirms the common law, is sufficient to prove that. The returning of registered letters alone is sanctioned. The sender of a registered letter is known by the accompanying postal card. The sender of an unregistered letter cannot be known without opening the letter. Section 3929, Revised Statutes (amended), concludes with the words "nothing contained in this section shall be so construed as to authorize any postmaster or other person to open any letter not addressed to himself." Something else must be extractable from "these ten thousand statutes which every one is supposed to know and no one does know;" or the inference is plain. No postmaster can hold up a letter addressed to any one but an alleged fraud (nothing is said about the obscene racket). No one but postmasters instructed by the postmaster general can hold up a letter addressed to an alleged fraud. No postmaster, so instructed, can hold up a letter except on condition of returning it to the sender. No postmaster can return it to the sender without knowing who the sender is. No postmaster may look inside a letter for the sender's name (except in case of an unknown addressee, at the lost letter office). Ergo, every postmaster is bound (notwithstanding any fraud order) to deliver the letters which come into his hands for alleged frauds, unless the sender's name is given him on a registration postal card, or the envelope, as is sometimes done.

The postmaster at Chicago, and others who have been holding up LUCIFER, remain as liable as before to suit; which is more likely to avail than prosecution.

But the proper person to bring suit is the addressee. The reasoning of Chas. H. Soelke, that only an impossible impeachment stands between any citizen and excommunication from fire and water by one Jack-in-office, all assumes the citizen to be an apparent evildoer, whose crime the Jack-in-office would prevent instead of punishing. This description may apply to an alleged fraud, but it does not to the receiver of an obscene publication. Anthony Comstock doubtless receives more obscene publications than any other man in America. Is he an apparent evildoer? Perish the thought! Besides, the courts have held differently. Now, to say that he and other detectives may receive obscene mail matter but plain folks like me may not, would be that discrimination of persons or classes of persons which Mr. Soelke says is beyond the power of Congress itself, not to mention the postmaster general (J. I. O.). I renew, therefore, my advice that readers of LUCIFER combine in sufficient numbers to sue

the Chicago J. I. O., and, if necessary, the postmaster general, for the confiscation, without law, of their property (copies of LUCIFER mailed to them) under the frivolous pretense of preventing the editor of LUCIFER from committing an offense which, if any, was already commensured when he deposited these copies in the mail. I am glad to see some correspondents approve of this suggestion. It is the only practical use I can make of things as they are, though ridiculous, as Bernard Shaw has just proved again, is great; and if I were editing a large paper like the "Record-Herald" I would fill it with blanks initiated from yours, e. g., "We are afraid the postmaster general will hold us up if we print what naturally follows: Our neighbor, Miss Tabitha Bramble, says the usual word in this place isn't nice, so we leave the reader to imagine it for fear we should be held up," etc. If you can induce some editor to do this act, do!

Readers who think of suing the J. I. O. for holding up their LUCIFER want to hurry their cases, however, or their case will be getting old. Your device of letting your paper be censored in advance, as if this were Russia twenty-five years ago—they don't do such things in Russia now—may be a good way to consult your own safety, but it gives the enemy a precedent.

"And many an error, by the like example,
Will rush into the state—"

unless you do what I am now going to advise. Get up a special list of subscribers for unmailable matter, putting their rate high enough to pay for letter postage as often as need. Every time the J. I. O. censors LUCIFER send them unutilized marked copies in sealed envelopes, which the J. I. O. dare not open. Have the envelope addressed by typewriter or mailing machine, with nothing outside to show whence they come. Do not have them put in the postoffice itself, but in pillar posts dispersedly. In case of detection and interference have sub-editors (readers in different towns) among whom the list can be divided, and send them packages of the unmailables by express or freight with stamps. Of course their names must be concealed. I'll bet your list of subscribers for unmailable LUCIFERs will soon exceed the other.

As for writing to Roosevelt, a mere sensationalist, whom all the politicians of his party have found out and every one else will soon find out, I am of W. W. M.'s opinion about its utility. There would be more hope in addressing members of Congress.

C. I. JAMES.

Under date Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 28, 1905, Mr. James writes on the following postscript: I shall not issue a call, as proposed by Frank Weller in your last edition, because I believe many others are better situated for the work he proposes than myself. It should be done by some one living in a large city, like Chicago, able to see his lawyer, a person selected for competence and familiarity with such business, every day. Or the lawyer should be himself the assignee of those whose papers have been held up (but then he must be trustworthy—there is a class of lawyers who like nothing better than a case adapted to attract general attention, like a suit against postmasters for their official conduct). I am glad my suggestion to bring suit against the Chicago hold-up man, and his Washington boss, if necessary, has found so much favor. I hope our friends will find a suitable person to materialize it. If they insist on my doing so, and subscribe, as Mr. Weller proposes, I will serve, but I have given my reasons for not wanting the job. My being an Anarchist is an additional one. It would be thrown up to me as inconsistent, and there are enough believers in the law to test its value.

G. I. JAMES.

LOCAL LECTURES AND MEETINGS.

Meetings of the Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet avenue, are held Mondays and Thursdays of each week. Lectures begin at 8 p. m. Discussions follow the lecture. All invited to participate.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology holds regular meetings Sunday afternoons in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic building. Meetings open at 2:30. All invited.

Chicago Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Hall 913, Masonic Building.

According to the Rosalia (Wash.) Citizen, a Seattle woman sued for a divorce on the ground that her husband "tried to make her love him"—a truly reprehensible act on his part if they are right who hold that increase and not love is the justification for marriage. As a possible warning to other husbands the court granted the lady the divorce for which she prayed.—The Truth Seeker, New York.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE.

E. C. WALKER, 24 WEST 142 STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.
LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.
LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.
LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.
The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing; and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

To friends far and near:
Happy, Happy New Year.

ON THE GRIDIRON ONCE MORE.

Thursday, Jan. 4, in the Federal Building in this city, before the United States Court of Appeals, a hearing was had in the case of "Moses Harman, plaintiff in error, against the United States, defendant in error." Case for plaintiff was argued by Seymour Stedman, and replied to by District Attorney Morrison. No decision reached. Decision may be expected any day. LUCIFER's forms were held back one day for this brief report.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

The prominence given to this writer by the attempts to keep the general public from witnessing the performance of his plays has probably caused all the readers of LUCIFER to want to know something of the man himself, and of his history. Although the longest contributed article in this issue it is believed every reader will be well repaid by a careful perusal of the sketch of this noted man's career, as given by a personal acquaintance, and one who would not allow personal bias to warp his judgment. In the near future we hope to print a selection from an address by Lawyer Adelman of this city upon "Mrs. Warren's Profession," delivered before a large and very appreciative audience in the Masonic Temple, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1905.

M. HARMAN.

LETTERS TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

After careful weighing of the pros and cons it is believed best not to print in LUCIFER any more copies of letters addressed to President Roosevelt, and not to encourage our friends to write and send any more letters to that official in LUCIFER's behalf. Judging from the many answers received by the writers of these letters it is very probable if not quite certain that Theodore Roosevelt has never seen even one of the hundreds of personal letters sent to him, and that all these letters are simply pigeon-holed in the office of the first

assistant postmaster general, Mr. Hitchcock—if not destroyed as soon as received.

This procedure only illustrates anew what we all have had abundant reason to know, namely, that the President of the United States is in no sense the servant of the people. To send letters addressed to himself—making complaint of the action of the postoffice officials—to those officials themselves, is to offer an unpardonable insult to the writers of such letters. It reminds me of the action of "the board of pardons" at Washington while I was confined in the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The officials of that prison and many other influential citizens of Kansas applied for my release from prison on the ground of ill-health and other reasons. The board refused to consider the case because the prosecuting attorney and the judge who sent me to prison refused to sign the application for my release.

In this connection attention is called to the letter of C. L. James in this issue, in which letter the plan is proposed of suing the postal officials for damages sustained by the subscribers who have lost their property through the unlawful action of those officials.

While it is believed that the writing of letters to Roosevelt has not been altogether in vain, and while the officers of the league are certainly grateful to those who so promptly responded to their suggestion, and while LUCIFER's editor would return sincerest thanks for all such efforts, including the writing of duplicate copies of such letters to be printed in LUCIFER, the accumulation of these letters in this office is now so great that it is simply impossible to find room for even a small fraction thereof. For this reason and because of the great press of other excellent matter it is thought best, as before said, to treat all alike, and print no more of such letters.

If our friends wish their letters returned to them they are hereby requested to notify us of such desire.

M. H.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Pursuant to time-honored custom it was perhaps expected by many readers that our last issue of LUCIFER, that of Dec. 21, would make honorable mention of the annual holiday called Christmas. That no mention was made of this the most popular of all our national holidays was owing to the fact that LUCIFER's editor holds that the custom of celebrating Christmas is one that would be "more honored in the breach than in the observance." At least that the usual and popular methods of such celebration are not conducive to health, longevity and happiness of the people who participate therein, and to mention their effect upon posterity, or upon the continued life and progress of the human race—through the educational features of this ancient holiday.

That the original significance of the festival now known as Christmas was beautiful, natural and conducive to health, social equality, human sympathy and solidarity of human interests, is doubtless very true. In prehistoric times this festival, under other names, "Yule Tide," etc., was instituted to celebrate the resurrection of the sun-god, after his eclipse, or temporary death, at the time of the winter "solstice"—*sol-stilis*, and therefore the original meaning of this holiday was the celebration of the birth of a new year, and not at all what the day is now made to commemorate.

In later times, or since the conquest of the northern tribes of Europe by Christian emperors of Rome, this ancient festival, beautiful and inspiring in its significance, was perverted to serve and perpetuate one of the most degrading and inhuman of old time superstitions, that of bloody sacrifice to appease the wrath of an angry deity. "Christ mass," means simply the offering of a "consecrated wafer," called the "host," believed to be the body of Christ, which in mass is offered as a sacrifice. See Webster's Dictionary, edition of 1856.

This means that the old Hebrew, Phœnician and Egyptian doctrine of "vicarious atonement for sin," through the sacrifice of bullocks, lambs, rams, goats, doves, and also of human beings, could produce reconciliation between an offended god and offending man. That is, that the innocent could and must suffer, must bleed and die, for the guilty.

The basic Christian superstition is that the innocent son of the Hebrew god, Jehovah, or more correctly spelled Yahveh, was offered up as a sacrifice, killed, for the sins of the world on the Roman cross, about one thousand nine hundred years ago, and that this bloody sacrifice is repeated year after year by the priest, at the time of Christ mass, Christmas, by offering on the church altar a consecrated cake, called the "host."

This is the first and quite sufficient reason why I, a Free-thinker or Rationalist, decline to take part in the celebration of the church

feast called Christmas. There are many other and very weighty reasons which cannot be enumerated at this place and time.

If this festival could be celebrated in a rational manner and as at first intended, that is, to commemorate the annual birth of a new year, I should have no objection to it; but, as already said, I regard this Christmas custom as one that would be honored in the perpetual breach rather than its yearly observance. M. H.

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

As stated more than once in these columns, LUCIFER's editor has neither taste, talent nor time for personal controversy. It is only when accused of conduct dishonorable to him as a man and as a citizen of the world, that he takes any notice of newspaper assaults. It is mainly because of its incorrect statements in regard to matters of business that the following editorial in the December number of the magazine called "Health Without Drugs" (London, England), is given a place in our much crowded columns. This editorial is headed, "Comments on Some Sex Reformers," with the sub-head, "Variety Love Leads to Ill-Health, Loneliness, Pallor and Poverty." It starts off in this style:

"I will begin with Mr. Moses Harman, Editor of LUCIFER (500 Fulton street, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.), post free, 5 cents or 3 pence. If I understand Mr. Harman rightly he advocates free love. Not lustful love, but love amongst those who are sexually attracted to each other. The number of lovers is not limited, hence, they have adopted the name variety lovers. Mr. Harman is now seventy-six years of age. He has been imprisoned twice [thrice] because he printed articles to which the postal censors objected, and he is again on \$1,000 [\$1,500] bail [pending appeal to higher court], pending the action of a federal grand jury for circulating obscene literature.

"Readers of current periodicals know that there is hardly any paper on social and food reform which does not include the discussion of sex matters, and the editors are unmolested by the authorities. No man of discretion would have printed the obscene (1) paragraphs after having been punished twice for a similar offense. His ignorance regarding the effects of sexual indulgence may be inferred from the following paragraph from LUCIFER (December 10th, 1895), in which he describes his physical condition. I understand that he was never a strong man:

"I am not really sick, but have fallen into a low condition of vitality—a state of nervous prostration, so to speak; a lack of digestive and assimilative power—accompanied with lassitude, and resulting in loss of appetite, loss of strength, and loss of virility (twenty pounds reduction in less of two months)."

"I sent Mr. Harman a copy of my pamphlet, 'Sexuality and Vitality,' but he never thought it worthy of notice. A careful study of it, however, and the adoption of my principles, would have saved him from his breakdown. Some of my readers may perhaps divine the cause of his nervous debility. He also states that he came out of prison in better health than he went in. Leppelites can explain this fact easily. As his sisters (1) did not accompany him there was no temptation to waste vital fluid. Any man of weak constitution who has a little common sense knows that he is better in health without sexual relations.

Mr. A. M. writes: "Dear Miss Leppel—I have made sure that all you say is correct about foods which produce an excess of vital essence, and the practice of sexual union is a shocking drain on the whole system. I have proved it, and nothing can alter my conviction. How many men are sent to their graves yearly through their wives! When I was living in the South of England there was a woman who was known to have cultivated, or, rather, cultivated, six husbands. Her present husband was the seventh and he was confined to bed, dying of consumption. You are at liberty to give my address to any inquirers."

"Last year Mr. Harman asked me to exchange advertisements with him, space for space, and advertisement for advertisement. I inserted his advertisement twice, but, in return, he printed a small inaccurate advertisement about addresses, without my authority, omitting my name, the name of my magazine, and the number of address. In answer to my surprised inquiry, he stated that he had written it from memory, because mine had been mislaid. When reminding him of his promise, space for space, he informed me that he had no time to pay attention to details. When I sent my advertisement again, he accused me of monopolizing his paper, and that my advertisement would take at least half a column. It contained the same number of words as his own, and would occupy, of course, no more space. LUCIFER still owes me an advertisement."

"I see in a contemporary that Mr. Harman is poor, and that his friends will have to support him if he is freed. A reformer who has not sufficient sense to provide for himself the necessities of life and keep clear of the law is incompetent to guide the young. The doctrine of variety love is most degenerating, especially for the young. If variety lovers knew that sexual excess was a kind of temporary insanity, the result of wrong foods, they would not waste their money in supporting the editor. Variety love leads to ill-health, loneliness, failures and poverty. Though prostitution deteriorates the nation, yet if variety love were adopted, it would lead to worse results. I cannot publish the reason for fear of coming into conflict with the

law. A short explanation in a private letter (under 200 words) can be obtained, however, for one guinea or five dollars (prepaid)."

These extracts from "Health Without Drugs" are given place, for these among other reasons:

First, because the editor, Madame Sophie Leppel, asked me to do so.

Second, because she is by no means alone in her misunderstanding of LUCIFER's work, and of the personal life of its editor. Madame Leppel voices the opinion of many thousands, in Europe and America, who consider themselves fully emancipated from old-time superstitions of all sorts—the sexual as well as the theologic and political—so that in replying to her I reply to a large class of so-called Free Thinkers, Secularists, and Evolutionists.

Third, because to fail entirely to notice criticisms such as those of Madame Leppel would subject me to the implication, in the minds of friends as well as foes, that the charges are well founded, and that silence means confession of their substantial truth.

To begin, then, let me say that LUCIFER's space is too small and too precious to admit answers, in detail, of all the points made by my London critic. Only the more important can be noticed in this reply.

In general terms I agree with much of the reform for which Sophie Leppel stands committed. The food question is one of the most important; therefore I would gladly cooperate in all practical ways with those who agitate for more rational habits of eating and drinking. I have often desired to quote—approvingly—from the columns of "Health Without Drugs," and it is mainly because of my good will toward its editor that I give her so much of our limited space.

Yes, it is very true that "social reform and food reform papers discuss sex matters and not molested by the authorities." Is there anything strange about this? In Garrison's time many papers discussed the questions of capital and labor and were unmolested, but when the "Liberator" attacked the then popular relation of those two social factors at once there was trouble.

Yes, it is true that I have continued to publish matter that is called "obscene" by the postal authorities, after being imprisoned thrice for "similar offenses." It may be true, as my critic says, that "no man of discretion" would continue such publication, after such warning. Are we to infer from this that Madame Leppel would stop publishing her views on health without drugs if the postal authorities should decide such doctrines to be unavailable? and that persistence would mean fines and imprisonment for herself?

Madame Leppel is not alone in giving such advice. Many of LUCIFER's readers would have me stop talking about the sex-question, in the way I have been doing, and would have me conform to popular and conventional laws and usages on this subject.

To all these critics, whether friendly or unfriendly, I would respectfully say, once for all, that while I make no promises for the future; while I may see things in a wholly different light tomorrow, and may then shape my course according to other standards of right and truth, yet for today, I would echo the words of Shakspeare when he said:

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon," than to follow a temporizing line of conduct such as that evidently advocated and practiced by Sophie Leppel and by many other good meaning people. If I were a dog there would be no feeling of responsibility for my senseless barking. The dog acts from emotion, or intuition, alone, instead of from enlightened rationality, while the evolved human animal is supposed to consider what effect his conduct will have upon his fellow humans, and upon their posterity.

Where, O where, let me ask of Sophie Leppel, would be human liberty and human progress today if all men and women in the past had meekly followed her advice, and had bowed meekly to the commands of men "clothed with a little brief authority?"

Whenever the time comes that LUCIFER's editor shall make the opinions of the postal officials, the Federal judges or the Federal executive his standard of conduct or of conscience, then, quoting the language of that sturdy old Roman warrior, Cincinnatus: "Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, dash him to pieces!"

VARIETY LOVE.

Yes, LUCIFER's editor advocates freedom in love, commonly called "free love," as in all other relations in life, but I have never "adopted the name variety lover." I have adopted no name, whatsoever, except liberty-lover and seeker after truth. I do not advocate promiscuous sex-relations, variety relationships, nor monogamy, polygamy nor polyandrous relationships; I simply demand the right of each and all to choose her or his own life in this regard. With

Spencer I say: "Each should have the undisputed right to do as he pleases so long as he invades not the equal right of others."

"The very head and front of my offending hath this offense, no more."

The paragraph quoted by Madame Leppel as proof that I am a variety-lover and that I indulge the sex appetite to excess, was first inserted in *LUCIFER* as explanation of my then proposed vacation in Florida. The "nervous prostration" spoken of was really no new experience. I had been subject to periods of such prostration for more than thirty years. As to whether indulgence of the sex instinct had ought to do with any of these periods of prostration I certainly do not know, but that such has not been the fact as to many of those cases I have the best evidence possible. That my coming out of prison in better health than when I entered was owing to forced abstinence from sex-indulgence, is only one of Sophie Leppel's numerous unfounded assumptions. When first imprisoned I was suffering from epidemic "lagrippe." Comparative rest of mind and body, together with more careful attention to such hygiene as was possible within prison walls, cured me of lagrippe—not the absence of my "sisters," as charitably (I) inferred by my self-complacent, highly opinionated critic.

Yes, I have made some mistakes in sexual matters, as perhaps all septuagenarians have done, but that I have not been a sinner beyond the average of men in this regard, I have good reason to know. That these mistakes—the mistakes of ignorance mainly—have been on the side of asceticism, of total abstinence, rather than of over-indulgence, I verily believe. While freely confessing my errors I am very willing to compare records in this regard with any of my accusers, not excepting Madame Leppel herself! If what she records of her own nervous breakdowns be true, and if, as she infers in my case, nervous exhaustion is due to sexual excesses, then my mentor should heed the injunction, "Physician, heal thyself."

MY POVERTY.

Yes, as stated by a "contemporary," it is very true that I am "poor" in this world's goods, but I am not a pauper. I have enough to supply the "necessities of life," without calling on "my friends," but I freely confess to not having "sense enough to provide" a fund large enough to pay heavy fines of the Federal court, and if ability to "keep clear of the law" is the best evidence that I am "incompetent to guide the young," then I plead guilty to such incompetence.

In fact, I have not set myself up as a guide for the young or the old. I am myself but a learner, a pupil in life's great school. I am willing and anxious to learn—from Madame Leppel, the youthful Leppel, or from any one who knows anything concerning life's problems, and especially the most important of all life's problems, those pertaining to the egoistic hunger for food, to keep the body alive, and to the altruistic hunger for the relation that keeps the race from dying out.

If I were so lucky as to have five dollars to spare I might be tempted to invest it in a lesson of 200 words, written by the head-center of "Leppelism," the founder of the sect, or cult, of that name, but on account of lack of good "sense" in accumulating dollars, I must forego the written lesson and content myself with what I can glean of Leppelism from the magazine, "Health Without Drugs," which comes to us in exchange for *LUCIFER*. And this brings me to the most important of the charges made against me, that of failure to fulfill my promise in regard to

EXCHANGE OF ADS.

Whether I suggested such exchange or accepted the suggestion I have quite forgotten, and whether I agreed to equal space and number of words, has pained my recollection, but if I did so it was certainly with the understanding that there should be reasonable limits to space to be occupied by the exchange. It is true that I at first inserted Madame Leppel's ad. from memory, but I then believed, and still believe, that I inserted the most important features of the ad. as sent by her. It is true as she says that I omitted her name, and this omission sealed my doom, no doubt. As the good lady is evidently ambitious to be the founder of a new sect—Leppelism—the most important part of her ad. was and is her own name, but I gave correctly the name and purpose of her magazine, also the name of the buildings and the city in which it is published. I inserted this ad. three times, with what is called a "Cap. head," and then changed it for one dictated by herself—word for word—and ran the corrected ad. in at least three separate issues of *LUCIFER*. Then when she asked me to insert a new ad., so large that it would occupy about a half column of our wide measure I respectfully declined, on ac-

count of "monopoly" of our very limited space allowed for advertising.

So far as I know we have already given Madame Leppel more of space than she has given to us, but to silence all complaint on this score I now offer to insert a new ad. for her, not to exceed two inches in depth, one or more times in *LUCIFER*, and will add to this offer a promise to insert, as space may allow, selections from her teachings upon the food question in its relation to the right control of sex hunger, and will close this long comment by earnestly advising *LUCIFER*'s readers to send ten cents, stamps or coin, to "Miss Sophie Leppel, 26 Clovelly Mansions, Gray's Inn, London, W. C., England." This, by the way, is the exact instruction as to address given by the lady herself.

★ ★ ★ ANOTHER SIDE.

I began this exceptionally long article with the title "Alternating Currents," and will now give a little space to a current that flows the other way. In the "Woman's Journal," Boston, dated December 23, 1905, appears a letter from the treasurer of the Free Speech League, with a short comment thereon by the assistant editor, Alice Stone Blackwell. The article is headed in capital letters, "Garrison and Harman," is addressed to the editors of the *Woman's Journal*, and reads as follows:

Your last issue contains the tribute of Mr. E. H. Clement, of the Boston Transcript, to Garrison, and as I read it, including his inquiry, "Where is the hero for the hour?" of today! the reply comes to me, without a doubt, it is Moses Harman. In many ways his experiences parallel those of Garrison. He is contending with the same "elements of entrenched wrong" as enumerated by Clement, and I can but wonder if Clement had Harman in mind when he wrote his query: "Who are they that are doing in our day the same sort of pioneering, with the same sacrifices and stripes, that Garrison did?"

In your editorial on Garrison I find these points in which Harman reminds me of Garrison:

1. He "stood almost alone."
2. Slavery was a "divine institution," and Church and State were allied in its support. Garrison fought it. Marital slavery now stands similarly supported. Harman assaults it.
3. Garrison repudiated political action altogether, as Harman does today.
4. Garrison was, like Tolstoy, a non-resistant, and Harman is in this like them both.
5. Garrison was "aggressive and uncompromising in his utterances." So is Harman.
6. Garrison was "equally strenuous in his advocacy of woman's rights." Harman is, if possible, even more so.
7. Garrison was in earnest, would not retreat, would be heard. Harman is made of just that stuff; and we hope for a final "parallel case," that fifty years hence Harman's assault on the evils of marital slavery will be as much appreciated as is today Garrison's on black slavery.

E. B. FOOT, JR., M. D.

[Some of Mr. Clement's hearers in Boston, as well as Dr. Foote, were reminded of Moses Harman by that description. It is not likely that all Mr. Harman's views will ever be generally accepted (and Garrison's non-voting and extreme non-resistance principles seem so nearer acceptance now than fifty years ago), but it is only a question of time when Mr. Harman's opposition to the servitude of wives will be recognized as wholly rational and noble.—A. S. B.]

★ ★ ★

And here is still another alternating current. In "Wilshire's Magazine" for January, 1906, under the head "The Post Office Autocracy," appears this defense of Liberty and Equality, in which the editor mentions *LUCIFER* and the attempt to suppress it:

One of the most remarkable incidents of the growth of the tendency to autocracy methods in this country is seen in the way the postoffice treats anybody who does not walk the chalk line as drawn by the postoffice officials.

I myself was thrown out of the mails because the postoffice ruled that as I was publishing "Wilshire's Magazine" to advertise Wilshire's ideas, "Wilshire's" was merely published for advertising purposes, and therefore, had no right to the second-class entry.

As a result I had to go to Canada and publish "Wilshire's" in Toronto for three long years before the United States postoffice could be brought to realize the absurdity of their ruling, and their grave offense against a free press.

When a man can be thrown out of the mails for his publishing his own ideas there is very little freedom of the press remaining for us Americans. It's a long road to travel, but the only remedy is to elect a President who will appoint postmasters who are no slave compounds. Some day we Americans will travel this road, but we are not ready just yet for it, even to gain freedom of the press.

Moses Harman, editor of *LUCIFER*, in Chicago, was thrown out of the mails merely because he stated that he thought a wife should have control of her own person. The postoffice said this was obscene, and *LUCIFER*'s light is extinguished. But it is burning again, feebly, and will burn fiercely some day.

These journals which sell on account of their vulgarity and obscenity are never molested by our remarkably modest postmaster

general. He must pick upon a theorist like Harman, who writes his stuff for thinkers, and not for the lovers of the yellow, to exercise his power.

Many other currents setting in the same direction might be cited, but these must suffice for this time. M. H.

THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE IDEALS.

This is the title of a leading article in the December "Arena," written by Theodore Schroeder, whose essay on the "Impurity of Divorce Suppression" in the same magazine attracted much attention some months ago. Beginning with Ancient Greece Mr. Schroeder carefully traces the growth of, and changes in, marriage ideals from primitive times to the present. Considerable space is given to the treatment accorded to women by the fathers of the Christian church—or churches. The following are a few characteristic paragraphs:

"By the tenth century, woman's subjection as a chattel-slave was complete. Her husband-owner could mortgage, sell or kill her, just as he could any other live chattel. No wonder, then, that thousands of women were driven into monasteries, as the only place offering even a little freedom, economic independence and respectability.

"The same crime was more severely punished, if committed by a woman, than if committed by a man. The wife's rebellion against her husband was punished as treason. President Roosevelt still esteems it akin to treason for the sex-slave in marriage to refuse to render sex-service. Before the Mothers' Congress, speaking of the deliberately childless wife, he said: 'Such a creature merits contempt, as heavily as any visited upon the soldier who runs away in battle.' The deserter before a foe is killed. Does Mr. Roosevelt's 'contempt as heavy' mean that he desires also to inflict the death penalty on married women who have deliberately limited their offspring to a number less than their utmost physical capacity? That is the logical inference.

"We have now seen how Christian denunciation of marriage, as impure, and of women as subordinate and vile, produced a wifehood of chattel-slavery. This necessarily involved that rendering sex-service had become a woman's slave-duty to her husband-owner. Under our present partial emancipation and enlightenment, husbands lack the courage, publicly, to insist upon this as their personal right, but instead, ask for it for themselves in the name of a class, nation or race, which every such man feels himself in duty bound to save from its imminent danger of extinction. As formerly he demanded a slavish slave, so now he demands a 'womanly woman,' one who joyously defends and meekly submits to the male imposition of economic dependence, intellectual inferiority, a dual standard of morals and female duties. Motherhood, as a right, has vanished, and motherhood as a duty is still preached by the benighted as the highest mark of female slave-virtue.

"Other forces have contributed to the persistence of this ideal. The tribal chiefs and war lords, needing soldiers for slaughter, rediscovered their advantage in making breeding a virtue. Napoleon needed 'food for cannon,' so when the brilliant but barren Madame de Staël asked him: 'Who is the greatest woman?' he said: 'She who has borne her husband the greatest number of children.' Frederick the Great, in 1741, wrote: 'I look upon men as a herd of deer in the zoological gardens of a great lord; their only duty is to propagate and fill the park.' President Roosevelt still endorses this ideal as the highest for womanhood when he says that 'the wilfully barren woman has no place in a sane, healthy and vigorous community,' and adds, before the Mothers' Congress, that: 'There are exceptional men and exceptional women, who can lead, and ought to lead, great careers of outside usefulness, in addition to * * * not as a substitute for * * * their home duties.' Until the zoological garden of her great lord and master is full of deer, and these adequately cared for by her, woman may not even aspire to a career of other usefulness without forfeiting her right to live in a 'sane, healthy and vigorous community.' It is quite incomprehensible, how women with any education can sit calmly under—or even applaud—such degrading denial of an equal opportunity for the exercise of other than their breeding capacity and its incidents."

In these utterances of Theodore Roosevelt we see an adequate explanation of the opposition to sex freedom for woman by the present national administration, as evoked by the rulings of the postal department and by the prosecutions in the Chicago Federal courts. Judges Bethen and Landis, in the Stockham and Harman cases, and the postoffice bureau at Washington and Chicago simply enforce the policy of their chief.

Speaking of sex-slavery in marriage our author says further: "Thus the husband-master of a sex-slave in marriage, not caring or daring to repudiate the whole of the ascetic ideal, yet seeking a moral justification for a wife's compulsory gratification of his sexual appetites, secured the aid of both the church and the state, and all these still seek to limit a woman's activities, to coerce propagation and its incidents. All are united to laud her compulsory sex-submission as a virtue.

"Even to this day, in probably every state in the Union, the law still recognizes the husband's ownership of his wife's body. He may rape his wife with practical impunity, since marriage is a defense to the crime of rape. When he rapes a woman without having acquired that right, by priestly ceremony, even though she is his paid mistress, the criminal law against rape will send him to prison. Even if the law were changed, economic dependence and a perverted public opinion, which in consequence of such dependence prates of 'wifely duty,' would still compel submission; and all this, because the Bible says: 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands in all things.'"

The closing paragraphs read thus:

"The press dispatches recently announced that the Corn Exchange National Bank of Chicago had posted this notice: 'Employees of this bank receiving a salary of less than \$1,000 a year must not marry without first consulting the bank officials and obtaining their approval.' The reason assigned was that: 'It is nonsense for a man to attempt to care for a wife and family with an annual income of \$1,000. We would feel ourselves partly responsible for any misery which might follow, if we approved of such a course.' The clear imputation is that an economically dependent wife, to a husband with small salary, is a direct inducement to embezzlement, and prudent business men are unwilling to assume the moral risks.

"All this but makes it clear that economic and social pressure are compelling the abandonment of our present ideals which, without clearer moral vision, we refuse voluntarily to relinquish. Thus we will arrive at a legalized, easily dissoluble monogamy, into which woman will enter on terms of perfect equality as to her economic, moral, religious and political status, and her compulsory maternity will be replaced by the enlightened motherhood of privilege, in which the right of the child to be well born will be the paramount consideration. The realization of this ideal, toward which we are tending, is still far off, and what may be beyond is not given me to know."

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

A. A. C. Mo.—At present I am among a rough, wild class of people, quite licentious and foul of speech, but steeped in the prevailing social beliefs and deeply prejudiced. They read and think but little and seem well satisfied with present conditions.

GEO. FOULKROD, Suffolk, Va.—Enclosed find \$1 to apply on my subscription to LUCIFER. I don't think this country can boast of a better government than Russia as far as respect for the rights of the people is concerned. I hope you will come out all right at your trial. I can't see how any intelligent jury can make you out guilty.

JOHN LANK, for Bohem. Am. Educ. Club, New Bedford, Mass.—Enclosed you will find \$5. We did the best we could. It was impossible to get any subscribers, because the majority of our members are not able to read an English paper. So the last meeting allowed the treasurer to send you \$5 as support to be used in the fight for the existence of LUCIFER.

ALICE ARCHER LITTLE, Mass.—If the trouble you are meeting with the law were not so serious a matter to you personally it would seem to me the quintessence of foolishness when I read what is supposed to be such awful and wicked speech for human ears to hear, and the growing mind to think upon. I feel like a second "Alice in Wonderland" with each new departure and "hold-up." The whole world cannot be so shocked by such vital matters being examined, and

different opinions expressed must be—as I always look at all history—the event controlled by some one person, governed by secret animalities, that results in such experiences as yours. I hope this will be the last indication, and that all these will only increase the interest they are intended to quell.

M. L. S., Atlantic City, N. J.—I think that it might be a good thing to do if a few men from New York City would go to Washington and interview "Ted"—or if you could make the trip yourself, in company with Dr. E. H. Foote, K. C. Walker and others.

FRANCIS EDEL, Chicago, Ill.—Our friend, August Boshhammer, San Blas, Mexico, sends \$2 for LUCIFER. When I went to Topolobampo in '92 Boshhammer was the first one to inform me about your struggle in Kansas and the real conditions of the freedom of press and speech in the United States. Wishing you strength and endurance in the struggle for freedom.

O. LEONARD, St. Louis, Mo.—I send you a copy of "The New Life," which I have written. I think you could make arrangements with my publishers to sell the booklet. You can announce at any rate that it can be ordered through you. I heard of the shameful proceedings of the postal censors against you and your paper. I need not tell you what I think of it all. You know my views on such subjects. I wish I had the power to help you in this fight. I know that every freedom loving man should do something against this reign of terrorism in America.

W. G. MARKLAND, Chattanooga, Tenn.—The idea of appealing to the president is unpleasant to say the least. It seems to me that the logical, feasible program in all such cases as yours is open, dignified, public protests and endurance.

Despotic greed dominates presidents, congresses, courts and all the petty machinery of government and until its potentialities are worked out we will find no relief. My feelings find voice in "let 'er grind," and "damned be he who first cries hold, enough!"

The assault on you means larger game in view. It's an apprentice hand at your throat. We may look for the master's hand are long. "Brotherly syndicates" are a coming feature among the political gods. Although weak you are an obstacle to be crushed. It's destiny, but the struggle must go on to its limit.

C. H., Ashland, Wis.—Enclosed find \$1.50. This pays my subscription from No. 1049 and leaves 50 cents for any other purpose. I should enjoy the reading of some of the literature of protest, but cannot do much propaganda work. The moment I speak of the postal inquisition the most intelligent man among my hearers shouts: "You are an Anarchist." The epithet "Anarchist" is quite equal in these days to the "A Heretic" of olden times in its sociologic effect. The victim is vanquished. To all arguments or excuses the hearers say, in their quiet way, "O! Never mind, I don't care to argue the question." Generally they walk away. Truth to tell, I find only one or two out of sixty-five men who can be induced to listen to any of what I should call reasonable talk. Most of them care for nothing but to talk of the amount of work they can do and the latest scandal or sensation. As to "letters to the president," I consider them as so much wasted energy. Comstock didn't ask the president for his powers to become a general nuisance. Nor can the president take away those powers. "Subscriber," on page 426 of LUCIFER, No. 1053, offers the only sensible solution of the problem. I disagree with nearly all the main principles advocated by LUCIFER, but still I like the paper because it is strong.

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CHICAGO, ILL., JAN. 18, 1906. [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1057

"TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION WHICH IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR."

Break, break it open; let the knocker rust,
Consider no "shall not," and no man's "must";
And, being entered, promptly take the lead,
Setting aside tradition, custom, creed;
Nor watch the balance of the knocker's beam;
Declare your hardest thought, your proudest dream;
Await no summons, laugh at all rebuff;
High hearts and youth are destiny enough.
The mystery and the power enshrined in you
Are old as time and as the moment new;
And none but you can tell what part you play,
Nor can you tell until you make away.
For this alone, this always, will succeed
The miracle and magic of the deed.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

FREE SPEECH DEMANDED.

The same good friend who sent us the collection of brief and pungent sayings of thinkers in favor of freedom of speech—published in No. 1054—has added other excellent paragraphs to that collection. Among these are the following:

"Great men are placed upon the scaffold for their peccadilloes, and little men are often enthroned for servility or good intentions."—Wm. T. Hughes.

"Question with boldness even the existence of a God, for if there be one, he must more approve the language of reason than of blind-faith."—Thos. Jefferson.

"I regard Comstock as infamous beyond expression. I have little respect for those men who endeavor to put down vice by lying, and very little respect for a society that would keep in its employ such a leprous agent."—Ingersoll.

"Without free speech no search for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked, and the nation no longer march forward toward the nobler life which the future holds for man."—Bradlaugh.

"But I will demand if that man is not rather entitled to respect than the discomfiture of society, who by disputing a received doctrine either prove its falsehood and inutilty (thereby aiming at the abolition of what is false and useless) or gives to its adherents an opportunity to establish its excellence and truth. Surely this can be no crime."—Shelley.

"The government has nothing to do with the moral or intellectual quality of the matter transmitted through the mails. It has no right to discriminate. If it may discriminate for good purposes it may discriminate for bad purposes. The power is fraught with too much danger of abuse to be safely entrusted to the government."—N. Y. Sun editorial, Dec. 23, 1878.

"Your note admonishes me of a duty that should have been discharged before—the duty of telling you that your argument in the United States 'Comstock postal law' has made me an advocate of repeal vs. modification. The discussion of this autumn has brought me to the conclusion that this is the simple, logical, sensible and only satisfactory method of dealing with this obnoxious piece of legislation."—Rev. O. B. Frothingham.

It is hardly possible that a society for the suppression of vice can ever be kept within the bounds of good sense and moderation. If there are many members who have really become so from a feeling of duty, there will necessarily be some who enter the society to hide a bad character, and others whose object it is to recommend themselves to their betters by a sedulous and bustling inquisition into the immoralities of the public. The loudest and noisiest suppressors will always carry it against the more prudent part of the community; the most violent will be considered as the most moral, and those who see the absurdity will, from the fear of being thought to encourage vice, be reluctant to oppose it. * * * Beginning

with the best intentions in the world, such societies must, in all probability, degenerate into a receptacle for every species of tittle-tattle, impertinence and malice. Men whose trade is rat-catching, love to catch rats. The bug destroyer seizes on his bug with delight; and the suppressor is gratified by finding his vice. The last soon becomes a mere tradesman like the others; none of them moralize or lament that their respective evils should exist in the world. The public feeling is swallowed up in the pursuit of a daily occupation and in the display of a technical skill. An informer, whether paid by the week, like the agents of this society, or by the crime, as in common cases, is in general a man of very indifferent character. So much fraud and deception are necessary for carrying on his trade—it is odious to his fellow subjects—that no man of respectability will ever undertake it. It is evidently impossible to make such a character otherwise than odious. A man who receives weekly pay for prying into the transgressions of mankind and bringing them to consequent punishment will always be hated by mankind, and the office must fall to the lot of some man of desperate fortunes and ambiguous character. If it be lawful for respectable men to combine for the purpose of turning informers, it is lawful for the most despicable race of informers to do the same thing; and then it is quite clear that every species of wickedness and extortion would be the consequence."—Rev. Sidney Smith.

"Through an ex cathedra revelation from the Supreme Court, made at the close of the nineteenth century, and in a land which poses in the garb of 'Liberty enlightening the world,' the dogma of the infallible State has been set up as the counterpart of the dogma of the infallible Church. * * * This new-born heresy—created to meet a special emergency—will be utterly repudiated by the American people the moment that the despotic and irresponsible power over opinion, with which the fiat of the Supreme Court has armed Congress, is applied, as it surely will be, to some subject which will arouse and quicken the public conscience."—Hannis Taylor in "North American Review."

"So there are a number of obsolete laws on the statute books sufficient to hang us all, which, however, are kept in abeyance till some individual or party peculiarly unpopular is required to be put down, when they are thrust upon us to every one's surprise. Thus Trafalgar square was a place for public meetings for years, but when the Socialists wished to meet there the most astonishing restrictive laws were re-enforced. So after certain things have long been allowed, some luckless individual, perhaps a suspect of one of the spy societies, is pounced upon. All manner of blasphemy has been written and spoken freely, but suddenly the editor of the Free Thinker (of London) was made a scapegoat. All sorts of meetings have been held on Sunday with payment at the doors, but if Spiritualists, Socialists or any other unpopular party were to begin them, they would probably be summarily suppressed. So we have an index expurgatorius in literature extending even to our public libraries."

"As a partisan of individual liberty I am not offering an opinion whether marriage as at present enforced is right or not, whether it should be more free, whether divorce should be easier or not; but as an individual, what I am striving for is that those who do not believe in marriage should have the same liberty (of discussion) as those who do."

"A religious man is not supporting Spiritualism or Atheism because he would give the Spiritualist and Atheist the liberty he himself enjoys. Nor is the man of strict moral principles supporting vice if he attacks the law which tries to put it down. All he means is this—I abhor vice, but I believe your interference makes these things worse."—A. F. Tindall.

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.—G. B. Shaw.

Criminals do not die by the hands of the law. They die by the hands of other men.—G. B. Shaw.

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.—G. B. Shaw.

The bureaucracy consists of functionaries; the aristocracy, of jobs; the democracy, of idolaters.—G. B. Shaw.

Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.—G. B. Shaw.

EMERSONISMS.

Insist on yourself; never imitate.
 Let us bow and apologize no more.
 A simple manly character need never make an apology.
 With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do.
 The characteristic of a genuine heroism is its persistency.
 Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with pack thread, do.
 I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have an intrinsic right.
 I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways.
 My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle.
 I see not any road of perfect peace, which a man can walk but to take counsel of his own bosom.
 A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he.
 A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.
 I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions.
 I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward.
 Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age.
 Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it.
 If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you.
 Else if you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks is hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today.
 Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just. It is generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out.

"MONNA VANNA."

One of the chief events of our time is the great revival of the drama. Twenty years ago Ibsen was the only dramatist of any importance in the world; the novel was everything. Today we have Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, Sudermann, Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio, and of late years Tolstoy has written some important plays. All these authors write problem plays, some of which are very advanced on the sex question, and well worth studying as signs of the times. One of the best is "Monna Vanna," by Maurice Maeterlinck, a Belgian author who is still only forty-three years old. It has become popular in America, and I have just seen it acted by Nance O'Neill and her company.

The scene is laid in Italy in the fifteenth century. Florence is at war with Pisa, and is just on the point of taking and destroying that city. At this juncture Prinivallo, the Florentine general, who has been unjustly accused at Florence and condemned to death in his absence, makes overtures to the Pisans. He promises to supply them with food and ammunition on the one condition that Vanna, the wife of Guido Colonna, the Pisan general, shall go to his tent and spend one night there. Guido is furious at this proposal, and refuses to consider it at all, but Vanna takes a different view. She determines to go, and thus save the city, and she goes in spite of the anger and insults of her husband.

Vanna has no idea who Prinivallo is, but when she reaches his tent, he reveals himself. It turns out that he and Vanna played together as children, and that he fell so deeply in love with her then that he has never been able to think of any other woman. When still a boy, however, he was taken to Africa by his father, and was there imprisoned by the Arabs, and did not return to Italy until after Vanna's marriage. Since then his one thought has been to get possession of her. Now, however, that she is in his tent, he feels that he loves her too much to do her any violence. He is as weak as a lamb, and they spend the night talking of old times, and get no further than to kiss each other on the forehead. Dawn is near, and she is about to return to Pisa, when steps and voices are heard. It is the Florentine commissary coming to arrest Prinivallo as a traitor. He knows not where to fly, but Vanna persuades him to go with her to Pisa, promising him her husband's protection.

When they get to Pisa they find Guido still in a towering rage. Vanna hastens to tell him how happily her adventure has come out, but he utterly refuses to believe her story. Vanna tries to make him understand that Prinivallo spared her because he loved her, but Guido cannot understand. He calls upon the crowd to say if they believe that any man would have a woman sent to him under such conditions and then let her off with a kiss on the forehead. Guido's father Marco says he believes her, but every one else is silent. Guido thinks that Vanna has fallen in love with Prinivallo and is trying to shield him; so he gives orders that his rival shall be taken and

tortured. Then suddenly Vanna discovers that she loves Prinivallo. Rushing among the guards who have seized him she cries out that her whole story was a lie, that Prinivallo did force her, and that she has deceived him to Pisa in order that she may have him taken to her heart's content. She insists that he shall be taken to a dungeon, and that she shall have the key. Her wishes are obeyed; with the key in her hand she sinks down fainting and the curtain falls.

The reader will notice that the subject of this play is similar to that of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," but the treatment is very different. In Shakespeare's play a young lady called Isabella has the opportunity of saving her brother's life by sacrificing her chastity. She rejects the proposal without a moment's consideration, saying:

"Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:

More than our brother is our chastity."

It is quite clear from the way Shakespeare handles the subject that her answer is in his opinion the only one which a woman of the highest virtue could give.

Maeterlinck makes Vanna give a different answer, and it is evident that he would have done so even if there had been only one life to be saved. He makes old Marco, the wise man of the play, say: "Believe me, nothing is worth a life that one saves; all the virtues, all the ideals of man, all that he calls honor, fidelity, and the like, seem but a child's game in comparison." Maeterlinck's treatment of all the characters is quite unlike what Shakespeare's would have been. Shakespeare would have made an injured martyr of the jealous husband, but Maeterlinck makes him a little ridiculous from the start, and detestable at the close. Shakespeare would have made Prinivallo a monster, but Maeterlinck makes him humane and lovable.

It was interesting to watch the audience while this play was being acted. They did not know what to cheer, which sentiments to admire and which to be shocked at. "Is she good?" exclaimed a young lady behind me in great bewilderment. There is no doubt, however, that these advanced plays are having their effect, and are a powerful agent in the breaking up of the old morality.

R. B. KERR.

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David Gibson, 25c; Public Library (St. Louis), 40c; F. A. Tappan, 16c; Geo. Bocklein, 20c; T. M. Watson, \$1.50; Carl Neld, 50c; A. Friend, \$1; V. Cook, 50c; Joe Balogh, \$1; at meeting (Dec. 24), 35c; C. W. Betts, \$5; C. Hartshorn, 50c; A. Friend, 25c; R. H. Platt, \$2; Herbert A. Gries, \$1; Dr. M. R. Levermore, \$1; Samuel Clark, 30c; August Boshuizen, \$1; H. Vogel, \$1; D. Webster Groh, 37c; G. W. Soule, \$4; Otto Bolsien, \$1; Eugene Smith, \$14; T. F. Brooklyn, \$2; Paul Sauter, \$1; Mrs. S. J. Gill, \$1; Dr. J. M. Walton, 10c; Jacob R. Daisy, 10c; Mrs. A. B. Fish, 25c; E. C. Wilcox, 10c; R. J. Karin, 10c; H. Geigantuch, \$1; J. Flora Tilton, \$2; E. W. Chamberlain, \$9; Louis Rorer, \$2; Priscilla Clark, \$6; Annie E. Parkhurst, \$1; Ella Kantz, \$2; Thirza Rathbun, \$1; F. L. Avery, 20c; Mrs. M. R. Welch, 20c; O. H. Stone, \$1; "Amicus," Massachusetts, \$3; W. W. Miller, \$1; A. Friend, \$1.

Surely it is better to have thirty-five millions of human beings leading useful and intelligent lives, rather than forty millions struggling painfully for a bare existence.—Lord Derby.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

F. B. F., New York.—No doubt the Chicago papers contain reports of Prof. Adler's remarks on Shaw and Maeterlinck, urging unofficial censorship of press and drama—and teaching that "happiness is not essential to marriage"; that "marriage is to keep the flame of life burning," and that "better offspring and health" can be hoped for by holding together married couples after they would naturally fly apart.

That is rank heresy from any sociologic point of view, and if ever a censorship were to be justifiable it would be for suppression of such error as that. Adler is way off the track of truth, but what he preaches appears to be congenial to our official censorship. So be careful how you try to "call him down."

C. E. E., Pa.—Your letter came duly to hand and I wish I could respond to it as I should like to; but I, too, am suffering on account of the faith that is in me. Was teaching for about five years in a school founded by one of the millionaire coal barons, and, perhaps to my shame, kept my faith to myself pretty much as I might be able to feel my babes. But the truth will out, and one Sunday I had, at the Y. M. C. A., a discussion with a minister, in which I pronounced the Garden of Eden story a fable. That was my finish; I "lost my job," and am now struggling to re-establish a private school for myself. I had such a school, but left it to better myself. It is hard to teach for the mossback conservators of current morals and economics; indeed, I should say it is a shame for a liberal to do so.

But in our poor lives—for most of us are shabby compromises—we bow a little to the lords for our bread. Nature's production of free souls is pitifully slow. My subscription to *LUCIFER* expired with No. 1859. Find enclosed \$1.25 to extend it. The dollar is for renewal on the paper, the 25 cents for postage you have spent in sending Japanese paper. Should be glad to have more copies of the paper from the Land of the "Rising Sun" if you can spare them. My best and kindest wishes are with you and yours. As said, I am struggling to get on my feet again. If I do I shall be able to help *LUCIFER* more.

OTTO BOHRER, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. The enclosed clipping is an expurgated copy of a letter I sent to the "New York Evening Journal." W. R. Hearst, Editor Evening Journal: Dear Sir—You publish a very admirable editorial on William Lloyd Garrison. You say we need more Garrisons. How many of your readers know that in this country a postal official may act as judge, jury and prosecutor, all combined, and that an appeal cannot be made in any court? An Englishman would blush with shame if this could be said of his country, but we Americans go on blindly and indifferently, while liberty (of the press and speech) is being destroyed all around us. Only the truth, the naked truth, can make people free.

ARTHUR WASTALL, 2 Abalinda Road, East London, Cape Colony. The Bernard Shaw Daily affair in New York has happened apropos, and may turn the scale in your favor. The withering satire of the far-famed author of "Superman" will likely prove more than a match for the feeble-witted Comstockians, with their stupid "draped-plano-legs" ideas.

Free speech in America bids fair to become as "notifiable" a disease as scarlet fever. For the benefit of McAfee, McAdoo & Co. I could point to a center of infection that, although at the Antipodes, may become a dangerous menace to self-debasing puritans everywhere. If this celebrated firm will take the trouble to write to 29 Capper street, Kent Town, Adelaide, South Australia, I am sure the editor (a woman doctor by the way) will gladly furnish them with the fullest details of their local outbreak of this particular epidemic. It seems to have got such a hold of South Australia that a monthly periodical is now issued dealing with the latest phases of the complaint and how to prepare special "cultures" in suitable mediums, etc., etc.

The lay and non-official public can have copies of this journal at the trifling cost of 3d (6 cents) a number. I can assure them it will be found a surprisingly excellent, sound and outspoken publication on *LUCIFER* lines, which none can afford to miss, if only to show them how much more liberal and up-to-date in such matters are the dwellers under the southern cross than the North American worshippers at the shrine of Taboo.

In Lady Florence Dixie *LUCIFER* has lost an eloquent and forceful advocate of its cause. I sent you recently the record of her demise.

I inclose \$2.50 to be used to help defray extra expenses.

SUBSCRIBER. Dating back more than thirty years, in the state of Pennsylvania, there lived a man and woman who loved. There being some impediment to a legal marriage they ran away together and settled in a new town in Northwestern Iowa. Here they lived as man and wife; were happy and prosperous and moved in the best social, political and business circles of the community. After their children were grown, some of them to manhood, the secret partly leaked out, and in order to pacify the children they went to Chicago and were legally married. Up to this time they were considered about the happiest married couple in the town. Two years later they separated and were finally divorced.

Draw a moral.

[This is but one of the many instances that could be cited to show that the attempt to make people good by legislative enactments—especially in the matter of the love-relations of women and men—is not only a failure but far worse than a simple failure. It defeats its own alleged object and is the prolific cause of vice, crime and misery. So long as two people are held together in the conjugal relation by mutual love and mutual respect alone, they will be careful not to destroy or forfeit each other's love and respect. But so soon as a legal chain is thrown around the pair they begin to rely upon that, and to become careless in their treatment of each other. They begin to demand as a legal right what should ever be the voluntary and spontaneous gift of people free to give or to refuse to give.—M. H.]

JAMES P. CLARK, Albia, Iowa.—Yours of the 17th inst. has reached me here at home, where I arrived several days ago. I have been absent about six months, isolated in the mountains on the Pacific Coast. I have practically been denied the use of the mails all summer. The censor of the Chicago postoffice has, no doubt, done all he could to keep me from getting my *LUCIFER*, but the fact of my isolation made it impossible at times for me to even get a letter from my nearest relatives for more than a month between times. To go out and take such a visit with Nature is a grand way to forget our troubles, but I find that when deprived of all reading matter one forgets much else also. We were shut out practically from the outside world; lost all track of what was going on, but by the *LUCIFER* enclosed with your letter we learn that you are still hammering away at the old stand. The circulars enclosed with your letter are all O. K., and

in conclusion, Brother Harman, will say we have not the least doubt of your integrity. I have been with *LUCIFER* almost from the start and firmly believe in all your good intentions, and it is too bad that in your declining days you should be dragged around in such a shameful manner. I am not one to encourage you to be putting your head in the cannon's mouth; you do not owe humanity that much. I should much rather see you have a little comfort in your old days, but all this is no excuse why you should be persecuted for doing what you think is right. You have done a noble work for human rights. No one ever tried harder to better woman's condition than you. She owes you a lasting gratitude. You do not tell me how your finances are, but I take it you need all the help you can get, and I herewith put in my mite to help along your defense fund. Place it where you need it most.

A. E. ELLIS, Boston, Mass.—I had an answer to my letter to the president, of which I mailed you a copy. It is signed by J. J. Howley, acting first assistant postmaster general, and reads as follows:

"Your letter of Oct. 30 to the President in reference to the publication *LUCIFER* has been referred to this office and will receive due consideration."

I wonder what is "due consideration" in this case? In the last *LUCIFER* Mr. Harman writes very appropriately about the letters to the President too often being in the form of a petition instead of a protest. I am in full harmony with that idea and in the first copy of my letter, as I intended to send it to the President, the closing sentence was this:

"The postal authorities are your appointees and you are our elected representative and we expect you to see to it that their depredations on our property are stopped and due restitution made to Mr. Harman."

That is what I liked to write, but as I am considered very aggressive and insistent on my rights and been much criticised therefore I did not in this case trust my own judgment, but fearing to injure the interest of *LUCIFER*, which has become dear to me, I changed it as you may see in my letter—"Hoping that it is only necessary," etc. But if I had received *LUCIFER* of Nov. 9 before I wrote to the President my first way of putting it would have prevailed.

I wish again to express my admiration for the great and noble work you are doing. We ordinary mortals are cowards when it comes to the all-important sexual questions, and your courageous work will bear its fruits in a happier humanity. I am myself considered exceptionally independent and outspoken ordinarily, but in this field I am like the rest of the people. Only after getting acquainted with *LUCIFER* do I dare to try to get enlightened and to discuss these matters freely. I thank you for what you are doing and have done, and wish you all kinds of success.

D. WEBSTER GROSS, Hagerstown, Md.—Henry E. Allen's bitter denunciation of my recent postal card you printed, without refuting a single idea advanced therein, is quite complimentary, indicating that a very little of my writing is very effective and irrefutable.

The defeated politicians always denounce the victorious ones and their doings, in order to get themselves elected next time, after which their average doings are about as bad as those they displaced—for this is how the game of politics is played. And, calling the victorious politicians Socialists instead of Republicans, or Democrats, or Whigs, would not change their nature or improve them one iota. Indeed by having more power, through "politician (government) ownership" of everything, while individuals owned absolutely nothing with which to repel their invasion, their tyranny could and probably would be greater in proportion to the relative power of each.

In demanding the initiative, referendum, recall, proportional representation or any other increased restriction of politicians' powers, as well as in reducing their financial power through reduced taxation, I will gladly cooperate with Socialists or any others, but not until the proverbially corrupt politicians become spotless angels will I ever advocate increasing their power and lessening ours financially or otherwise.

As "the worker's right to work" and "have the social product of his toil" existed in greater perfection when governments and trade unions were less powerful, even despite the competition of chattel slavery, indications are that lessening the politicians' power would be advantageous.

"Man's individual responsibility for his own acts" increases exactly in proportion as government's responsibility therefor is withdrawn. Hence, he who must live off of his own savings is naturally more industrious and economical than he who depends on a government pension and vice versa. Consequently more individualism and less governmentalism and paternalism will accelerate prosperity and progress.

As some who wrote President Roosevelt know he never saw their letters they should use the precaution to at least mark their envelopes and beginning of their letters "Personal," as this would make it more likely he would get to read them, as his deputies probably don't open his personal mail.

But writing letters to the press does more good than to the President, so every liberty lover should join the Press Writers' Association and you yourself should run in *LUCIFER* a column or two of extracts from daily and weekly papers to serve as targets for the Press Writers' corps and also print extracts of their printed comments in other papers.

Once you get this scheme working right it will get too hot for Comstock or even the postoffice officials to invade your liberty. By all means organize a Liberty Press Writers' League.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:

E. C. WALKER, 34 WEST 142 STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.
LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.
LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.
LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.
The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THIS GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

ANOTHER "HOLD-UP."

LUCIFER No. 1056 was declared unavailable by the superintendent of second-class mails, Chicago. At this writing, January 15, we have not heard whether the decision of Mr. Hull is sustained by the Washington office or not.

It may be well to say at this place, that the loss to the subscribers will be made up, whenever an edition is denied the mail, either by an extension of time paid for, or in some other way.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

In the never-ending struggle between Freedom and Slavery, between Equity and Privilege, between Progression and Retrogression, another battle has been fought—fought and won!

Lost to the hope of those who have worked, waited and prayed for victory for the cause of free speech; victory for the cause of womanhood, the cause of woman's right to self-ownership; victory for the right of the voiceless unborn to be born well, if elected—or condemned—to be born at all.

Another victory has been scored by the forces of Privilege, the forces of Reaction, the forces of Monopoly, the forces of Medieval Superstition and of paternalistic Despotism.

AND YET, WHO KNOWS?

Was the cause of political liberty lost when the American colonists were driven from the field by the troops of King George at Concord and at Bunker Hill?

Was the cause of Grecian independence lost at the pass of Thermopylae, when Leonidas with his little band of immortals, his three hundred Spartans, went down to death before the assaults of the unnumbered hosts of Imperial Xerxes?

Was the cause of freedom for the enslaved African defeated when John Brown was hanged at Harper's Ferry by Governor Wise, at the command of the slave-crats of Old Virginia?

Was religious liberty and the right of free speech hopelessly lost when Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake by the officials of Papal Rome three hundred and six years ago?

Let the ovation accorded to the memory of Bruno—one of the greatest of all the civic ovations ever seen in the "seven-hilled city," at the time of the "unveiling" of the Brunonian monument—give answer.

Let the spread of free thought; let the decay of the temporal

and spiritual power of the church; let the world-wide acceptance of the scientific views for the championship of which Bruno suffered seven years' imprisonment, followed by his martyrdom at the stake, give answer.

Who knows what the final result of the late legal battle in the age-old conflict for freedom of speech will be. I refer now to the hearing at the Federal Building, in Chicago, of the appealed case of LUCIFER's editor, for the right to discuss—in a clear, rational and honest manner—the most fundamental of all human problems, those pertaining to sex and reproduction of the race.

The affirmative side in this legal fray was argued by Seymour Stedman, for the "plaintiff in error," as this appeal case is technically called, and was replied to by the printed brief of United States District Attorney Morrison and by the oral argument of his deputy, named Marston—if I do not mistake the personality of the man who on that occasion represented the Modern Inquisition familiarly known as the Postal Censorship of Press and of Mail.

Whether Mr. Stedman made the best possible fight for freedom I do not pretend to say. His line of argument was mainly on points of technical law, rather than for the fundamental right of every one to equal freedom to express honest opinions on all subjects pertaining to human welfare.

The attorney for the Censorship did his best to show the lawfully democratic effect of permitting discussions, such as presented in the two indicted articles, to be sent broadcast through the mails; also to show that the points of law upon which Mr. Stedman hoped to get a reversal of the decision of the lower court were not well taken; in other words, he tried to prove that the "plaintiff in error" had no legal ground on which to base an appeal.

At the close of Mr. Stedman's last plea he asked the judges to allow his client to make a short talk in his own behalf. This request was promptly denied! While the counsel on either side were making their arguments I was taking notes, expecting nothing less than that I would be allowed my citizen right to give reasons why a prison sentence should not be affirmed, or confirmed, against me by the Appellate Court.

Immediately after the close of Mr. Stedman's argument the court was declared adjourned, and next day he was officially informed that the three judges constituting the United States Appellate Court for Illinois, had affirmed—giving no reasons therefor—the sentence of the District Court, namely, that the defendant in the original suit, Moses Harman, should be punished by imprisonment in penitentiary at hard labor for the term of one year.

Mr. Stedman's understanding is that no appeals from decisions of the United States Appellate Court are ever allowed; therefore, it would seem there is no escape from this sentence.

At this writing, January 12, no announcement has been received at this office as to when the execution of the sentence is to begin. Our attorney says the usual proceeding is to allow the condemned a few days to "put his house in order" previous to donning the convict stripes.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Briefly, in conclusion, it is perhaps needless to say that, as heretofore, when I have been sent to prison, LUCIFER will be published as usual. All necessary arrangements have been made for the editorial and mechanical work in getting out the paper as promptly every two weeks as the postal censorship will permit, during the enforced absence of its editor.

While there is no reasonable doubt that LUCIFER will go to press regularly, either in its normal or its expurgated form, it should not be forgotten that the publishers must depend on the financial co-operation of subscribers and patrons for the wherewithal to meet current expenses. Very naturally then, my chief cause of anxiety in giving up the management of LUCIFER to other hands, is in regard to the support it will receive from friends outside the office. Judging from the past, however, and knowing that the cause of freedom and justice is not less the cause of LUCIFER's friends than it is the cause of its old editor I have little reason to fear that the paper will be permitted to die for lack of the necessary funds to pay expenses of publication.

M. HARMAN.

THE OUTLOOK.

At the opening of a new year it is but natural that we should take a retrospect of the past year and from its record form some estimate of what may be expected in the future.

Lack of space will prevent an extended review, in LUCIFER's columns, of the happenings of the year just past. However, we may say, in brief, that the closing battles of the war and the treaty of

peace between Russia and Japan stand foremost, in the opinion of most people, as the greatest historic events of the year 1905, common calendar.

As an actor in bringing about the termination of this the bloodiest of modern wars, Theodore Roosevelt achieved much prominence and received much praise. Whether the treaty, brought about by his initiative, was really in the interest of peace—of peace based upon justice, upon human right and human welfare, is a question concerning which there is room for honest difference of opinion.

Consider a moment: When negotiations for peace between Japan and Russia were opened by Roosevelt, the tide of war was going triumphantly in favor of Japan. The prospect was that the czar could not much longer raise money and men to continue the war, and that a total collapse of imperialism and autocracy in Russia was imminent. The revolutionists of the empire—those who for many years had suffered, had worked and waited for a radical change, a change by which the common people might be allowed a voice in the general government—all of whose hardships were borne by themselves alone—these revolutionists were hailing as a star of hope the defeat of the armies of the czar in the far east, and had begun an active campaign to overthrow autocracy and to establish limited monarchy, democracy, or perhaps the Cooperative Commonwealth in its stead.

Such being the situation in Russia and the east, when Theodore Roosevelt asked for the appointment of commissioners to arrange a basis for peace between the emperor of Japan and the czar of Russia while I would not impugn the motives of any man the question naturally arises:

Was Roosevelt's move in the direction of real peace, peace founded on liberty for all and privilege for none?

Or was it a move in the direction of continuing the never-ending struggle, the never-ending war, between freedom and slavery?

Was his interference with the progress of the war in the far east a move in favor of the oppressed revolutionists of Russia, or was it in favor of the czar and the bureaucracy of that typical despotism?

Was it in favor of the oppressed and murdered Jews or was it in favor of the bloodthirsty Cossacks and of the Russian State Religion—the priests of the Greek Church, who have continually urged the people to drive out or exterminate the Jews?

Let the treatment since accorded to the Jews of Russia and to the revolutionists generally give the answer.

As just said, I would not impugn the motives of Theodore Roosevelt, but we cannot avoid looking for causes of human actions.

What then is the general character the president of the United States, as interpreted by his acts, by his attitude towards freedom and justice for all, as seen in his appointments to office, and in his shielding officials from punishment for malfeasance in office?

What of the bureaucratic and autocratic acts of the postal department and the war department of his present administration—his right and left arms?

"By their fruits ye shall know them!"

"Birds of a feather flock together!"

Instead of taking up our limited space with the details of these unprecedented (in this country) usurpations I ask our readers to get a copy of the January "Arena," and see what its editor, H. O. Flower, has to say of the "Onward March of Autocratic and Bureaucratic Aggressions in the National Government."

The most discouraging of all the features of this outlook is the supineness of the people, the indifference of the general public to the stealthy but steady and sure encroachments of autocratic, imperialistic assumption of power by the present administration at Washington, D. C.

Most men, to say nothing of women who are supposed not to take any interest in such matters, hush in your face when you say that our government is rapidly adopting the imperialistic methods of the rulers of the old world. They either cannot or will not read the "signs of the times," as portrayed by indisputable facts.

FOR CONTRA.

On the other hand we are not without reason to be thankful and hopeful. The terrible shakings that have been given to popular standards of business morality, commercial morality, by the recent exposures of crookedness, of rottenness, of criminal dishonesty in high places, are beginning to set the stupid mass to thinking. The evident complicity of trusted and honored members of the national government with this crookedness, it is hoped, will help to break the spell and cause an earnest effort to bring the public servants to

see and know that the people have some rights left that the "elected ones" are bound to respect.

Of the many "journalists of opinion" that are now speaking with no uncertain voice against the bureaucratic methods of the Washington government it is encouraging to be able to name "The Arena," Boston, and Trenton, N. J.; "The Public," Chicago; the "Star," San Francisco; "Woman's Journal," Boston; the "Conservative," Philadelphia; "Wilshire's Magazine," New York; "Appeal to Reason," Girard, Kansas; "Physical Culture" and the "Worker," New York; "Light of Truth" and "Chicago Socialist," Chicago; "Liberator," St. Paul, Minn. Many dailies also might be added to this list, besides numberless weeklies and monthlies, did space permit.

LUCIFER'S WORK.

Speaking more particularly of the outlook in the line of *LUCIFER*'s central work, there are many hopeful signs. For instance, a special dispatch to the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," dated Des Moines, Iowa, December 7, reads thus:

"The women members of the Chaucery Depew Club of Des Moines believe in race suicide, and are willing that mankind should know it. After an animated session this afternoon it was unanimously agreed that the sentiment of the club upon this much mooted theme would be henceforth expressed in this motto: 'Quality rather than quantity; fewer but better babies.' Mrs. George W. Ogilvie, the chairwoman, likened children to blooded stock, and declared that if people were as careful in the rearing and development of their progeny as some of the stock raisers were of their prize animals there would be a speedy uplifting of the human race."

As many of our readers know, these notices adopted by the Des Moines Women's Club, have been part of *LUCIFER*'s mottoes ever since its first issue.

Another hopeful pointer is the article of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, one of the most popular writers of the present day, in the Hearst syndicate of dailies, dated December 29, 1905, in which she commends a bill to be introduced in the Iowa legislature entitled:

"A bill for an act to provide instruction upon the subject of better parentage and making an appropriation therefor."

While most of us have no faith in legal enactments of this kind, we hail with delight the evidence that the *forces* are at work in the popular mind, demanding that the haphazard, unscientific and irrational methods of bringing children into the world must be superseded by something better. A part of the comments on this text are these:

"There is no reason why 'Good Parentage' should not become a scientific branch of our colleges before two decades pass. . . . Many useless and unimportant things are taught now in our schools. A letter came to me recently from a woman who said she was recovering from a blow given her by her eldest son, and that two years ago the press had mentioned her as being found at death's door, alone, in her home, with a newly-born child in her arms, and no food or fire in the house. The husband, a drunken brute, was afterward imprisoned for his treatment of her. . . . She was the mother of nine children, she said, and had never known anything but misery, abuse and poverty in all her married life. Yet nine children proved her ability to arrest race suicide."

Few writers of the present day have it in their power to arouse the dormant public mind upon this vitally important subject as does Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and it is sincerely to be hoped that she will not neglect her opportunities, and that she will remember the tremendous responsibility these opportunities, and her own exceptional mental powers, impose upon her.

Other hopeful signs of a general awakening along *LUCIFER*'s special lines of work are accumulating. One of these is the fact that the parenthood question is being discussed by the members of the "American Press Writers' Association," in their letters to a multitude of journals that now offer a limited part of their space as a "Battleground of Modern Thought." It is hoped all of *LUCIFER*'s readers will improve the opportunity thus given and thus hasten the day when such instances of criminally reckless parenthood as that mentioned by Mrs. Wilcox will be no longer possible.

M. HANMAN.

LOCAL LECTURES AND MEETINGS.

Meetings of the Spencer-Whitman Center, 2335 Calumet avenue, are held Mondays and Thursdays of each week. Lectures begin at 8 p. m. Discussions follow the lecture. All invited to participate.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology holds regular meetings Sunday afternoons in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic building. Meetings open at 2:30. All invited.

Chicago Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Hall 913, Masonic Building.

"THE LAW DID IT."

From an editorial in the "Public," Chicago, January sixth, I clip this paragraph:

"A pathetic story comes from Vermont. It is said that the school children shout 'Hangman! Hangman!' at the little daughter of the deputy sheriff who recently executed the death sentence on a woman in that State. This is pathetic because that poor child had no responsibility in the matter. But it is not so easy to pity the man himself, even if the people do point him out contemptuously as a hangman. He excuses himself by saying that he did not hang the woman, that the law did it. But the law didn't do it; he did it—he and the officials who aided or ordered him. Maybe it was his duty, but that is apart from the question; the point is that, duty or no duty, he himself did the act."

No; the "law" didn't do it. "The law" never did anything! "The government" never did anything. The State, the Nation, never did anything.

We speak of law and government as though they were substantial entities, self-existent forces—as when we say, "let the law take its course."

Of all the superstitions that have come down to us from the ignorant and brutal past, none are more irrational, more immoral and debasing, than is this worship, this fetish-worship, of law and government.

If the Vermont "officials"—the sheriff, the jury that convicted Mrs. Rogers and the judge that named the sentence—had been unable to find a man low enough and mean enough to spring the trap that sent a weak and defenseless woman prisoner—hands and feet securely tied—up into the air with no support but the rope that choked the life out of her—that made her turn black in the face; made her eyes bulge out in a frightful and shocking manner—if these officials could not have found a human biped, or a quadruped beast, a dog or monkey for instance, low and mean enough to do this act for money or from fear of a whipping, then where, O where, would have been the late disgraceful and inhuman Vermont hanging?

In a very few days LUCIFER's editor expects to don the "stripes" in some "government" prison and be put to hard labor without pay, except the meager fare—meager as to variety and wholesomeness—for a chronic invalid. Then it will doubtless be said, as in the case of the hanging of Mrs. Rogers—"the law did it."

Suppose, however, that when said editor, in charge of the sheriff or United States marshal, shall reach the prison gates and be handed over to the warden, suppose that official should ask:

"What is this man's crime? What has he done to merit imprisonment?"

The sheriff would probably answer:

"I don't know. That is none of my business. My business is to obey orders, not to ask the reason why. If I had been told to hang this man I should hang him and without presuming to inquire into his guilt or innocence of crime. I am an executive officer, not a judicial. Other men are elected or appointed for that department of the government."

Suppose again that the warden should reply:

"Your idea of official duty is the popular one, the conventional and the 'legal' one. But I was a man and a citizen before I became an officer of the law, and when I became an officer I did not cease to be a man and a citizen. My duty as a man takes precedence of all other duties. I would not hang this prisoner simply because a judge and jury may have condemned him to die. I would have to be first convinced that the safety of my own life or the lives of others for whose safety I am responsible, is now in such imminent danger that nothing but the death of this man will prevent my own death or the death of other innocent persons. Then I might be induced to hang him—or kill him in a more speedy way—but not till then. The fact he has murdered some one in the past does not justify me in murdering him. The *lex talionis*, law of retaliation, is unscientific, unphilosophic, irrational, barbarous."

"For very similar reasons I decline to deprive this man of his liberty—taking him from his home, his friends and his business until I am convinced that he is a dangerous character—too dangerous to be allowed to run at large. If he habitually assaults people who are simply minding their own business, or if he habitually takes what is not his own and refuses to return what he has stolen to the rightful owner, then I will admit him as a ward—as one that needs to be cared for—until I shall be convinced that the charges against him are false, or until I can be satisfied that the reformatory treatment for which this institution was founded, has been successful, and that further confinement, further segregation from society, is not necessary. Again I ask, what is this man's crime?"

In plainer words I am now supposing that the warden of the public institution, or reformatory, to which I am now to be sent, is one who has not subordinated his manhood, his citizenship, to his official duties. As a man and citizen he owes it to himself to do so wrong to any human being, neither as principal nor as partner of others in the commission of wrong. I am supposing that the warden recognizes the fact that "the law" never does anything. That if a man or woman is hanged it is the hangman that does the hanging, not the law, and that if a man is imprisoned it is the keeper of the prison that imprisons him, not the law.

For myself, I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than to be simply a foot in the hands of other men to do their dirty work—to do the crime which other men authorize, but which they themselves shrink from committing because of the infamy attached to the carrying out of such crimes.

M. HARMAN.

THE POSTAL DEFICIT.

The postal deficit for the last fiscal year is about \$15,000,000. The surprise is that it is not greater. Ninety per cent of the United States mail is carried in cars for the use of which the government pays a yearly rental of more than their cost, and then for the service eight times as much as the express companies pay. You see, the railroad companies are liberal and regular contributors to the National Republican campaign fund. Hence the deficit. A fair rate for carrying the mail would leave a larger surplus than there is now a deficit in the postoffice department. There's where the people want some railroad "regulation."—San Francisco "Star."

This is the department of government that is setting itself up as a model of conduct for the common citizen to follow. Having no faults of its own to regulate it is attempting to regulate the conduct of other people by "fraud orders," and by denying mailing privileges to certain publications because of the alleged immorality of their teachings—not to mention prosecutions by the officials of this department that put editors and publishers in prison and subject them to heavy fines because of alleged violations of postal laws.

But such has ever been the history of wrongdoers. To hide their own crimes and misdemeanors they call attention to crimes of others, real or pretended, thus securing immunity for themselves and getting credit as regulators of public morals.

M. H.

BRIEF MENTION.

LUCIFER CLUBS.

From the "Arena" for January (Trenton, N. J.) we learn that an "Arena Club" has been formed in Denver, the president of which is Judge J. Warner Mills, with M. Florence Johnson, formerly of Milford, Mass., as secretary. These persons, as well as others whose names are mentioned as honorary members, are old-time friends and helpers of LUCIFER, and this announcement suggests the query.

Why not have a LUCIFER Club in Denver as well as an Arena Club? The first object of the Arena Club, as stated, will be to work for "direct legislation and a general civic uplift in all governmental affairs," and while we are glad to note that "all subjects are to be discussed," and that the "platform is to be absolutely free," we would ask if the questions of freedom from postal tyranny and the freedom of women from marital slavery, and the right of the unborn to be born well, are not subjects deserving a special effort, a special club, quite as much as are the political objects spoken of in the lines outlining the objects of the Arena Club?

And why not have a LUCIFER Club at every center of thought in the United States, in Canada and in every English speaking country? A few such clubs have been formed, but because the members themselves are not threatened with immediate imprisonment or other punishment most of these clubs have ceased to exist as active factors in the work of creating a public conscience that will compel a reform in postal laws and in the administration of postal laws, in this and other English speaking countries.

DIVORCE TO BE PROHIBITED.

In the Chicago "Tribune" of January 12 it is stated that a Chicago lawyer, John Gibson Hale, "has submitted to the judiciary committee of the lower house at Washington" the draft of a bill proposing an amendment to the national constitution, an important feature of which bill is that "divorce is to be prohibited, except where the cause ascribed could not have been anticipated before marriage, and especially in those instances where the court believe that the welfare of the children of the parties will be subserved by a continuance of the marital relation."

The chairman of the judiciary committee in the lower house, it is stated, is willing to "consider suggestions along this line."

There is just one result of such legislation, if this bill should be

enacted into law, that perhaps its advocates have not thought of, namely, that its tendency would be to make legal marriage still more unpopular than it now is, and that it would encourage thousands to do as is done in many European countries today—ignore both civil and canon law in regard to marriage, and become a law unto themselves, as was the great Christian oracle, Saint Paul.

"THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER."

A new labor journal has just been launched as the "Official Publication of the Industrial Workers of the World," organized at Chicago, June, 1903. It is published monthly at Joliet, Ill., with headquarters at 148 W. Madison St., Chicago. Price, 50 cents a year.

The first article in the January number is by Eugene V. Debs, under the head, "Industrial Revolutionists." In his opening paragraphs Mr. Debs says:

"Such are the Industrial Workers—industrial revolutionists. They stand against the present system of enslaved wage-labor and for the coming system of free cooperative labor. The Industrial Workers is, therefore, a revolutionary economic organization. It has a stupendous mission. It has come at the right time and is catching on amazingly."

Other prominent contributors to this number are Daniel de Leon, Ernest Untermann, A. M. Simon, Frank Bohn and others well known to the reading public.

Our readers will do well to send for a copy of the revolutionary "Industrial Worker." It will stir up thought, and the hope of the world rests upon the agitation of thought. M. H.

"THE CULTURIST."

A few weeks ago attention was called in these columns to a new radical reform publication called "Free Speech," hailing from the Antipodes—Adelaide, South Australia. In this number of LUCIFER a further description of the character and mission of our new Australian contemporary is given by Arthur Wastall, himself an old-time publisher and editor of a reform journal. Now it becomes our pleasant duty to chronicle the advent of the long promised magazine, the "Culturist," edited and published by Walter Hart—a name familiar to many of LUCIFER's readers as that of a man who wields an incisive, fertile and very forceful pen. Few men of his years, if any, have made a better, more favorable impression upon the world of advanced thought than has Walter Hart.

Some weeks previous to the advent of the magazine itself there appeared a forerunner, telling of the purpose of the proposed journal; from this prospectus I clip the following condensed paragraphs:

"Altruism. Optimism. Tolerance. No religion but that of reason. Abolition of capital punishment. Kindness toward every living creature. Pure philosophy and philosophic purity. Universal good for the individual benefit. Application of philosophy to all the facts of life."

"The fullest individual liberty consistent with universal right. Aestheticism instead of asceticism to discipline human nature. Emancipation of woman from economic, social and sex servitude."

"Implicit confidence in the ultimate beneficence of the cosmic scheme."

"Rational pleasure as one of the objects of existence and a factor in development."

"Abolition of the arbitrament of force between individuals and between nations."

"Rational living that will put every person in correct relation to the laws of health."

"Study of the sex question as one of the most vitally important in every person's education."

"Education as the remedy for all error. When men learn to think right they act more nearly right."

"A patriotism that knows no nationality and a brotherhood as broad that it recognizes no distinction of race."

"Reason as the supreme test for all things, and the consequent rejection of whatever fails to quadruple with logical conclusion."

"Scientific treatment of criminals, and revision of penal system to make it repressive and (when possible) reformatory instead of punitive."

"Evolution—physical, spiritual, social and economic—as the process by which all problems must be solved; but an evolution that can be accelerated by human effort."

It would be hard to improve upon this as a working platform—as I see it.

The first (prose) article in the first issue of the "Culturist" is by Clarence Darrow, entitled "Punishment and Its Function." This is followed by more than two dozen articles in prose, about half of which are editorials, with a good sprinkling between of poetry, original and selected. Did space permit I should be very glad to make selections for LUCIFER's columns, from the many surpassingly excellent things served up for the delectation and instruction of the reader.

The title page of the "Culturist" is a marvel of design and execution, being the picture of a lighthouse on a stormy, rock-bound coast, with the words, "Truth, Justice, Liberty, Knowledge," emblazoned upon the streamers of light issuing from the head of the tower.

There are twenty large pages, three columns each, besides the advertising pages. Price one dollar per year, single copies ten cents. No better investment in radical reform literature can be made than by subscribing for the "Culturist," published monthly by the Culturist Publishing Co., Station "M," Cincinnati, Ohio.

This notice should have appeared some weeks ago, but press of other matter prevented. M. H.

SHOULD WOMEN DEMAND PAY FOR BEING MOTHERS?

In No. 1034 Philip G. Peabody asks me the question, "How can woman ever become economically free without injuring herself as a producer of children?"

Several answers might be given, but there is only one which I consider worth giving. Women can be mothers, and yet be economically free, if they demand pay for being mothers, and refuse to become mothers without pay.

Motherhood is a public service, like grading the streets, or serving in the fire brigade. People are not so foolish as to grade streets for nothing, or to act as firemen for nothing. Why should they be mothers for nothing?

If any person had the folly to grade streets without receiving pay from the public, he would have to find some private individual to live on, and he would be the slave of that individual. That is the fix that women have got themselves into. A large part of their lives is occupied in maternal functions, for which they demand no pay from the public, and the consequence is that they have to attach themselves as parasites to individual men, and to submit to every kind of cruelty and indignity from those who feed them and their children.

Of course I know that it is essential to the health of many a woman to have at least one child. In that case her economic efficiency is increased instead of diminished by having the child, and there is no problem to be solved. If women had only the number of children which they need for their health and pleasure, however, the population of the world would decline very fast.

Women should declare a universal strike against motherhood, except in so far as it is needed for health. They should refuse to resume maternal duties until the community agrees to pay them in hard cash for their time spent in maternity, to give them a regular allowance for the support of each child, and to guarantee them work when they are ready to return to it. R. R. KENN.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. xxi-1.

Does this imply that there had been a time when the river of the water of life was impure?

Some believe it to be impure now, and that it is their bounden duty to do what they can to show to the unthinking and unbelieving that it must be purified if we as a nation hope for further progress.

All sex reformers agree that the impurity has been caused by an unnatural, a perverted use of the sex nature—under man's rule over woman in every department of life.

Yes, the present deplorable state of affairs has been brought about by man's rule, and a few men and women believe that the time has now come, in the history of the world, for the ruling power, as regards the sex relations of men and women, to change hands, and, because on woman must fall the consequence of this relation, these few believe it to be the proper thing, the rational thing, for woman to rule in this department of life and not man, as has been the case in all past ages; which unnatural, unreasonable, unjust, unloving and selfish ruling has caused the river of life to be impure, as we see it today, resulting in death to the individual and to civilization. All of which must be changed, if ever changed, by woman taking her rightful place side by side with man, except in the kingdom of love, where she must rule supreme—not selfishly, as man has hitherto ruled, but lovingly and reasonably for the individual good, and for the good of all future generations.

Why do these few meet with so much opposition from the authorities? Do the authorities see that their rule will be over? Of course it will be over, for with free womanhood and free motherhood will come free manhood; manhood capable of self-government, a law unto themselves, knowing the right and doing it because of the greater happiness it brings.

A new religion will be born. Yes, "The indications are that in the United States a new faith, a new hope, is being born," is already born. Yes, a new religion and a new savior are already born into the world. I know not the exact time or place. However, I think the place was not a manger, but, like the Christian's Christ, the rulers are seeking the young child to destroy it.

This new young child is extremely unpopular. So very unpopular that the few who believe it to be the true savior and are protecting and nourishing and proclaiming it to the world as the true savior are persecuted, imprisoned, ostracized.

I think the young child will live and become famous and popular that the few who believe it to be the true savior and are protecting the few thinkers who are—some of them—sacrificing health, strength, time, money, their all, to the cause for humanity's sake.

Shawnee, Oklahoma.

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WHOLE NO. 1058

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

To the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

Mr. President:—In fact and by virtue of the Constitution you are not only the "executive" of the people of the United States, but by your office, as its title shows, you are their presiding officer, and their chief representative for essential purposes. The people are equal in rights and privileges because fundamentally we live under parliamentary law, of which you are now their administrator, and the protector of the whole body or "house." You are to be addressed on a "question of privilege" by any citizen-member who learns that a serious detriment impends from which you are "to see that the republic"—the political body—shall take no harm, as the old Roman decrees used to say.

Circumstances have made me feel, and indeed know, that dangers impend which justify any citizen who knows the facts in presenting this question of privilege to you, which calls for the exercise of extraordinary constitutional duties, powers and measures from you in order to protect the people in their personal rights, liberties and welfare.

The greatest dangers to states are the result of slow and almost imperceptible accumulations and growths, like mountain avalanches, and which like them, fall suddenly as the result of some trivial incident or change.

Such incidents are the passing of the so-called Comstock postal laws in, and since, 1873; the precedents and convictions occurring under them, and culminating in the recent prosecutions and sentences at Chicago of Dr. Alice B. Stockman to pay a fine of \$500 and costs, and of Moses Harman, the 76-year-old editor of *LUCIFER*, the "Light-bearer," to one year at hard labor in the penitentiary, which is to him practically a death sentence. Those sentences are for a statute-made "crime" of mailing a so-called improper or "obscene" newspaper in the Chicago postoffice. The prosecution was attended by the seizure and confiscation of whole editions of the paper without any notice to its owner, editor or subscribers, upon the mere opinion of some postal official, and that opinion turns out to be this: "Any and all discussion of the sex question is obscene and so unwholesome. The only occasion for any talk on such matters is in the private conversation of physicians with patients." That these were the words of the official is clearly proved, and that they were acted upon repeatedly is a fact indisputable. That they were a formal rule or "decision" may be denied, but that is not claimed; the action upon them is the ruling and precedent, and that is shown over and over again in these two and other prosecutions. This opinion has been practically accepted by the United States courts (see Judge Bethes's charge in the Stockman case hereinafter quoted), and it makes trial by jury a mere farce, a mere acceptance of that opinion from "the court."

These statutes, prosecutions, opinions, precedents and verdicts have become a fatal danger to the republic and the people, which the Congress, courts, prosecutors and postal authorities have all stopped themselves from opposing, and, therefore, the appeal must be to the extraordinary action of "the President," as above and hereinafter described. There is no other remedy, escape or relief for the people, and hence this letter.

The first and great difficulty is to cease the nature and extent of this new but really retrograde revolution which has imperceptibly grown over all, and rendered all branches of the government except our President powerless.

Look back for a moment to the stirring yet hesitating discussion in the conventions by which (1787-1789) the Constitution was adopted! Had it then been supposed for an instant that the innocent-looking postal clause, "To establish postoffices and post roads," gave to the federal government the power of unlimited censorship over the press and mails, and criminal jurisdiction to punish without limit for mailing any literature or thing it might declare unlawful, and which might be designed to affect objects moral, social, political or other beyond postal necessities, such as "frauds," "lotteries," "anarchy," improper literature, or that called "obscene," or that in any wise relating to sex or marriage relations or affairs, or "race-suicide," or indeed any subject whatever that the "Congress" might happen to deem injurious or objectionable—think you that the Constitution would ever have been adopted? No! It is as certain as the sun in the sky that it would have been unanimously rejected. Such criminal jurisdiction would have made the voice of Patrick Henry triumphant when he described it as "the grave of the liberties of the people." Hamilton's plea in the "Federalist" and on the floor "that the federal postoffice was 'only a matter of public convenience'" would have been met by taunting, keeling repetitions of the word "only!"

The very fact that the federal postal bureaucracy is now exercising a Russian criminal "administrative process" over all of the subjects above named—a jurisdiction never dreamed of, much less intended, when those expressed and "limited powers" were granted by the states and people—should make us halt at once, and return to the Constitution as it was intended to be; that is, as it was and is.

The Constitution was designed and adopted to "secure" the reverse of all this, viz., "the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," and of all these "blessings" the "rights" of personal freedom, and of free speech, a free, uncensored press, and of free, equal and inviolable mails, were the chief. Next thereto were the rights of labor and of property honestly acquired. In these postal prosecutions every one of these rights have been remorselessly and even exultantly overthrown.

The postoffice has indeed become more and more a "public convenience," and the very substance and necessity of civilization. But by this plain, clear, palpable usurpation of "ulterior powers," and the espionage, decoy and censorship, with limitless criminal jurisdiction thereunder, it is now overthrowing the very object of civilization itself. It has become a "Trojan horse," introducing unawares and into the very citadel of our liberties the old enemies of the republic and their allies. Without these rights and liberties the welfare, independence and progress of our people is impossible. They are the substance of all that is superior in English and American character—all that is making them the leaders of the human race. They reach down to the very foundation of all that makes life desirable to a people that would be free. So sacred are they that their loss is the loss of all reason for living, never to be submitted to as long as life is left.

The surprise with which this growth of an inconsistent despotism in the heart of the great republic is regarded, abroad, is notorious and instructive. But with us the whole matter is suppressed, as if that, too, was "obscene," or as if it would not do "to see ourselves as others see us." Yet that right is a helpful duty, and the last utterances of Mr. W. T. Stead, the English editor, author and reformer, and of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, the celebrated Irish author

and playwright, may enable us to judge of our position in the world of taste and intellect.

In the last July number of his London "Review of Reviews" Mr. Stead says:

"The American law authorizing a postoffice official to decide what is and what is not obscene literature places an arbitrary authority in the hands of an unknown censor which would not be tolerated for a moment in Great Britain. The Comstock law, as it is called, is so obviously capable of abuse that from time to time men who hold the faith which Milton held in the liberty of the press have protested against such absolute power being lodged in the hands of any official. If, at this moment, this unknown bureaucrat were to decide that the Song of Solomon and Shakespeare's poems were obscene, anyone who sent a copy of the Bible or Shakespeare through the post would be liable to be sent to jail on the charge of using the mails for circulating obscene literature. In a recent case which led to the tragic death of a friend of my own, the judge expressly refused to listen to any evidence as to the morality of the book in question. When the postoffice, he ruled, had decided that any publication was obscene, the function of the court was limited to ascertaining whether or not an attempt had been made to send that book through the mails. This law arms a postoffice official with absolute power to place whatever publication he pleases on a far more terrible *Index Expurgatorius* than that of Rome. Its existence in a free country is a temporary anomaly and an intolerable anachronism."

To which a London critic adds:

"The Comstock laws and their operation illustrate what Whittman called 'the endless audacity of elected persons.' He might have said appointed persons, too. The moment you give a man power over his fellows he proceeds, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to exercise it illegitimately if he can."

Mr. Shaw's article in regard to "Comstockery," which, he says, is "the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States," is found in the New York "Times," of September 16th ult., and Mr. Comstock's reply appears in the same paper of the 28th of September. Together they are very interesting and instructive reading. Mr. Shaw refers to the Harman case thus:

"The one refuge left in the world for unbridled license is the married state. That is the shameful explanation of the fact that a journal has just been confiscated and its editor imprisoned in America for arguing that a married woman should be protected from domestic molestation when childbearing. Had that man filled his paper with aphrodisiac pictures and aphrodisiac stories of duly engaged couples, he would now be a prosperous, respected citizen."

In England and Europe where there is one Parliament, a general union of Church and State, and no division of government into State and Federal, Comstockery is indeed a ridiculous mystery. To U. S. the matter is too real and dangerous for other than serious consideration.

We have pointed out that it is a direct usurpation on the part of the federal government, in that it misuses the postoffice to get an unlimited criminal jurisdiction over "ulterior matters" which are not postal at all, and over which the jurisdiction is reserved by the express words of the Constitution to the states and people, and so is expressly denied to the federal government. This whole matter was tried out in 1838 in reference to the mailing of "abolition" literature. Henry Clay and Daniel Webster led the discussion in the Senate. Mr. Webster stated that all attempts to exclude or punish for mailing matter by reason of "its meaning," were expressly unconstitutional. The Senate, then filled with "great senators," and the country, including Mr. Calhoun and President Jackson, who had suggested the matter in his message, finally agreed or acquiesced. This precedent settled this whole contention, and, like the Missouri Compromise, it should have remained settled. What slavery failed to do, Comstockery, in the blind ignorance of well-intentioned zeal, has achieved our federal government into undertaking to do. As was shown in the "abolition" discussion, there is no need to make the U. S. postoffice our general censor and inquisitor with power to punish its victims to any extent it chooses. Every state has laws which it deems proper and sufficient on all such subjects, with courts and juries, and officers to enforce them. The evil and crime is not in the mailing, but in the circulation of the objectionable matter in the state. Whether it should be repressed or not, the state law makers, courts and juries are the proper judges. If the mail is used in the circulation, the postal officials and employees are always at hand, if needful as witnesses. This is as it should be. One universal censorship is ruinous to all free thought, inquiry, progress, liberty and originality. What is allowable and healthy in Vermont and New York may be found the reverse in Louisiana and Texas. Let the people of each state govern and judge for themselves. This is the constitutional way of safety, peace and health.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VOICES OF THE PAST.

"If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance, proscriptio and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could them be due to well doing, what grammar to be sober, just, or continent? * * * They are not considerations of human beings who imagine to remove sin, by removing the matter of sin. * * * Suppose you could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same; remove that and ye remove them both alike." Milton's *Areopagitica* (Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing).

"In a sinless and painless world the moral element would be lacking; the goodness would have no more significance in our conscious life than that load of atmosphere which we are always carrying about with us. We are thus brought to a striking conclusion, the essential soundness of which cannot be gainsaid. In a happy world there must be pain and sorrow, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable. * * * The alternative is clear: on the one hand a world with sin and suffering, on the other hand an unthinkable world in which conscious life does not involve contrast. * * *

What would have been the moral value or significance of a race of human beings ignorant of sin and doing beneficent acts with no more consciousness or volition than the deftly contrived machine that picks up raw material at one end, and turns out some finished product at the other? Clearly, for strong and resolute men and women, an Eden would be but a fool's paradise." John Fiske, in *Through Nature Up to God*.

"Whoever reads, with philosophic eye, the history of nations, and their laws, will generally find, that the ideas of virtue and vice, of a good or a bad citizen, change with the revolution of ages; not in proportion to the alteration of circumstances, and consequently conformable to the common good; but in proportion to the passions and errors by which the different law-givers were successively influenced. He will consequently observe that the passions and vices of one age are the foundation of the morality of the following; that violent passions, the offspring of fanaticism and enthusiasm, being weakened by time, which reduces all the phenomena of the natural and moral world to an equality, become by degrees, the prudence of the age, and an useful instrument in the hands of the powerful or artful politician. Hence the uncertainty of our notions of honor and virtue; an uncertainty which will ever remain, because they change with the revolutions of time, and names survive the things they originally signified; they change with the boundaries of states, which are often the same both in physical and moral geography." *Crimes and Punishments*, Fourth Ed., 1775, pp. 24-25.

"Suppose a print-seller, with a view to business, exposes in his shop windows a number of objectionable pictures, for the attraction of those only who choose to look at them and possibly buy them. I have occasion to walk through the street; am I a party? How am I injured? Is my sense of decency shocked and hurt? But if this is sufficient ground for public interference then I have a right to call for its assistance when my taste is hurt and shocked by a piece of architecture which violates the laws of high art. I have similar grounds of complaint when a speaker gets up in a public place and preaches doctrines which are positively loathsome to me. I have a right of action against a man clothed in dirty rags, or with pomaded hair or a scented pocket handkerchief.

"If you reply that in these cases my hurt is not painful enough to justify any interference with another's freedom I have only to cite the old and almost forgotten arguments for the inquisition. The possible eternal damnation of my children, who are exposed to heretical teaching, is surely a sufficiently painful invasion of my happiness to warrant a most strenuous resistance. And even to modern ears it will seem reasonable that I should have grounds of action against a music-hall proprietor who should offend the moral sense of my children with songs of a pernicious character. This test will not do. * * * No man has ever yet succeeded in defining virtue a priori." Wordsworth *Dissertation*.

"Freedom to speak or print does not imply the right to say or print that which shocks decency, corrupts the morals of the young or destroys all faith in God." Anthony Comstock in "Traps for the Young," p. 199.

"Another class of publications issued by free lovers and free thinkers is in a fair way of being stamped out. The public generally can scarcely be aware of the extent that blasphemy and filth commingled have found vent through these varied channels. Under a plausible pretense men who raise a howl about 'free press,' 'free speech,' etc., ruthlessly trample under foot the most sacred things, breaking down the altars of religion, bursting asunder the ties of home and seeking to overthrow every social restraint." Anthony Comstock in report to New York Society for Suppression of Vice, 1878. Adopted unanimously by the society.

"I accord to every man the fullest scope for his views and convictions. He may shout them from the house top or print them over the face of every fence and building for all I care. But the common law and statutes both declare he must do it in a decent and lawful manner or not at all. I am sworn to enforce these laws—this and nothing more." Anthony Comstock in *Frauds Exposed*, p. 408.

"By the grace of the everliving God the liberal's demand shall not be allowed." Anthony Comstock in *Frauds Exposed*.

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Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

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THE GHOUKLI, Morgantown, W. Va.—I bid you Godspeed in your work and sympathize with you in your persecutions. If the "Ghoukli" can be of service to you command me. We who stand upon the pinnacles must receive the shafts.

THOS. HIGGINS, Monmouth, Ill.—Enclosed you will find \$1, which please apply on my subscription to LUCIFER.

Sorry to learn that you must go to prison, but even that may be of some use, if like Debs you would take up the study of Socialism and learn that it is the material interests of the ruling class that demands the suppression of you and your teaching on sex and marriage questions. However, I hope you will come out of the experience with sufficient strength to keep up the fight.

JAMES P. MORTON, Jr., New York.—You know how I feel with-out an expressed word at this culminating infamy. The days of anarchy and justice are yet far distant in this country; but you are helping to make them possible. Your imprisonment will yet prove a boomerang, and serve the cause of free speech better than a host of phrases; and we who are still at liberty will fight harder than ever. The chief worry I feel is on account of your health, but I strongly hope you will come through safely, and live to lead us in many a good fight for liberty in the years to come.

MRS. ANNIE B. FISH, N. Y.—I grieve to learn that you really have to serve your sentence. It does not seem possible that such injustice could go on. I enclose my monthly 25 cents and wish some good could be done with it in your behalf. I wish I could send as many dollars a month, and if all of LUCIFER's readers could send as many dollars as be their protests would prove more effective. I think the plan of C. L. James is a good one. I believe it has been suggested before. Now, what do I have to do in the matter? I wish to be one of the complainants. You see I would like to help in this struggle, but do not know how. I need not admonish you to have courage, for you have that.

E. C. McDONALD, Buffalo, N. Y.—I ask your pardon for the delay in renewing my subscription. I read LUCIFER with a great deal of interest and take the trouble to send it to some friend. I cannot but admire your courage and persistence in still, at your advanced age, advocating your theories and endeavoring to shed light upon manhood. You probably will not live to see the fruits of your labors, but you are making a grand struggle and all fair-minded free-thinking men and women should be in sympathy with you.

You have my best wishes for your very laudable efforts. Enclosed find \$2, one year's subscription, and the other dollar to do as you like with.

E. O. PATTERSON, Durham, N. C.—I have just read a communication from Jas. P. Morton, Jr., to the "Standard," of Daphne, Ala., relative to the procedure and rulings of the postoffice department in the Moses Harman case, and I am incapable of expressing my feelings since reading it. If our Assistant Attorney General had a spark of purity in his heart he would see some things in the light of purity. "To the pure all things are pure." He must be of a low, base character, for "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If a discussion of the sex question is obscene it must be very indecent to be soed at all; therefore the Almighty inventor and creator of life must have made a great mistake in endowing the race with a sexuality. The proper use of any organ of the body is right and proper and involves nothing impure, but the abuse or unnatural use of those organs is what creates impurity, obscenity and disgust. The reading of E. P. Goodwin's preposterous ruling gives the knowing observer and thinker a clear insight into his character and disposition. I am inclosing herewith my check for \$1 for one year's membership in the "Free Speech League." I would be pleased to have literature relative to its organization if you have any for distribution.

[This letter was written to E. B. Foote, Jr., M. D., treasurer of the Free Speech League.]

MRS. M. LILLY-SLAUGHT, State Evangelist Minnesota G. L. L. O. G. T., Hutchinson, Minn.—The other day I received through the mail from some unknown source a copy of LUCIFER. I have read it carefully and with much interest. I do not know for what purpose this special number was sent me, but I have a theory that these things all tend to some definite purpose, and so have endeavored to discover just what its coming was to mean to me. I was much impressed with its mention of the sex question and approved of many of its sentiments, but could not form much of an opinion as to its specific mission from so brief an acquaintance. Also as regards the press censorship, I would like to know more concerning its action and the why of it. Send me some more of your literature that I may judge if your cause is one I can conscientiously espouse. I would state in regard to the affair with Mr. Angell, as quoted by your

exchange on first page, December 21, that it was a little mistake. It was not the postal authorities who held up his noble little paper of May, in which he spoke of President Roosevelt's hunting party, but the superintendent of schools, who refused to allow the bands of mercy connected with the school to receive them or make use of them in their monthly lesson; a matter of tending to position perhaps, but not just the same as postal interference. I have this from my friend, Mr. Angell, himself. Pardon the correction, but I am sure you wish to be right.

THEODORE DESS, Terre Haute, Ind.—I notice that the Supreme Court has affirmed the judicial outrage perpetrated upon you by the lower court. This was to have been expected, and will occasion no surprise among those who have had experience with these capitalistic agencies for suppressing free speech when its suits the ruling bureaucrats of the system. Their crowning disgrace is your crowning honor, and the year of your sentence will hasten by many years the overthrow of their despotism. You do not need my words to sustain you. The great cause of freedom is sufficient for this and you seem to be her favorite son.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD, Westfield, N. J.—This is sad news that your sentence has been confirmed and that you must go to jail. I do not know what to say to you. Perhaps you do not need anything said. Your courage seems always competent. I know of no braver man than you, or one who has proved it better. Is the history of liberty ever must be reckoned (and always will be) as one of her heroes. But there will be more to follow you. This battle for free speech is irrepressible and in part, at least, must be fought out through martyrdom. At present it looks as if that was almost the only way. Remember, dear friend, when you are "behind the bars" that many a heart is beating in sympathy with yours, and with admiration and gratitude for your work.

ANNIE E. K. PARKHURST, Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Procrastination is the thief of time" is what I used to write in my copy book when a child, though I had no idea of its meaning then. But I find the old fellow has stolen almost a month of time since your last was received.

Personally I do not see how "The Right to Be Born Well" could harm any one who would read it, but I gave it a second reading, all the time trying to imagine myself a conservative person, and so long as I could mentally hold this attitude, could see how it might be considered very objectionable applied to humans. Of course it would be O. K. applied to animals and vegetables (a la government horse book and Luther Burbank's work in the vegetable kingdom), but oh, horrors! Human beings have so long ignored natural law in sex life that the average mind can see nothing but filth in the subject.

MRS. M. W.—I attended a lecture the other night by a reverend doctor of Chicago, who is on the regular lecture course of some bureau. His theme was "America," and he exhausted most of our English adjectives in lauding our government, especially that part of it known as the Republican party. He claimed that God and Roosevelt would solve the question of universal peace, and that the example of William McKinley repeating on his death bed the words of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," would be a lasting tribute to religion and to American statesmanship. He then asked us women on the back (metaphorically) and told us what a blessed privilege we possess in being permitted to bear sons to run a nation like ours, and while he was busy on this theme a small baby in the audience made a little disturbance, not enough to worry any one but its mother, however, and he stopped and said:

"If the lady, ah, would kindly take the baby out perhaps it would be quiet. Ahem, I hate to speak of it, but we are so constituted that it makes us nervous."

The poor mother was much mortified, and the confusion of her leaving the hall was three times what the fretting of the child caused, but the reverend doctor was pacified and delivered himself of his peroration in good shape.

Why the lecture bureau hire such folks is a mystery to me. State stories, encomiums on the administration, denunciation of anarchy and cheap compliments for women may suit some folks.

I do hope when our editor has to go to prison he will be comfortable. It's horrid to think of at all, but I am proud of him, and please give him my love and tell him I shall write to him as often as the rules permit. I had a letter recently from a woman, a LUCIFER reader, who has just left her husband. She has five children to support and is doing it by baking bread. She tells a pitiful story of the persecution she has endured and even the attempted "by her legal over. There is scarcely a day passes we don't hear of these evidences of marital misery, and yet our law makers are striving to enforce legal marriage, and our would-be moralists are elevating their noses whenever they hear of any one who defies custom and man-made law.

[The word which should appear in the above is usually replaced by the phrase "criminal assault" in the eminently pure, respectable and proper daily press. Should LUCIFER give it place it would probably cause another confiscation and denial of right of transmission. Of government Edmund Burke said, "The thing, the thing itself is the abuse." But of this outrage, the most loathsome that can be perpetrated on woman, it is not the thing itself, but the naming of it that is the abuse! It was the publication of a strongly-worded denunciation of a similar outrage that incited the first of the long-continued attempts to suppress LUCIFER and silence its editor.—L.]



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

AT THIS WRITING, JANUARY 30, LUCIFER's editor is still at home. Why the execution of the sentence of one year in penitentiary is postponed is not known at this office. An effort is being made, so we are told, to get the case reopened, or failing in that to get the sentence commuted to a fine or a term of jail imprisonment, but with what prospect of success is not known to the prisoner or his friends.

SOME WEEKS AGO it was stated that no more letters to Theodore Roosevelt from our subscribers would be published in LUCIFER. Since that decision was reached a reconsideration of the matter has been had, and, as a result, one more is now printed, the longest and most elaborate of them all. It is believed that the old-time worker for reform, and leader in the ranks of revolt against paternalistic despotism in the postoffice, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, is peculiarly fitted to write such a letter, intended to influence public opinion. Thus believing we ask all our friends whose letters to Theodore Roosevelt have been sent to this office for publication to forgive the discrimination and join with us in a combined effort to get the letter of Bro. Wakeman, in LUCIFER and in leaflet form, into the hands of readers and thinkers everywhere.

THE OUTLOOK.

THERE BE THY GODS, O ISRAEL!

A week or two ago the richest of Chicago's merchant princes, Marshall Field by name, "paid the debt of nature," to use a common phrase.

Nothing strange that a rich man should die any more than that a poor man should do so. On the contrary the chief cause of wonder is that the enormously rich, the abnormally rich, should live as long as they do, when we consider the kind of lives that most of them are compelled to live—the temptations to which they are constantly exposed, not to speak of the rivalries that the possession of great wealth naturally engenders, causing envy, strife, antagonisms, jealousies that make the rich the targets for the deadly shafts of those less fortunate.

"They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition," said one of old, and the saying holds good, in a physical and temporal sense, in multitudes of cases, whether its author had reference to a future state of existence or not.

That the very rich do sometimes live to great age is very true; such men as Russell Sage and women such as Queen Victoria being cases in point, but that these are rare is a matter of common observation; hence the prayer of Agar, "Give me neither poverty nor riches" would seem a wise invocation.

The thought uppermost in mind, however, when the above text was taken had reference mainly to the influence upon the coming civil life of our city, that will be exerted by the example of the lately deceased merchant prince. What did Marshall Field do that merits such honors as those so freely lavished upon his memory?

First—It is said he built up the greatest store, the most wonderful business enterprise of the kind, in the world.

Second—He gave to Chicago "The Field Columbian Museum," which when complete will probably be the greatest collection of the kind in America, if not in the whole world.

Third—He amassed a fortune of one hundred and twenty-seven millions of dollars by his own skill and energy in less than fifty years.

The young man just starting in life naturally asks, "How did Marshall Field accumulate this almost inconceivably great fortune?"

"Did he do it honestly?"

"Honestly or dishonestly, is it possible for me to acquire a fortune equally great?"

The answer to the first two of these questions is:

He used the "System"—the American "System," success in using which means ruin to competitors in the same game.

It means demoralization of body, mind and soul—more or less complete—of the greater number of employees, female and male.

It means degeneracy for the unborn, simply because the mothers of the coming generation must consume the best part of the child-bearing period of their lives in a nerve-racking, unhealthful struggle to obtain money enough to buy a social position, and money enough to buy an eligible man to become the father of their children.

As further illustrations I quote from Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, in "Everybody's Magazine":

"One sees a certain man openly displaying five hundred millions of dollars, a sum which represents the life earnings of 150,000 of our population, and knows that this man has secured this incredible amount during forty years of his life."

"One sees the second highest and most honorable office in the nation, a United States Senatorship, openly bought for a few stolen dollars by a man who up to the very day of its purchase was a watch repairer in a small country town, and who had never done a single meritorious deed or been possessed of worldly goods to the extent of \$5,000."

"One sees a wily adventuress secure from the banks, which exist only to safeguard the people's deposited savings, hundreds of thousands of dollars on her bare story that she was the possessor of some mysterious documents."

"One sees a \$3-a-week office boy of one of the 'System's' vetaries able to borrow for the 'System,' on his bare note, four millions of dollars from a New York institution which only exists to safeguard the people's savings—although the law says that such institutions shall not loan to any man on any kind of collateral, even government bonds, one-tenth that sum."

"One sees two men, drunk with their success, goading and tearing at each other's hearts in Wall Street, and seeing their goading and tearing bring about a panic which takes from the people in an hour over a billion dollars and drives scores to suicide, murder and defalcation—the two men continuing meanwhile as ornamental pillars of society instead of wearing prison stripes."

"One sees a great railroad corporation, in which are millions of the trust funds of widows, orphans and charitable institutions, caught 'short' (having sold something it did not own) in the stock-gambling game and held up to the tune of ten million dollars by a reckless stock gambler, who says, 'If you don't settle to-night it will be twenty millions to-morrow,' and the toll is paid, while the great banker who conducts the release of the hold-up charges the further tribute of twelve million dollars for his services. And then one sees this twenty-two millions of 'commission' tacked on to the capital stock of the great railroad which is subsequently capitalized into a 'bond' and sold to great life insurance companies as a first-class investment for their trust funds."

"When one sees these things and a hundred other as badly fraudulent, one should not wonder at anything American connected with dollars."

A year ago many people doubted the correctness of some of the charges made by Thomas W. Lawson against the American "System" whereby such fortunes as that of Marshall Field are built up, but those charges have since been abundantly verified as we all know.

Here, then, are a few only of the "gods" held up by the leaders of public opinion—editors, clergymen, lawyers, judges—for the American youth to adore, to emulate, to follow.

Is it any wonder we hear the distant but distinct rumblings of the coming "revolution"? And yet we do not despair. All along the line are signs of an awakening to a sense of danger, and of a determination to apply the only true remedy. In an article in the Febru-

ary "Arenas," protesting against a return to barbarism through adoption of the "whipping-post for wife-beaters," R. W. Stufeldt, New York, has this to say in regard to the causes of marital unhappiness, and of race-degeneracy:

"Above and beyond all these various causes, however, is one that completely envelops everything having anything whatever to do with the matter of the conditions under which the two sexes can happily and profitably be mated and their offspring reared to become normal men and women and sound, intelligent and progressive representatives of the race. This cause is the utter ignorance of the science of sexology and a lack of a thorough understanding of human nature in its broadest sense. Now what makes the situation still more hopeless, not to say dangerous, is that we have permitted to grow up in this country, under federal protection, the most vicious system of censorship that has ever disgraced a civilization. Under its rulings, not only has it come about that it is practically impossible to introduce into the United States the works of foreign writers of the highest authority on sexology, but any one attempting to publish, either in the public prints or in book form anything touching upon such vital subjects, not only places himself or herself in danger of fines at the hands of the courts, but of all other forms of legal persecution, including a term of years in prison. So with suppressing the information upon one side and ignoring the matter of cross ignorance upon the other, of such matters, the result is precisely what the courts and the clergy are deploring."

The outlook for the future, then, though dark and despairing, is not without its silver lining.

M. H.

"TRAINING FOR FATHERHOOD."

Under a general heading "Straight Talk," a recent number of "Everybody's Magazine" contains the following:

"The letter in the July 'Everybody's' on 'Training for Fatherhood' interested me much, being a mother of boys. There certainly is a great lack of literature on that subject, as well as lack of training in that direction. 'My Wife and I,' by Harriet Beecher Stowe, is the only thing approaching it I ever read, until recently, when I have noticed a hint here and there, though not even 'three articles in ten months,' as your correspondent puts it.

"The saying, 'Boys will be boys' is taken too much for granted. It really means, boys will be careless; boys will be irresponsible; boys will be selfish, and what is worst of all, boys will be more or less immoral. Consequently, boys grow up into manhood feeling that these are their prerogatives. No wonder there are husbands and fathers who are careless of how they provide for the wife and children, not feeling any responsibility in the matter.

"Others seem to think they have a right to as large a part of their income as they choose to keep, not realizing how the lack of her share may add to the wife's burdens. Still others appear to think the Seventh Commandment was intended for the weaker sex only.

"It is time parents and all having care of children were aroused on this subject, 'Training Boys for Fatherhood.' Proper training to this end would lessen many a wife's and mother's burdens, and would eventually make a startling change in the divorce list.

St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. A. H. R."

Yes, training boys for fatherhood is second only in importance, as a department of juvenile education, to training girls for motherhood. But while training in handicrafts, in the professions—law, theology, medicine, militarism, civil engineering, etc., etc., is considered necessary as preparation for the duties and the conflicts of life, our leaders in church and state do not think it necessary to train either girls or boys for parenthood. On the contrary the knowledge of sex, through and by which function alone it is possible to become parents, is forbidden, is tabooed, is denied to the young, and those who would give instruction on this subject are branded as criminals and punished as such.

As instances of this, Dr. Alice B. Stockham, of Chicago, was indicted, tried and sentenced to pay a heavy fine for instructing prospective brides and bridegrooms how to use their sex endowment, their sex forces, in such way as to secure their own health and happiness and also the right development, health and happiness of their prospective offspring.

About the same time the editor of LUCIFER was indicted, tried and sentenced to one year's imprisonment for publishing an article on the "Fatherhood Question," written by a man, and another article by a woman, a grandmother, giving instruction to both sexes on the parenthood question.

If these writers had given instruction to breeders of plants or domestic animals, how to obtain best results through control of sex function, there would probably have been no trouble.

Why this difference? Are cabbages, potatoes, apples, plums, peaches, pigs, cows, sheep or horses, of more value than human beings?

Why should Burbank be commended for improvements in potatoes, apples or cactus, while Dr. Stockham is condemned and punished

for telling how the human race can be improved by such the same means, namely, by widening the sphere of knowledge in regard to sex?

Questions such as these are being raised on every hand, as when the editor of "The People's Press," Chicago, says, in a recent issue of that small but very lively journal:

"Chicago has had another cat show this week and a dog, horse and livestock show not long since, which proves that we take an interest in raising fine animals, from boys up, and give the raiser a medal and cash prize; but when Moses Harman tried to show the people the need of raising fine children and wrote some able articles on motherhood and conditions necessary to conception and bearing of children so as to improve the quality of the human animal, he was arrested for obscenity, and sentenced to the penitentiary. It's all right to talk and write of raising fine cats and dogs for old maids and barren society women, but don't talk or write of raising healthy and intelligent babies,—that's obscene and might shock the morals (?) of Christian (?) society."

A LETTER from California informs us that Lois Waisbrocker is spending the winter in the Santa Cruz mountains, that her health is frail and that a little present in the shape of financial aid, on the occasion of her approaching eightieth birthday, would be much appreciated. Though an octogenarian Mrs. Waisbrocker is still working for the good of humanity, especially in the interest of freedom of speech and of press. A line addressed to her at Gibbs, Cal., would doubtless bring a reply showing how her present efforts are being directed. Her latest book, "Woman's Source of Power," is a work of great value, being a condensation or resume of several larger books treating upon the same subject. The price is 25 cents; it will be sent post-paid from Gibbs, Cal., or from this office. None of the pioneers of sex-reform are more deserving of remembrance in the shape of a birthday present than is Lois Waisbrocker. Contributions for this purpose may be sent to her through this office and also through the office of the "Demonstrator," Lake Bay, Wash., and will be duly acknowledged, or they may be sent direct to the veteran worker herself, at Gibbs, Cal.

THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN's letter to President Roosevelt, a part of which appears in this issue of LUCIFER, is an especially valuable contribution to the literature in defense of Free Speech and Free Press. We shall publish it in leaflet form and hope that all who are interested in this vital question will aid in giving Mr. Wakeman's work the widest possible circulation. Let us know, friends, at once how many you can use to advantage. Send any sum that you can to assist in defraying the expenses of publication, postage, folding, wrapping, etc., but let no one allow the fact of inability to send money stand in the way of ordering any quantity that can be effectively used. These leaflet letters are to be sent to congressmen, senators, judges, editors, postmasters, public lecturers, press writers and others. Often personal letters accompanying them will be found effective.

This leaflet will be ready for mailing soon after this issue of LUCIFER reaches its readers, and again we earnestly request our friends to let us have their orders as early as possible.

BOOKS, OLD AND NEW.

"*Jeannette; The Reclaimed Delinquent.*" "A Thrilling Story of Abandoned Life, by a Man of the World. Truth is Stranger Than Fiction." William Nicholson & Sons, publishers, London.

The subject of this booklet is not new. It is old as the history of woman's enslavement to man's selfish passion—of woman's confiding love and trust, and of man's betrayal of that love and trust. The author does not pose as a reformer, not as a philosopher, but simply as an observer of facts, an observer who has the power to weave those facts into one of the most absorbingly interesting stories ever penned.

The heroine of the story is a clergyman's daughter brought up in ignorance of what life means, and especially of what sex-life, sex-function, means. When driven from home because of the natural consequences of this ignorance, she tried to drown herself, was defeated of her purpose in a very remarkable way; joined a theatrical troupe and gradually drifted into the life of a "courtesan."

While plying this vocation the writer of the story made an effort to bring about a reconciliation with her father. The following paragraphs tell of the failure of that effort, and fitly describe, no doubt, the mental attitude of the vast majority of women thus betrayed and abandoned to the fate of a "common prostitute" in the great cities of so-called "Christian civilization":

"Poor Jeannette! Though beautiful as a Greek, she is superstitious as a Buddhist. How quickly she read in my face the tale of

my failure with her father! What strangely contradictory cogitations she creates in my mind when, on my trying to paint to her the fearful consequences of remaining in her present mode of life, she quietly says, "Oh! God is good; He will take care of me." God is good! And this said with full faith, in a brother, and by a woman at the sight of whom pious people draw up the skirts of their garments, and flee as from a damned thing! Such is the effect of the fanaticism stamped into her by her self-absorbed parent—to trust in God when she should trust in herself.

"Poor girl, she is sore beset. The direful picture of herself shunned by all those more fortunate of her sex who should show her most sympathy; the thought of being unsearched from every hiding place, dragged out from every disguise, and driven over the face of the earth like a hunted criminal; the picture of herself a prey to all the infamy and degradation to which the predestinarian of our conventional life would subject her, did she attempt to rescue her life by one of virtue—still hold her firm to her lamentable occupation, and stand in the way of every suggestion I could make to help her to freedom."

The writer of this story—which he avers is true "in its facts"—seems to have caught a glimpse of the right solution of the terrible problem known as the "social evil," when he says she should trust in herself, not "trust in God."

In order that she may trust in herself it seems plain that woman must first repudiate wholly the old idea that she is "fallen," the moment she transgresses the artificial code of morality laid down by priest, judge and Grundy.

In order to trust in herself woman must assert her right to all the knowledge possible to be obtained in regard to her own body and mind, and this knowledge she must have as soon as her mental faculties are sufficiently developed to understand the meaning of words.

The old puritan idea that ignorance is the best protection of virtue is shown to be false by the experience of all the past as well as by the plainest dictates of what is called common sense—which, however, is the most uncommon, as we all know.

"Jeannette" is well printed, as are most books made in London; 104 pages, and is sold at 15 cents per copy, postpaid. Having received a good stock of this booklet from a generous helper in New Zealand, we offer to sell it to those who may want to distribute to others, at ten cents each, while the supply lasts.

"Marriage and Divorce," by Josephine K. Henry, Vermilion, Ky. Price, 25 cents.

The writer of this well printed booklet is by no means unknown to the world of radical thought. In this essay she begins with the words "A Lance Broken on Behalf of Woman." Her opening sentences read thus:

"This pamphlet deals with the great subject of Marriage and Divorce from the woman side of the question. Men of all classes have given their opinions and legislated on the vital question while women who have been the victims of a faulty system have suffered in silence. Men have not solved and cannot solve it alone. It is a great subject and should receive all the light that human knowledge can throw upon it, and it is the duty of women to give their best thoughts to the world on the one subject that seals the woe of woe of their sex."

Mrs. Henry speaks of the consternation caused some years ago by the audacity of Mena Caird, when she seriously and pointedly asked the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" since which time, now some twenty years ago, "it has been a burning question, and as well expect death to add lustre to the eye or bloom to the cheek as expect to stifle human thought on this subject."

Besides Mena Caird, our author thinks that Grant Allen thrust a "two-edged sword" into the vitals of our marriage system—as when he says:

"Last and hardest of all to eradicate in our midst comes the monopoly of the human heart which is known as marriage. Based upon the primitive habit of felling a woman with a blow, stanning her with repeated strokes of club or spear, and dragging her off by the hair of the head, as a slave to her captor's hut or rock shelter, this ugly and barbaric form of serfdom has come in our time by some strange expedient to be regarded as positively of divine origin."

"The man now says to himself: 'This woman is mine. Law and church have bestowed her on me. Mine for better or worse; mine drunk or sober; I have taboored her for life.' There you have it, in all its native deformity, another monopolist instinct in this monopolistic age, the deepest seated of all—the grimmest, the most vindictive."

But Mena Caird and Grant Allen were not more dangerous foes to conventional marriage than is Josephine K. Henry herself, as when she says:

"The Christian of Europe and America today, at the marriage altar, assumes control of the body of the woman; chooses her home; makes all the conditions of life for her; requires chastity of her

and retains liberty and license for himself; has a legal claim to the children she bears, and if he suspects her unfaithfulness, he seizes upon her life, and inflicting more lingering torture than that employed by the Turk, he drags the woman into a prying, insolent court, composed of men alone, divorces her with contumacy and makes her an outcast from heart, home and society."

That women are slowly waking to a sense of the insanity, the inhumanity, the irrationality of canon law marriage is indicated by such incidents as this related by Mrs. Henry:

"In Washington city a couple went to a magistrate to be married. The young woman, a high school graduate, on entering the magistrate's office, said: 'Say, Mr. Magistrate, if this man does not treat me right, and if either of us fail to live up to the marriage contract and are unhappy, can we dissolve this partnership?'

"The official was thunderstruck and said: 'Preposterous! No indeed! This is a life contract.'

"The woman turned to the young man and said: 'James, it is all off. I cannot make any such contract.'

"That girl," added Mrs. Henry, "possessed a superior brand of common sense, which if possessed by all men and women would save them from much misery."

Among the sayings quoted by our author is this from Luther:

"Death itself, to the reflecting mind, is less serious than marriage. Death is not even a blow; not even a punishment; it is a pause, but marriage unrolls the lot of numberless generations."

Most sincerely would I recommend all of LUCIFER's readers to send to the author for a copy of "Marriage and Divorce," and after reading pass it to some friend, or get up a club and send for a few dozen copies for general missionary work.

If, when Garrison discontinued the old "Liberator"—because he thought its work was done—he had carefully looked into the marriage and divorce question, he might soon have seen that there was more need of the "Liberator" in that field of effort than ever there had been in the realm of chattel-slavery.

Much the same he would have found, also, in the field of monopoly of natural wealth and of the tools of production—in other words, the realm of wage-slavery. But of these two the enslavement of womanhood and of motherhood is the worst, inasmuch as it more nearly concerns the life of the race—the others who must take the place of the slaves now toiling in the fields of unrequited labor.

"Garrison the Non-Resistant," By Ernest Crosby, author of "Captain Jacks Hero," "Swords and Plowshares," "Tolstoy and His Message," etc., etc. Chicago. The Public Publishing Company, First National Bank Building. Cloth; handsomely bound and lettered. Price, 50 cents net.

For those who cannot afford to purchase the four volumes octavo, entitled, "William Lloyd Garrison, The Story of His Life Told by His Children," I would strongly recommend this comparatively small volume, which is much more than a compilation from or condensation of that larger work.

Opening the book about at random at the seventy-first page I read:

"The non-resistant is no weakling. Garrison himself is proof enough of that. The very renunciation of physical force seems to give a new and loftier power to a man. No, the strenuous man is not the soldier on horseback with saber drawn, but rather the man with folded arms who sees a new truth and utters it regardless of consequences."

"No man can injure the man who refuses to be hurt. You may kill him, but you cannot touch the man in him. * * * The most influential men in history have achieved physical force as an instrument. * * *

A WARNING.

"Let us beware, however, of imitations and travesties of non-resistance. It is an colorless, negative quality, and should have no taint of timidity, no suspicion of effeminacy. Let us be quite sure we are above violence and not beneath it. It is far better to fight to the death than to decline the combat from cowardice, whatever be the name behind which we mask it."

This seems to be essentially the doctrine taught by Emerson in his essays, especially those called "Self-Reliance" and "Heroism." According to Emerson, Garrison, Crosby and many more, the greatest of all the "virtues" is courage! This view is sustained by the etymology of these two words. "Courage" is derived from *cor*, the heart, the seat of life, the most important of all the animal organs. "Virtue," from *vir*, a "man." In all lands and climes the chief characteristic of man as man, is reckoned to be courage.

The mistake of all times is that courage is thought to be a physical rather than a mental quality. William Lloyd Garrison did much to show that the highest and truest courage is mental rather than physical, and that the highest and best resistance is what is commonly but falsely called "non-resistance."

The story of Garrison's life, as told by Ernest Crosby, is one of the most entertaining ever written by an American.

A CATECHISM FOR COMSTOCK.

O Anthony! Saint Anthony! Of virtue undeluded,
How shall we cast away the sins upon our conscience piled?
For all the world is going mad with questions turned to us
The innocents we try to cloak about our native sex.

What's he we read, however we read, with bladders or without,
The theme engenders more and more a taste we cannot doubt.
Its shame parades the modern stage, the novels reek with it,
Its fashions follow every age each kind of us to fit.

The magazines, the daily press, the pulpits, courts and all,
Of its unsatisfied distress to every nature call.
No tongue or language is exempt from all its songs and signs,
No censor held it in contempt till spoke your low designs.

Far from the city's dreaded slums we've sought the rural wild,
But animate creation there, undraped, is most defiled.
The vegetation, too, alas! the great division knows,
And every primal source of life in wild abandon grows.

"The Book" is built upon the scheme, and Law its passions tax.
The Art of Ages boldly laughs when e'er we turn our backs.
And now has Science to the world this heresy declared:
"Creation holds dominion here through sexes surely paired."

How will consistency persuade your law-enforced pride
To yield consent to Teddy's scheme against Race Suicide?
How shall we search the scriptures far, through glasses safe with
smoke,

To find the purity we need its license to revoke!

How shall we watch the turning tides? How shall the seasons keep
The bid, unsullied sex of us all passionless asleep?
How shall the music of the spheres be echoed here on earth
When you have looked away the joy that sings creation's birth?

O Anthony! Wise Anthony! Whatever shall we do
To neutralize the vicious thing that rends the race in two?
O would we were a neuter egg whose enigmatic state
Would charm away your snarling seal and soothe your frenzied hate.

But, Anthony, mad Anthony, the sexes you will drap
Until all unexpectedly you'll wind yourself with crepe.
Then may you find an easy job up where the saints abide,
Supplying genders to the souls by nature thus denied.

GEORGE E. BOWEN.

PLATO VERSUS PLATT.

LONG ago, Plato, who anticipated nearly all the advanced movements of our time, proposed that children be bred on the same principles as domesticated animals. This was very shocking to persons of refined mind, and they have protested ever since whenever some modern Platonist has renewed the suggestion. The latest protestor is William Platt.

Mr. Platt admits that, "if you look for no more than a healthy animal," the prescription is admirable. That is a great concession, to start with. If scientific breeding promoted general health, and did nothing more, it would be the most valuable discovery ever made by man. Of all the sources of happiness, health is undoubtedly, by far, the greatest. But health does not only promote happiness; if we take the word in its wise sense, to include constitutional vigor, it is also an important condition of intellectual efficiency. The longevity of great men has often been noticed. Take, for instance, the most eminent Englishmen who have died during the last quarter of a century—Tennyson, Browning, Darwin, Spencer, Carlyle, Ruskin, Disraeli, Gladstone. Of these eight men, five were over eighty, two more were over seventy-five and the remaining one was seventy-three. Some of these men suffered from bodily ailments but all possessed great fundamental strength of constitution, and the power of getting through a vast amount of work. Lombroso in "The Man of Genius" gives striking proof that great men are long lived.

Mr. Platt is certainly mistaken, however, if he believes that only physical health and strength can be produced by breeding. All experience shows that mental and moral qualities are inherited as truly as bodily ones, and can therefore be developed by selection as surely as bodily ones.

Throughout the whole animal world we see that different animals are as regularly characterized by certain mental as by certain physical qualities. The courage and ferocity of the tiger are inherited as surely as his stripes, and an antelope is as certain to be timid as a tiger is to be brave. The burrowing instincts of moles, the nocturnal instincts of cats, the curious social instincts of bees and ants, are inherited with as much accuracy as the structure of their eyes and legs.

The same is true of the domesticated animals which have been artificially bred by man. No person doubts that the blood-

hound, the greyhound, the setter, the pointer and the bulldog have been artificially produced by human selection. Yet these animals have mental peculiarities as clearly marked as their physical ones. In some cases, indeed, the distinguishing characteristic of a breed is a certain mental trait. Of this the pointer is an excellent example.

When we come to man, we find that the rule still holds true. The force of mental inheritance in human beings is perhaps best shown in the case of mental disease. Lombroso has told us how eleven members of the same family arrived in succession at Connecticut Asylum. In the remarkable chapter on "Inheritance," in his "Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication," Darwin says: "Every one knows how often insanity runs in families, and some of the cases given by Mr. Sedgwick are awful—as of a surgeon, whose brother, father and four paternal uncles were all insane, the latter dying by suicide; of a Jew, whose father, mother and six brothers and sisters were all mad; and in some other cases several members of the same family, during three or four successive generations, have committed suicide."

The evidence for the inheritance of mental talent is not quite so overwhelming; nevertheless, it is very strong, as any one will see who reads Galton's "Hereditary Genius." There are some striking cases now in English public life. Balfour, the present prime minister, is the fourth member of the family of Cecil who has held that office since the time of Elizabeth. His cousin, Lord Hugh Cecil, bids fair to be a fifth. The coming man of the Liberal party seems to be Winston Spencer Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill, and a descendant of England's greatest general. No doubt these men have exceptional opportunities, but hardly more than several thousands of others who show no ability.

It may be said that it is dangerous to breed from genius, because of its close relation to insanity, alcoholism and other forms of degeneration. Although genius has often begotten genius, it is also true that the children of great men are often very unsatisfactory. It may, perhaps, be an open question how far it is desirable to breed from genius of the highest class. This difficulty, however, does not apply to persons of considerable but not prodigious ability. Galton and others have shown that talent at least breeds very true, and genius usually springs from talented families.

To avoid frightening the timid, I may say at once that I do not propose the drastic methods of Plato. In my opinion, freedom would suffice. All that is needed is to have collective maintenance of children and payment of motherhood, and to leave every woman free to select the father of her child on each occasion. The great majority of women would be sure to select superior men, especially if public opinion held up a high standard in this matter. We would thus have an automatic method of improving human heredity without restricting the liberty of anybody.

R. B. KERN.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

Dear Friend Harman: When I knew that Dr. Alice B. Stockham was indicted by the same grand jury that indicted you, I hoped that she and her friends—for their name is legion—would take the case to the Supreme Court of the United States and secure a judgment from the court of last resort. But I see by the "Nautilus," Holyoke, Mass., that Mrs. Stockham, together with her business manager, have already paid a fine of \$500, and thereby confessed guilt on the charges preferred against them and agreed not to send out any more OBSCENE letters to her patients. Obscene, in this instance, must mean any reference to the generative organs, their proper culture and management.

Now a very practical question arises: What will Dr. Stockham do in the premises? She has a large clientele who look to her as a teacher and guide in sexual knowledge.

Are these persons to be left without the knowledge so important to them? Or will Comstock, McAfee & Co. send a censor into the office of Dr. Stockham and expurgate the obscene parts from her correspondence and allow the others to go free? Can Dr. Stockham take a patient into her private office and give desired instruction in regard to proper use of the generative system? This subject is a large one and in the end these promoters of public debauchery and private ignorance may find that they have "bitten off more than they can chew."

This case of Dr. Stockham is the greatest outrage on human right that has ever been perpetrated on American soil. For one,

I am pleased that it has occurred, for it shows more clearly the animus of the promoters of ignorance than any event that has occurred since this persecution of truth, justice and knowledge commenced its work of sending people to prison for the simple reason that they were making an effort to enlighten the world in regard to important truths pertaining to the present and future welfare of mankind. Comstock & Co., are doing the precise work of the Spanish Inquisition, viz.: protecting church and state from the advancing tide of knowledge that threatens to overcome them. History repeats itself.

Protestants in this land of the free (?) and home of the brave are doing the same work that Catholics did in Spain some three hundred years ago, and for the same reason: Because they are ignorant.

The practical question remains, as Boss Tweed once said, "What are you going to do about it?" I know very little as to the case of Dr. Stockham, but of this I am sure: When persons holding the position of Dr. Stockham lie down like whipped curs at the feet of their tyrannical masters and confess guilt by paying fines, other and smaller men will have a mighty poor chance to obtain justice before such courts, and I am astonished Dr. Stockham did anything of the kind; in her surrender I read your fate.

Yet in all this I read the ultimate downfall of the cabal who have taken it upon themselves to hold all men, and especially women, in the dungeon in which they are themselves confined. Light is breaking in. The chains will enlarge, despite the efforts of reactionists to plaster them up. The world shall be free in spite of the struggles of the ignorant to enslave it.

Your position in regard to this persecution is the true one. In the face of prison doors you have maintained the same calm demeanor, and have really offered the sublime petition: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

This spirit shall win in this fight, as it has won in every other since the foundation of the world. You will stand in future by the side of Old John Brown and others that might be mentioned, whose souls are marching on because they dared obey the monitions of the spirit within in place of the tyrannical edicts of ignorant men without, who are laboring to prolong the rule of themselves and their class, and promote their own private interests.

But why do I talk, when action, and action alone, will secure the end sought? There is little use postponing or delaying the coming conflict. Come it will, and come it must.

H. W. HUNT.

Federalburg, Md., June 28.

SUGGESTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In sending in names of new subscribers please state (1) if money for same is paid by said subscriber, or (2) is paid by remitter with knowledge and consent, or (3) without knowledge or consent of new subscriber. In the latter case, we want to write and ask if the person wishes to receive paper, so by having the information at first a great deal of labor is saved.

Those who do not wish to see their letters or names in *LUCIFER* should write "Not for publication" on each letter; for, while the majority do not object to their letters or extracts therefrom being used, a few do; and it would entail too much unnecessary labor to write to each for permission to make such use of their words.

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WHOLE NO. 1059

Take honesty—one cannot get too much!
And truth—a brimming measure; add a touch
Of strong determination; season here
With humor (good). Who follows this may fear
No failure; for this recipe, I guess,
Is tried by all who truly win success.

—Stacy E. Baker.

Build these more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

CONCLUDED FROM NO. 1058.

So much for this usurpation in its legal, constitutional and political aspects. Now, what are the consequences—religious, moral and social!—and, finally, the remedy?

The first result is the union of Church and State, surreptitiously but effectively obtained in regard to the most delicate and important matters in which it could possibly exist.

All of these Comstock laws, from 1872-3 down, were and are of theological inspiration and origin. In their first draft and intent they included "blasphemy" and free thought as well as obscenity and immorality. Only the latter two words were afterwards found to be necessary, for by making their meanings elastic they would cover all that was necessary to secure the censorship and control of the people's literature, and so of their thoughts, feelings and conduct. In a word, it is the revival of the inquisition in purpose and method in our secular republic, by a theological usurpation of the federal government.

This alliance of Church and State is becoming, whether intended or not, a bar to all social, moral and intellectual progress of the people. Progress, in its origin and thought, is the evolution of modern science against the old theology, which knows it not except as a hostile intrusion. You must be familiar with the works of Professors Draper and White on this subject, and of the retrograde position and influence of that theology in our slavery and labor struggles towards freedom and a higher welfare of the people. With us, as everywhere and always, it has been the ally of a corrupt, selfish and oppressive plutocracy, of which, sharing in the spoils, it is the consecrator and conscience. It rests upon supposed revelations, traditions and dogmas of the past, towards which its face is always turned. That past they are trying to retain and force upon the people, who have outgrown it and to whom it is a crucifixion. Such theology is the true Bourbon, it "neither learns nor forgets," and its future here and hereafter is an illusory dream which science shows to be utterly impossible. But it has not learned that the Copernican system has swept away forever its heaven and hell—and all its foundation and substance. It does not realize "that the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," and that religion, morals and life are being scientized and humanized into a new world, whose eternity is here and now, and whose "heaven" is its own continuous evolution on this earth.

Accordingly, the presidents of republican Mexico and France have been compelled, in order to save their republics, to lend their peoples out of theologic control, as to their education, morals and religion—that is, into our true world, as revealed by science, and

man's lot and fate therein. The only real conquest by old theology in our day has been that of our federal government and of our education, our press and plutocracy by these Comstock laws and its false pretense of extra truth and virtue. How can that be true and good which is behind the age, an "anachronism," and entirely out of the line of the people's evolution and progress? How can that make and teach others to be true and good and patriotic—when it is neither? It is now opposing every step of progress. Every victory of science has been a victory because won over it. Serpent-like but with far from dove-like innocence, these spiritual descendants of those who burnt Bruno and Servetus have now joined hands to control our republic, consecrate our plutocracy, educate our youth, censor our postoffice and supervise our morals!

For reasons, above intimated, these obscurantists are now the last ones to be entrusted with any such functions—even where necessary—and the last two, that is, education and censorship, are simply samples of a past which we should join Mexico and France in allowing to remain such. In morals, for instance, we have this inevitable discussion of sex relation and affairs, which to the old cast-iron intellect and conscience of that theology is simply an impudent "obscenity." There they would compel and have simply authority, obedience, ignorance and silence, presided over by doctor and priest, with Mr. Comstock and the federal courts to drive to prison or suicide all recalcitrants, to the tune of "obey" and "no divorce!" It is just this kind of theological music and sex and woman oppression that has made "LUCIFER, the Light-bearer" a necessity. It is dated in the "New Era" of science and man, beginning with A. D. 1600, which opened with the promulgation of the Copernican astronomy and the theological burning of Giordano Bruno for his share in publishing that the old world of "creation" and a "sky-heaven" was at an end. Writing in the "New Era" (say Sept. 1, 305 E. M.), Editor Harman is powerfully convinced, now that slavery and its labor questions are being solved, that the sex difficulties and evils are next in order, and that the remedy must be found by a free discussion of them from the social, that is, scientific, point of view. The first step, he thinks, is to get force and rape out of matrimony. He says that "Slavery and marriage in, of and by force (like polygamy) are simply 'twain-relies of theological barbarism; that rape under the priests' blessing and the states' law is not only as great a crime and outrage as ever, but one for which we are all personally responsible unless we do all we possibly can to put an end to it. He is not opposed to marriage, but insists that it should be FREE, because love must be free or not be at all. Woman will then be protected and free in the control of her own person, and consequently with right of free divorce if she thinks it necessary. This free marriage, he is sure, will give U. S. better homes and offspring than slave marriage—and fewer divorces and abuses called free-love," and less prostitution, with all its dangers and horrors. Such is the head and front of his offending. "When some time be passed over" there will be endless wonder and regret over his conviction and sentence in this "free" country. I have little personal acquaintance with this man, but his paper, conduct and character are well known. He is simply an earnest and sacrificing reformer, and there is no obscenity, in any proper or legal sense of the word, about him or his paper. It is not read or circulated for that, but for the opposite purpose. And so is it with Dr. Alice B. Stockham, with whom I have no personal acquaintance. She is a regular physician, practicing and publishing to the great relief and benefit of her sex, and is probably the most determined, effective and

esteemed opponent of "race-suicide" in our country. Since her arrest I have looked through her books, and they and her character, life purpose, and portrait in the catalogue of her works, condemn this charge of obscenity against her as infamous.

Neither of these victims of persecution know anything about this letter and nothing in it must be charged against them. My reference to them is chiefly for the purpose of illustrating and impressing the fact that this old cast-iron, "thus saith the Lord," view of modern thought and morals is utterly incompetent to be made the censor and superintendent of our people now. For it is utterly static and hidebound, not dynamic and progressive. Thus, it cannot distinguish the good and reforming in sex discussion and exposition which "makes for the righteousness," welfare and happiness of the people, from the bad and obscene which makes for the contrary, and is used to demoralize, degrade, mislead and waste sex and love until they become a dirty, disgusting, poisoning nuisance. "It is only the corruption of the best that can make the worst" is the true Latin proverb. Against this corruption and its indecency, improper exposure, evils and nuisances (which are really results of that theology), the states have proper laws already—let them be enforced! Our "theological postoffice" is the worst possible empire and prosecutor in such most delicate affairs. The business of carrying and distributing the mails does not make an expert in sociology, literature and moral perspicacity. The addition of theological Comstockery and censorship can only make any—even the proper state laws—seem partial, ignorant and intolerable. Think of the United States courts enforcing such ignorance and censorship where the highest intelligence is needed, and in what should be the most free and enlightened republic of the world! No wonder we are a laughing stock to the rest of the world.

For instance, U. S. Judge *Bethes*, in his charge to the jury in the Stockham case, made the contrast between the law and morality of science, and that of theocracy, quite clear, thus (italics mine):

"The old-fashioned notion was as to many things that children and young persons should know nothing about them until able to understand them, and that as to many things it was better for all people, men and women, to refuse to think about them or to know about them." Again, the judge charges about Dr. Stockham's tract, thus:

"It is said of this pamphlet that it is a medical treatise, without illustrations, and beautifully and simply expressed in careful, clean, wholesome language. In able argument counsel for the defendant (Mr. Clarence Darrow) asserted it was wise to instruct all in the uses and functions of the human body, warning of the result of misuse; that the knowledge of such law, and a work of such character, could not be classed as obscene."

As his conclusion the judge charged:

"Now, under the law in force in this country, as even common sense teaches, and as found upon the statute, I think it takes the view in this kind of case—under the facts noted here—that it is a violation of the law. And the court will so hold and instruct the jury to find the defendant guilty."

This incoherent charge well illustrates how, under statutes theologically dictated and executed, ignorance is the enforced "law of the land" upon subjects as to which nothing can be of greater importance to human beings than knowledge. The United States should never permit its laws to lie across the path of those who prefer knowledge to ignorance. "There is no wisdom, health or safety save in the truth," say the wisest of modern men. For our republic to shut off any source of truth and knowledge from its people is at once tyranny over and treason against them. It is taking the sun from the sky. All of the offenses of these so-called "criminals" are trivial in comparison with that. The evil consequences of enforced ignorance are beyond calculation. Comstockery fraudulently boasts of its thousands of arrests and its tons of confiscated literature. Yet the real evils it has reached could easily have been removed by the police departments, had the matter been left to, instead of taken from, them by the United States, whose business under the Constitution it was not. Ignorance, fraud and cruelty are the results of this usurpation. People cannot and will not consult doctors or priests for necessary truth even if they could afford it—which they cannot. The communication of such truth and knowledge by print is a public necessity. What a fraud and a shame to call such literature "obscene" and its authors "criminals!" And the murderous cruelty of all this is ours, unless we protest and do all we possibly can to bring it to an end. Some thirty years ago Mr. Comstock was boasting that besides his thousands of "convicts" and tons of "mud" (f) he had driven fifteen people to suicide; since then the list has doubtless doubled. The last one publicly known (for most of them die silently), was

that friend of Mr. W. T. Stead, referred to in the above quotation from him. Her enforced suicide was a murder, of which we all share the guilt. It was the first stroke that aroused Mr. Stead to some realizing sense of that monster hybrid of theocracy and plutocracy, that "anachronism," against which the intelligence of the world stands against. Because of some words of sympathy, a letter from the broken heart of that victim's mother came to me. To me it brought the question: "Can nothing be done to prevent such tragedies?" The only answer then could be, "Nothing now."

To justify this answer a few words of history are needed. This law of 1873 had been passed in the turmoil of a closing session, without the knowledge of the people, and without being understood by President Grant, who was opposed in mind and heart to any sort of union of Church and State (see his Congress message and Des Moines speech); The "repeal or modification" of that law, so as to prevent the evils which have followed, was petitioned for by over 70,000 citizens, among whom were the first and best in nearly every state, such as James Parton, the historian; Hon. Elihu Wright, Horace Seaver and James Verity, in Massachusetts. In New York, by Courtland Palmer, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Oliver Johnson, and many more, equal in worth and character, if not in fame. Their motto was "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one inseparable!" Yet the position of Webster and of the whole country in 1836 was ignored. The petition was of no avail. The decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in *re Jackson* followed in 1877, affirming that act by an *obiter dictum* illustration, as if covered by a law passed in 1872. Thus the whole Comstock legislation has received the apparent recognition of the Supreme Court as constitutional. Many have found it hard to treat the Jackson opinion with anything like the respect due to the court. It reversed the opinion of all jurists and of the whole country as settled in 1836, and was felt to be a most unfortunate dictation of theocracy. I think it was Hon. Elihu Wright who said, that the only thing it settled was the non-existence of any heaven or hell, for if Dogberry was in either he would certainly return to earth to crown that opinion with laurel. It was at once pointed out that though the states and people had committed the whole postal business to Congress by the power to "establish postoffices and post roads," and that such power had been variously exercised to include or exclude from the mails, yet that such exercise had been invariably for postal purposes only, and instead of justifying the notion that Congress could exclude beyond postal, and for "ulterior purposes," it made imperative the contrary conclusion that they could not. This was confirmed by the fact that the Constitution expressly names the criminal jurisdiction granted to Congress and leaves none to be implied. It defines treason, and expressly reserves all other powers to the states and people, and then by its bill of rights, the *ten* commandments, it interdicts forever all attempts to make laws that shall interfere with free speech, a free press and the rights of person and property. It was shown that Webster and the whole country in 1836 were exactly right, and that a postal exclusion and censorship for non-postal reasons and purposes was an usurpation, and a violation of the Constitution, than which none more "express," plain and palpable could be imagined. No answer to this exposure has ever been made, and from the facts and nature of the case, none can be.

Newton had one of the mightiest of human intellects, but when it struck the "Prophecies" he was a child. Our U. S. Supreme Court is a wonderfully able and venerable part of our government, trustworthy and final as to private differences and ordinary legal questions, but when it strikes great political, moral and religious evolutions under the bias of politics, theocracy and plutocracy, then, from its very nature, as Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln pointed out, it cannot well help but "go wrong." Its embryo was the conservative and organizing intellect of Hamilton. But Washington kept him in check by keeping Jefferson at his right hand. When Jefferson succeeded Washington he rose above the Alien and Sedition law decisions of the federal courts. Thus Jackson rose above the Supreme Court's U. S. Bank decision. Lincoln raised the whole nation above its Dred Scott decision. Grant rose above its first greenback decision, and "reformed" the court to do it. There are several other of its decisions (notably that of the income tax), which the presidents and people must overrule by rising above, but none more certainly than this postal usurpation, with its censorship, decoy, espionage, and limitless federal criminal jurisdiction—limitless as to crimes and penalties.

Now is this difficult to do. Because a court has decided an Act of Congress not to be unconstitutional, Congress is thereby

placed under no obligation not to repeal or modify that act. The law, decision, discussion thereof, and the evils necessarily attending its execution, may well justify such action and repeal on the part of the people and their President and Congress without the slightest disrespect to the former Congress or the court, or the proponents of the laws themselves. The exigencies were supposed to call for such legislation have passed away. As Mr. Shaw says, "Hell is paved by good intentions, not bad ones." The last thirty years of Comstockism has shown sufficient precedent of that kind! Now let us return to the Constitution, the common law, and common sense, with its prosecutors, courts, and grand and trial juries of our country. Let the postal department attend to postal affairs only, and leave the censorship, criminal prosecution for all sorts of things, and the multiplication of tragedies and suicides to the past, or to those more fit and responsible. Let us have no Comstock as the censor and inquisitor of ninety millions of free people. He is doubtless sound in every theological dogma; he says his prayers every day; but he never heard of Mr. Stead nor Mr. Shaw, and of the modern world in and for which they and art and science live he is as ignorant as a troglodyte. Hitherto, as above intimated, I have not expected any relief from this national disgrace in my day. There were slavery, theocracy, and plutocracy in conscious or unconscious conspiracy against the republic and the science, welfare and progress of its people, and they seemed to be inevitable. But physical and legal slavery has gone; science has left theology and its theocracy bottomless; the blessed "religion of humanity" arraigns, as it once did the monarchy, now the plutocracy, before the bar of a public conscience it can no longer subsidize nor bulwark. The physical, intellectual and economic slavery over the people seems to be vanishing together before the light of the "New Era." Our new literature of sociology brings a repetition of the voice of John of Old: "Reform thy heart and hope for the Kingdom (republic) of Heaven (on earth) is at hand." (Matt. 3:1, 2.)

Take, for instance, that last and most timely book, "Constructive Democracy," by William E. Smythe, of San Diego, Cal. (MacMillan, publisher). What is that but the program for the opening of the door of a new and better future for us all. It seems to me to lead in the literature of rational practical hope and help, because, as it passes from chapter to chapter, it presents a more feasible and less revolutionary way than any yet proposed, out of complications and difficulties, political, social and economic, which have seemed insuperable. Of course, when these slaveries and their fetters and exploitations pass, Comstockery will pass, as did the Dred Scott decision and the Fugitive Slave law, when Lincoln finished the slaveryocracy.

Yet there is one condition precedent of any "Better Day": that is the "Word" from the man who has the ear of the people, their love, confidence, and who can speak with authority to be heard! We live in a babel—in a hum of voices, each confusing or cancelling the other. There is needed a successor of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, to speak and act as they did and as the world in the great emergencies which now threaten. In an utterance of Mr. Smythe since his book, but a fitting epilogue thereto, he leads us to look at the present occupant of the presidential chair as THE MAN. He says: "I believe the country is fast approaching a crisis, and that we must enter upon a period of genuine constructive progress, if disaster is to be avoided. I believe we should consciously progress in the direction of a higher co-operation among men, and a loftier expression of democracy. My book is a sincere attempt to show how this may be done, 'with malice toward none, with charity for all.'"

"I believe President Roosevelt is for Humanity, and that he has boundless courage, but I do not believe that he knows clearly what to do, nor that he can get the right kind of advice from some of the influences which surround him. His hold on the popular confidence, and even affection, is extraordinary, yet I believe the real test is still ahead of him, and that he has yet to 'make good.' Can he find the true course between Scylla and Charybdis—between Plutocracy and Socialism. That is the task which he now confronts. If he fails, his failure will be the most pitiable incident in American history; but if he succeeds, he will stand forever on the heights with Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln." These words, from one able, earnest, loving soul, I felt should go to another—the one he meant, and so they are here. They are an echo and repeat the words of John's disciples to the Ideal Christ: "Art thou he that should come? Or do we look for another?" (Matt. 11:3; Luke 7:19.)

These are the words of thousands—may, of millions—to our President now. That they may not be left and compelled to look for another, is the earnest wish and hope of—

Your sincere, admiring, well-wisher and obedient servant,
THOMAS RICH WAKEMAN,
(Coebe, Conn.; formerly of New York and Oyster Bay, L. I.),
October 7, 1905. (Era of Science and Man 305.)

P. S.—This letter is regarded by me as a parliamentary "Question of Privilege," belonging to the President and the "House," the great body of the people—so not hearing otherwise, it will be also open to them.—T. B. W.

"COMSTOCK THE KING OF PRUDES."

[It will be remembered that Bernard Macfadden, editor of the magazine "Physical Culture," New York, was arrested some time ago by Anthony Comstock on the charge of having printed lewd and lascivious pictures in his magazine, namely, pictures of the "human form divine." In the December number of "Physical Culture" was begun a series of articles by Mr. Macfadden, entitled, "Comstock, the King of Prudes." In his January number appears a continuation of this series, from which I quote the following paragraphs: M. H.]

"Why, Mr. Comstock, if you are really endeavoring to protect the boys and young men, do you not continue to give your attention to the quack doctors! They do boys and young men a thousand times more harm than the worst pictures or written sentences have ever done, or ever can do. The advertisements of these quacks fill columns on columns of nearly every daily newspaper, they greet your eye every time you spend a cent to read the news of the day. Why, Mr. Comstock, do you neglect this mighty evil? Why do you allow these monstrous frauds to go by unnoticed and unchecked?"

"Thousands, yes, millions of boys and young men acquire, often unknowingly, vile debilitating habits because of the policy of mystery and secrecy that you so emphatically advocate. The penalty for their sins they pay in full with physical and mental agony. Then, naturally, the poor victims look for advice. They turn to quack 'physicians.' They are ashamed to go to their family doctor. The glaring sensational advertisements of these quacks immediately appeal to them. They read their so-called 'guarantees to cure' and hypocritical promises, and are induced to believe that a remedy is within their reach. They fall into the hands of these medical pirates, because of the ignorance made possible only through the prudery that you are so ardently advocating."

"You, Mr. Comstock, in all your career, have vehemently advocated the policy of mystery in all matters appertaining to sex. If you are a conscientious man, even if you believe in the righteousness of such a ruinous policy, you must, at least, realize the necessity for protecting the boys and young men from these monstrous scoundrels, the quacks."

"WHY DON'T YOU BEGIN THIS WORK! Why don't you join hands with 'Collier's Weekly,' 'The Ladies' Home Journal,' with 'PHYSICAL CULTURE,' and other publications who are attempting to expose these scoundrels?"

"I believe that the objects of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice are of such a nature, that they would heartily commend your every effort in the work of annihilating these medical charlatans."

"I would like to make you realize, Mr. Comstock, the higher characteristics of the human body. Your view of the human body is more sacrilegious than is that of the most hardened infidel. The most beautiful painting suggests nothing to you but that which is lewd, vulgar and obscene. Beauty in the form, in the features, and in the outline is lost upon you. Your mind is so impregnated with the obscene, vile and the vulgar, that no other conception, save such, can possibly be aroused in it even when you read the works of the most brilliant intellects or contemplate the divinest products of the sculptor's chisel or the artist's brush and palette."

"Anthony Comstock, the self-constituted Keeper of Public Morals, seeks to deny to the community afflicted with him, the right at free choice in questions of art and literature. That Mr. Comstock has neither a critical knowledge of the one nor a comprehensive acquaintance with the other, does not matter in the slightest. That his professional prudery often brings him into direct and disastrous conflict with the opinions of experts when the status of 'obscene' pictures or books is concerned, is of no account whatever."

"But even Comstock, king of the pruders, with all his beetle blindness of moral vision, will hardly deny to his subjects the right of free speech. His attitude in this respect is, however, probably a matter of necessity rather than choice. If he had his way, it is easy to conceive of every man having a modified phonograph attached to his mouth, the records thereof being submitted to his majesty, to be passed upon, and if not in accord with Comstockian standards, due punishment to be meted out to the offenders."

"Free speech being still in order then, not because of Comstock, but in spite of him, the editor of this magazine proposes to make a legitimate use of the fact by challenging Mr. Comstock to a joint debate, the subject to be discussed being 'Ignorance of the Form and Functions of the Body is the World's Greatest Curse.' I to take the affirmative and Mr. Comstock the negative."

"With all his faults, I believe Anthony Comstock to be a man of courage, although I pity him on the score of his convictions. He now has an opportunity of uniting courage and conviction by meeting me as I propose. The debate shall take place whenever and wherever he sees fit, and shall be conducted on the basis of 'fair play and no favor.'"

"Is the Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice willing to meet me in verbal conflict? If not, why not? To be continued."

LOCAL LECTURES AND MEETINGS.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology holds regular meetings Sunday afternoons in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic building. Meetings open at 2:30. All invited.

Chicago Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Hall 913, Masonic Building.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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E. C. WALKER, 24 WEST 142 STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

TWO WEEKS AGO it was said, in LUCIFER 1058, that the editor was still at home, and that the cause of the delay in executing the sentence of imprisonment was not known at this office. The same state of uncertainty still exists. The absence of Judge Landis in New Orleans may have something to do with this delay. Mr. Steadman, our lawyer, expects to have one more interview with Judge Landis before execution of sentence.

LUCIFER NO. 1058

Went to press on time, but when it was offered for mailing to subscribers we were told by Mr. Hull—the superintendent of second-class mails at Chicago—very promptly and decidedly we were told, that the edition was unusable.

When asked for specific reasons he pointed to the letter of Annie K. K. Parkhurst, on page 455; also to the letter of Mrs. M. W. on same page, and to the comment of "L." at close of the column; also to the reviews of "Books, Old and New," beginning on page 457; also to the poem on page 459, entitled, "A Catholism for Cuckoo;" also to article on same page entitled "Plato vs. Platt."

The condemned articles were so numerous and so long that we decided not to expurgate but to distribute the copies already printed, as best we could, at public meetings in Chicago and elsewhere, thus making one more protest against what we believe to be the wholly unwarrantable and tyrannical interference with our citizen rights, and with the citizen rights of our patrons, and then leave it with these patrons—who may have the means to do so—to prosecute the postoffice censors for robbing them of this edition of a paper for which they have paid, and also for many other editions for which they paid their money and were not allowed to receive within the past two or three years.

BUT NOW BEHOLD A CHANGE!

Hitherto whatever has been done by the censor at Chicago has been ratified and confirmed by the department at Washington, until we no longer looked for any relief from that quarter. It was with feelings of genuine surprise, therefore, that on opening Lucifer's mail this morning, February 14, we read the following official letter from the Chicago postmaster:

CHICAGO, Feb. 13, 1906.

Publisher LUCIFER, 500 Fulton Street, Chicago.

Sir:—The department at Washington has ruled that your issue

of February 1 does not contain obscene literature, within the meaning of the law, and hence is mailable. Copies of that issue will be received at this office from you for mailing at the pound rate of postage.

Respectfully,
FRED. A. BUSSE,
Postmaster.

But now a dilemma confronts us. What is to be done? The type from which No. 1058 was printed has been thrown into the box for dead metal, and the forms are being prepared for whole No. 1059, which number will soon be due to our patrons. Only one way out of this dilemma presents itself; it is this:

We always try to keep a good stock of each edition in reserve for those who may want additional copies for their files or to send to friends; also for sample copies. We have such reserve of whole No. 1058, and now, on the principle "first come first served," we will send a copy of this reserve to all applicants so long as the supply lasts.

Those subscribers who fail to get a copy of this issue—which, by the way, we are assured is an exceptionally good one—can have their time paid for extended according to their loss.

How much the continued protests, the courageous, manly, cogent and convincing protests of our many patrons against the inquisitorial policy of the postal department have helped to break the hitherto unbroken chain of "hold-ups" for LUCIFER at the Chicago postoffice will perhaps never be known, but that they have been potent factors in bringing about this desirable result is very probable, to say the least.

Whether light has broken in upon the heads of the department at Washington and whether the edict has now gone forth that henceforward LUCIFER is to be treated more fairly, more justly, more rationally and humanely we can only conjecture, but that such is the case we shall continue to hope until conviction to the contrary is forced upon us.

M. HARMAN.

NO MORE CONFISCATIONS.

Among the reasons that come us to think that light has broken in upon the heads of the postal department is the fact that the policy of confiscation and destruction of editions of LUCIFER condemned as "obscene" has been formally abandoned. The copies deposited for mailing of Nos. 1056 and 1057, declared to be unusable, have been returned to us by the Chicago superintendent of second-class mails, with the statement that the department now instructs him not to send such condemned copies to the dead letter office to be destroyed, but instead to return them to the publisher with the statement, simply, that they are unusable.

The question now seems pertinent: If the department was wrong in destroying, by wholesale, previous editions of LUCIFER because condemned as "obscene"—such as whole numbers 1000, 1042 and 1043—have not the publisher and the subscribers of LUCIFER a lawful as well as natural claim to compensation for the numbers thus destroyed?

What say the lawyers of the Free Speech League to this question? I. H.

WAKEMAN'S LETTER TO ROOSEVELT.

The letter of Thaddeus Burr Wakeman to Theodore Roosevelt, who now holds the very responsible position of chief servant—not chief ruler—of the people of the United States of America, the publication of which letter was begun in number 1058, is completed in this issue.

As stated in No. 1058, Mr. Wakeman's letter is printed also in leaflet form for convenience in sending to public officials—to congressmen, to judges, to lawyers, to public lecturers, to editors, to clergymen, to press writers and to leaders of thought and opinion everywhere, for the purpose of securing a repeal—or at least a modification—of the laws authorizing a censorship of books, papers, pictures, etc., in this country.

The court of final appeal in this or any other country is the court of public opinion. Unless backed by public opinion no law, however just, can be generally and impartially enforced. That the censorship laws of the Federal government are not generally and not impartially enforced is evidence that they are not endorsed, not intelligently endorsed, by public opinion. The fact that they are partially enforced, unfairly and unjustly enforced, is evidence of a lack of understanding, a lack of enlightenment as to their real character, nature or purpose, on the part of the general public.

To enlighten the general public as to the real character, origin, purpose and legitimate effect of the censorship laws of the United States is the purpose of this letter of Wakeman to Roosevelt, rather

than with the expectation that it will change the opinions or conduct of the distinguished individual to whom it is addressed.

Regretting our inability to print all, or the greater part even, of the letters to Roosevelt sent to us for publication we again earnestly request all who are in sympathy with the objects, the purpose of Mr. Wakeman's letter to help us in all possible ways to distribute—judiciously distribute—this exceptionally strong and carefully prepared leaflet letter.

We are spending considerable time, labor and money in getting this booklet printed in the best style of the printer's art, and therefore do not want any copies wasted, but on the contrary earnestly desire and hope that they will all be placed where they will do the greatest possible good.

Again we ask of each reader: How many copies can you use to advantage?

The leaflet consists of sixteen pages of closely printed matter besides the illustrated cover—illustrated by the half-tone likeness of T. B. Wakeman and of the editor of LUCIFER. While we are loth to place a price on a document intended for gratuitous distribution, yet as a work of art, ten cents per copy by retail, and five cents per copy in quantity, would not be considered a high price by those who know the cost of such things.

Again we say, do not let the lack of ability to send money prevent any one from helping to put these leaflets into the hands of influential leaders of thought and opinion.

The leaflet is now ready for distribution.

M. H.

LOOKING FOR CAUSES.

At this precise hour, in the city of Chicago if not in the whole state of Illinois, there is an unusual shaking up of the so-called reform elements. A special dispatch to the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" from Peoria, Ill., Feb. 6, will help to explain the causes of the aforementioned excitement in muralistic circles:

"The suicide to-day of the Rev. Dr. George H. Simmons, pastor of the First Baptist Church, following shocking charges against him by boys of his congregation, has resulted in the ruin of the People's Savings Bank, one of the two institutions of which he was president, and a severe run on the other, the Inter-State Savings and Trust Bank.

"The disclosures regarding Dr. Simmons and his tragic death, following so closely the downfall of N. C. Dougherty, superintendent of Peoria schools, through whose defalcations nearly \$1,000,000 was taken, has thrown the city into another ferment and business is at a standstill. For five years Dr. Simmons had been outwardly a model of virtue and one of the most prominent leaders in the religious, financial and political life of the city. At the time of his death he was the Peoria manager of Richard Yates' campaign for election to the United States Senate."

The exact nature of the charges against Rev. Dr. Simmons is not given in any of the long and sensational statements given out to the public press, for the reasons, no doubt, that under the present postal censorship laws the papers that should publish a plainly worded description of the said offense would be denied the mail, and the editors and publishers would perhaps be arrested and punished by fine or imprisonment or both.

An editorial paragraph in the Chicago "Chronicle" of Monday, Feb. 12, is a fair example of the way in which the city dailies have alluded to one of the recent occurrences that have stirred the clergy as well as the editors to call for stricter enforcement of laws against offenders, young as well as old. Says the "Chronicle":

"In the light of the atrocity charged and apparently proved against that syndicate of three young Chicago 'schoolboy' lechers what will the juvenile court do if called upon to deal with them? Is it anything short of nonsense to talk of reforming creatures such as these? Now is it possible for one to imagine that the world would be any worse off if all such bestial devils, young or old, were stricken out of existence? In the study of lawlessness now in progress which is to be saddled with most responsibility for the development of such monsters—the heresies of crime by the yellow newspapers, the emancipation of criminal procedure by tricky lawyers and hair-splitting courts or the whining snivel of sentimentalism?"

As in the case of the Peoria pastor the nature of the offense charged against the "three young Chicago 'schoolboy' lechers" is only hinted at.

★ ★ ★

In the news columns of the Chicago "Daily News" of February 19 appears a sensational account, from St. Louis, of the crimes of John Brady, "a waiter out of employment, arrested on suspicion of being 'Jack the Stabber,' who has stabbed a number of women on the streets during the past three weeks." Proceeding the report says: "Brady was closeted with Chief of Detective Demand for only a short time when he broke down and made his confession. On

the chief's desk lay the pocket knife that had been taken from the young man when he stabbed several women on the street one night three weeks ago and had been released before it had been ascertained that he had stabbed the women. Brady identified the knife. "I just took that knife and stuck it into them," said Brady, in a high, offuscinate voice, and with no show of emotion or excitement. "I don't know just how the idea first came to me. When I stabbed the women I delighted in it. Just one quick stroke and it was all over. I didn't pick out women particularly; it didn't make any difference to me, so long as they were women. I never thought of stabbing men. I think the first woman I stabbed was at Eighth and Olive streets. After that I was excited and didn't know how many I stabbed or just what I was doing." Brady was identified during the day by a number of the women who had been stabbed as their assailant. He looked at the women contemptuously, but said nothing."

Another item of news in the same edition of the "Daily News" reads thus:

"Judge Ben M. Smith to-day refused to grant a new trial to Mrs. Virginia Troup, found guilty of having murdered her husband, William C. Troup, of South Chicago, in August, 1905. The court sentenced her to the penitentiary for a term of fourteen years. A motion for an arrest of judgment, made by her attorney, Leonard Plutke, was overruled. "On being led from the court the woman gave way to an outburst of grief and her screams could be heard a long distance away. She tried to tear the hair from her head, but was prevented by the court officers."

★ ★ ★

The Chicago "Record-Herald" of Tuesday, February 13, contains a two-column article headed, "Wounded at a Hotel by Jealous Husband:

"Crazed with a desire for vengeance when he had found his wife in a room at the Grand Pacific Hotel with D. P. Padfield, supposedly of Cairo, Ill., George W. Durphy, of Chicago, shot the woman's companion twice last night and then surrendered coolly to the police. "Durphy is superintendent of the Chicago Dock Company. "Durphy and his wife, who is only 23 years old, have not lived together since last October, though they had been married less than three years. On leaving her husband the wife filed suit for divorce. "Padfield also is married. His home originally was at Belleville, Ill., and on the operating table he asked Dr. Fletcher to notify his wife there if he should die."

When firing the shots that dangerously if not fatally wounded Dr. Padfield, Durphy is reported to have said: "You cur! I'll teach you to let other men's wives alone." And when arrested for the assault he said to the officer: "You needn't hold me—I'll not run away. This man has ruined my home, and I did what any other man would do—I shot him down like a dog."

When interviewed the mother of Mrs. Durphy said: "My daughter's husband has a peculiar temperament. At all times he was insanely jealous without the slightest cause. "I am not surprised at the shooting."

★ ★ ★

These are a few only of the instances of sensational crime, given with greater or less detail, by the Chicago dailies within the past week or ten days. My object in reproducing these sample instances of what is commonly called "human depravity" is mainly to call attention to what I believe to be a great lack of thoroughness on the part of those who are now making special effort to cure, or to prevent, the social diseases that lead to the commission of crime.

Some one has said that "whenever an unusually atrocious crime is committed, search deep enough and you will find a woman at the bottom." A far more rational diagnosis would be something like this:

In all cases of exceptionally atrocious crime, search deep enough and you will find unhappy marital relations and ignorance of sex as a social factor at the bottom; and if woman is concerned in these crimes it is generally, if not always, as the victim of wrong rather than as the doer of wrong.

In the case of the Peoria parson and the boys of his "brigade," and in the case of the "Chicago school boy lechers," the lack of correct knowledge in reference to the use and abuse of sex as the creative principle of all life, added to abnormal sex desire, was doubtless the cause of the trouble.

In the case of the St. Louis "stabber": A friend just arrived from that city tells us that the mother of Brady declares that she was stabbed with a pair of scissors by her husband a few months before the birth of the boy, who cannot explain why he delights in stabbing women.

In the case of the insanely jealous husband, it is the old, old story of "body-ownership" of woman by man, sanctioned by the laws of church and state, that was the chief cause of the attempted homicide.

The rational cure and prevention of these social diseases, it need

not be said, instead of the periodic "crusades" against vice and crime that have been tried time out of mind, with the result that these diseases are probably more prevalent now than ever before, is two-fold:

First—*Honesty and truthfulness* in diagnosing the disease or diseases. As in the case of "crookedness" in public affairs of all sorts the first need is "publicity"—exact knowledge of the facts in the case.

Second—The removal of all artificial legal restraints—that is, the abolition of all serfdom, all slaveries, chief among which is the "Sex-Enslavement of Women"—the denial to woman of the natural right to self-ownership, in marriage or outside of marriage. John Stuart Mill's saying that "the only serfdom now authorized by law is marriage," and Elbert Hubbard's definition of legal marriage as "a scheme for holding together the incompatible," indicate the direction in which reform is most needed in order to bring about healthier and happier conditions of social life. M. HARMAN.

OFFICIAL PERJURY.

Strong light is thrown upon the crime of crimes, the "crime of government," by the letter of Geo. A. Schilling, president of the Chicago "Local Improvement Board," to the "civil service commission," in behalf of a petty official named Haffner, who has been accused of committing the law-made crime of perjury.

Part of Mr. Schilling's letter, as reported in "Daily Tribune," is as follows:

"With respect to the charge for which he [Haffner] is now on trial, I have no desire to minimize the far-reaching influence for evil which perjury plays in our human affairs. I desire to call your attention, however, to the fact that this offense is practiced so generally by the so-called better element in society that it has become a disease.

"It is reported that every wealthy man in Chicago and elsewhere considers it his duty to make false returns as to the amount of property to be taxed, and one court in the United States held that no man's evidence could be impeached because it could be proven that he had made false returns on his tax schedule.

"The oath which every official takes on assuming his public duties is that he shall honestly and faithfully execute the laws and the duties of his position, and yet it is widely suspected that public officials, as a class, are not generally the best but the worst element in society. The wholesale peculations of officers of insurance companies, recently exposed, could not have been done had not public officials protected them.

"It is even charged that the majority of members of that august body, the senate of the United States, are nothing but lackeys and messenger boys for corporate wealth, and if this charge be true then I assume that the majority of the United States senate have committed perjury in its worst form."

If these government officials who "protect the officers of insurance companies" and other wholesale robbers were not demoralized by their own business—that of robbing people of their earnings through taxes, direct and indirect, to support "the government"—there would be little occasion or excuse for the wholesale charges of perjury made by President Schilling. M. H.

BOOKS OLD AND NEW.

Love's Way to Perfect Humanhood, by Agnes Nesbit Benham.

This book has been several years before the English-speaking public, but has never received the recognition its merits deserve. Written by a cultured English mother living in South Australia "close to the heart of Mother Nature," its manner, as well as matter, is straightforward and unconventional and yet by no means repellant to the healthy mind, even though trained according to modern standards of delicacy and refinement.

Throughout the book the author's chief aim appears to be to arouse women, especially mothers, to a sense of their responsibility as creators—as when she says:

"It is not too much to say that the regeneration of the race lies with her [with woman]. Not to admit this, even in a limited degree, implies a tremendous alteration of conditions—an alteration amounting to an upheaval indeed. She must be supreme in the creation of the race. Instead of being the toy, the plaything or the victim of man's sensual passions, she must be the mistress. It is her place to indicate to him when she feels that conditions are propitious for the conception of a new being whom Love alone must call into existence.

"Just think of the haphazard way in which children are generated now. They are very often not the thing desired but a most UNWELCOME ADJUNCT. And the mother's feelings of dismay at the impending visitation are frequently deepened by the reproaches and sneers of the husband, who, having sown in selfishness and lust the seeds of human life, is most unwilling to meet the consequences of his action. Thus the young life just launched, ere it has had time to build its human temple, finds hostility and difficulty, 'unaptness and

stubbornness of ground, that will not yield unto her form's direction,' and the heavenly plan is marred, while the parents perhaps wonder in after life why that child is so ugly-tempered or so stupid.

"Remember, in the house-building of the soul, it is the child who builds the house; the mother's part is to clear away obstructions, to supply material and to suggest. Endless is her power in this direction, for HER SUGGESTIONS HAVE ALL THE EFFECT OF COMMANDS."

As clearly indicated in these paragraphs Mrs. Benham does not ignore nor forget the responsibility of fatherhood. While insisting upon the paramount right of motherhood to decide when conditions are suitable and when they are not, the author sees clearly that it is man's province, man's duty, to prepare conditions under which woman can do her best work, her perfect work, as builder—jointly with the child itself—of a new and better race.

Mrs. Benham has kindly offered to donate a number of copies of "Love's Way to Perfect Humanhood" for the benefit of LUCIFER's defense fund against the assaults of the Postal Inquisition. The book is beautifully and substantially bound and will be sent to subscribers and patrons for 75 cents each while present supply lasts.

Institutional Marriage, as seen by a Marsite, or traveler from the planet Mars. By M. Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Astronomers tell us that Mars is much older than Earth and that hence we may reasonably suppose social conditions, social and political institutions on that planet, to have reached a higher degree of perfection than those to which we on Earth now submit—approvingly or under protest, as the case may be.

Many others have adopted this harmless fiction—that of making a Marsite, a Saturnite, a wanderer from Venus or Jupiter, to lecture us on manners and morals, as well as on politics, mechanics, physical or cosmic science, etc., etc., and therefore I claim no patent on this method of putting my own ideas before my readers.

This story or essay, first delivered as a lecture, was run as a serial in LUCIFER, a few years ago, then issued as No. 11 of "The Light-bearer Library," a monthly publication. For many months "Institutional Marriage" has now been reported "out of print," but quite unexpectedly, a few dozen copies have been discovered and are now offered, postpaid, at ten cents per copy.

The Moods of Life—Poems of Varied Feeling—By William Francis Barnard. A book of short poems, about one hundred in number, that will be sure to interest and please LUCIFER's readers. Mr. Barnard has often written for our columns and some of these poems may already be familiar to older readers. Those who have not seen his handiwork can judge of the book by the following specimen, entitled "Love's Way":

Love wears no chains or fetters save its own,—
The golden bonds of homage and desire.
The steel-linked gyves of duty cold and dire,
It breaks in twain, and rule is overthrown.
Not in the will, but in the heart alone,
Love has its life; and if at last it tire,
'Tis fruitless work to blame its failing fire,
Or try with force to teach it to atone.

If love would stay, not all the woeful stings
Of direst fate could tempt it to retreat;
If Love would go, not all the wealth of Kings
In heaped gold could make its serfdom sweet.
Freely it comes; and bind not thou its wings,
Or lifeless Love will lie beneath thy feet.

"Moods of Life" is issued by the Rooks Press, the Hookery, Chicago; is beautifully bound in cloth and gold, and is sold for one dollar and fifty cents per copy. It can be ordered through this office. M. H.

LIBERTY IN LITERATURE.

In LUCIFER 1058, page 457, quoting from E. W. Shufeldt in the "Arena," it was stated "that it is practically impossible to introduce into the United States the works of foreign writers of the highest authority on sociology." An instance of this despotic interference with citizen rights is the following, clipped from an exchange by a friend:

"Upon complaint of a citizen, Collector of Customs Busby, of Dawson City, visited the Carnegie public library and seized the collection of some two hundred works in French, chiefly fiction, on the ground that both the letterpress and the illustrations were indecent and contrary to law. The books have but recently arrived direct from France for the use of the French-speaking citizens of Dawson, and the library officials say that they were ignorant of the character of the works. The offenders are liable to fines of \$200 without appeal.

What must these "French-speaking citizens of Dawson" think of the laws and customs of this boasted land of freedom?

M. H.

"A STATE OF CHAOS."

BIGOTRY AND INTOLERANCE.

Speaking of "chaos" once more, I want to announce to the friends with yellow streaks down their backs that I do not need advice in the conduct of my own affairs. No government official can censor my work with impunity until he has been legally appointed and the writ of *habeas corpus* has been suspended. I have had numerous letters from tenderfoot who "endorse every word in 'The Ophthalmologist,'" but "doubt the wisdom of its course in attacking the elephant by putting your head in its mouth and then twisting its tail." I resent the insinuation that I print obscene things in my paper, and declare I am a part of the elephant, but not the tail.

One writer refers to the "Hull-sail indictment of the P. O. D." I hate a cheap punster. Paul Hull is a good fellow personally. He simply overstepped his official bounds when he began to argue morals with Editor Harman. It gave the appearance of personality to his act in holding up Harman's paper, which I know was only obedience to instructions from a higher power, that, when it comes to a showdown, will endeavor to use Paul Hull as a scapegoat. Then I'll be on Paul's side with both feet and "big stick."

It is not all in official life that intolerance is exhibited, however. I was talking to a very nice old gentleman the other day, one who is on the side of free thought and free speech, but he referred to Editor Harman as "an old free-lover." It is not the words, but what they imply, that I object to. He evidently used them in the sense that many others do—opprobriously, to discredit one of good intentions, and tell a lie about him, without actually charging licentiousness in so many words. That is an old habit among advocates of the Christian code; they seek to show that any who differ from them are lewd. It shows where their minds are. I do not know Mr. Harman, but I know his criticisms must touch tender spots or they would not want to suppress him. I do not know what he advocates, except as he is misrepresented by those fellows who want to judge but not be judged, and it increases my respect for him. The dirty Taggart case, dragging in little thirteen-year-old girls, who peeped through keyholes, is a disgrace to society, the army, the courts, the lawyers, the spectators and the principals, the press and the readers. The "powers that be" did not suppress the dirty press that printed it, and I dare them to try to suppress so clean a moral journal as "The Ophthalmologist."—*The Ophthalmologist*, Chicago.

OUR MORAL GUARDIANS.

I have just been reading accounts of the wonderful results in floriculture in the creation of new and beautiful species by select marriages. "Of course," said Luther Burbank, "as great results could be counted upon in the improvement of the human family were not the study of the subject impossible." The United States postal authorities consider the improvement of the race too obscene a topic for discussion. A woman physician attempted to enlighten prospective mothers on the care of their bodies during an important period; a quotation from her essay was declared unfit for print, and the paper containing it was cast out of the mails by a Chicago postman who is still in office.

Certainly women receive very cavalier treatment at the hands of their men superintendents; they are to be scorned if they do not bear children; they are obscene and disgraced except they be willing to bear them ignorantly; they are driven out of employment the moment they are married for fear they may not know enough to resign when they should. The editor has my address; I hope I may not be forgotten when the family go to the Tulare "sugar" off. Cousin Beatrice in the San Francisco "Star."

COURAGE THE VIRTUE NEEDED.

There was once a discussion between Mr. Pitt and some of his friends on what were the qualities most needed in politics. Was it knowledge, patience, courage, eloquence, or what was it? Mr. Pitt said, "Patience." We liberals have tried patience for twenty years. I vote we now try "courage." I say again, don't let us be afraid of our own shadows. We have principles we believe in, we have faith, we have great traditions, and we have a great cause behind us and before us. Let us not lose courage and straightforwardness.—John Morley.

We need mental as well as moral courage. We are becoming a race of sycophants, cowards and mental dwarfs, willing to take what others say rather than exercise our God-given reason, and too ready to take up and unthinkingly repeat any shibboleth or cry raised by

conventionalism or by classes, which are in many instances beneficiaries of privilege or the children of ancient superstition and unreasoning bigotry, without boldly, bravely and conscientiously studying the whole question, as is our duty imposed by the Infinite who gave us the divine gift of reason that we might think for ourselves. On few questions is it more important for men and women to think bravely and independently than on those of marriage and divorce.—R. O. Flower, Editor of the "Arena."

THE LOGIC OF SUPPRESSION.

Miss Alice Robertson, who is postmistress at Muskogee, I. T., believes in the impartial application of the law. Newspapers containing advertisements of lotteries are not allowed transmission through the mails and, knowing this to be so, she excluded the Muskogee Daily Times because it printed a notice that some young women of the town were raffling off two boxes at the theater for the benefit of charity, and also threw out the Phoenix, another local paper, that reported the winners of prizes at a card party. This is righteous—if the law is—but what will Miss Robertson do with the New Testament? Matthew xxvii, 35, gives the particulars of a raffle for a suit of clothes, although the name of the winner is withheld.

Moral: The more instances like this the sooner there'll be a revolt. Postmasters may commit many nuisances, but when the supra-moral ladies begin and measure the press with their yardsticks, I think the day will come when the male worm will turn. X.

ON INFIDELS.

Infidels, as represented by the National Liberal League, are opposed to the Lord God Almighty, maker of us all; to Jesus Christ, the only son of God, the Savior of mankind, the sinner's best friend and the way of eternal life; to the word of God and all the precious promises therein contained, and to the ordinances and commandments of God made for the elevation of mankind, designed to advance the highest interest of the human soul; to laws and their proper enforcement; to moral purity; to the Christian Sabbath; to the sinner's using common sense, and being on the safe side, repenting of sin, believing in Jesus Christ and thus making sure of his eternal salvation. * * * I have arrested over four hundred of these creatures. * * * Then came the answer to prayer, vindication, light and joy, positive proof that it is better to trust God than put confidence in men. * * * By the grace of the Everlasting God the liberal's demand shall not be allowed.—Anthony Comstock in "Frauds Exposed."

LUCIFER'S HELPERS.

E. S. Filsworth, 50c; John E. Boultonhouse, \$1; C. W. Coolidge, \$1; Geo. G. Denison, \$1; Tom Swinburne, \$1; Herman Kuhn, \$1; Mr. Cooley, \$1; Joe Balogh, \$1; H. N. Fowler, \$2; E. C. McDonald, \$1; Nellie M. Mastick, \$2; E. D. Brinkerhoff, \$1; Mrs. Olive Clifford, 25c; T. B. Chandler, 50c; P. A. de Crane, 50c; May de Crane, 50c; Annie R. Fish, 50c; M. Zaslav, \$1; M. Celler, \$1; A. Tyler, \$1; Mrs. Maggie Dimmick, \$1; M. A. Buswell, \$1; A. Peoria Friend, \$1; H. Geigetsch, \$1; Irving Llewellyn, 50c; Truman Houghton, 25c; H. H. Walker, 25c; S. O. Bishop, \$1; S. E. Price, 50c; W. P. Ward, \$1; J. H. K., \$1; Adler Jorgenson, \$1; W. L. C., \$5; J. H. G., \$1; Mrs. R. M., \$10; D. M. C., \$1.

A CHAMPION DAD.

McDade, Tex., is the home of a champion dad—a dad such as might delight a Roosevelt. Here is his record: Sixty-five years old; weighs 200 pounds; in perfect health. Married three times. Children, thirty-one. Twins, six sets. His last wife was a widow, and she has given him nine boys and three girls. Thirty-one children, and two wives killed in the process! Instead of a letter of congratulation this Texan should have a ring put in his nostrils and be adorned with a blue ribbon, as cattle are at fairs.—Springfield (Mass.) "Homestead," Dec. 20, 1905.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private if possible; and some time after the offense, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses; both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault and watched for a proper and private time for mentioning it.—Sydney Smith.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland Avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

ELMER ELLSWORTH CAREY, Chicago.—I note your proposed visit to some government domicile, where you will be a guest of the United States and I know it will not trouble you any; it will raise up friends and strengthen the cause of progress.

JOHN BOULTENHOUSE, New York City.—I enclose a couple of dollars that you can use as you see fit in fighting your persecutors. I trust that your spirits are good and that you will soon be free from your tormentors. You certainly show great courage in sticking to the ship under fire, and some day your work will be appreciated. With my best wishes for your good health and final victory, I remain, sincerely yours.

CYRUS W. COOLIDGE, New York City.—I am very sorry to hear that stupidity and malice are triumphant, and that you must go to prison for the terrible crime of trying to do something for the emancipation of women. But what can be done? Words are of no avail. I regret very much that the struggle for existence prevents me at present from taking an active part in the fight for freedom. I enclose \$1 to be used as you think best.

AUBURN F. HILL, Boston, Mass.—I regret to learn that you expect to enter prison again for innocuous ideas printed on paper. What are we to do if our words and ideas cannot be printed on paper and sent by the United States mail service? Shall we start a private free mail service to and fro in this country? Equality and justice do not prevail under the present United States mail service. We ought to be ashamed of the men in charge of the United States mail service.

ARTHUR WASTALL, 3 Amalinda road, East London, Cape Colony. No. 1054 is such an excellent issue that it has stimulated me to further efforts in propaganda work. I have now by me quite a stock of back numbers, slips, etc., and so will see what inquiries the enclosed copy of intended advertisement brings in. I am sending it to a weekly illustrated that circulates from one end to the other of this sub-continent. Should results warrant it I will then advertise in whatever leading daily papers throughout the land will accept it. I think it time British colonists knew how liberty of speech and press is being trampled on in what used to be known as the "Land of the free" forsooth!

[The above letter shows what one of LUCIFER's friends is doing in South Africa. If only one subscriber in each of the British colonies, and also in each of the states and territories of the United States of America would adopt the plan of campaign outlined by Brother Wastall a tidal wave of public opinion would soon cause the repeal of the postal censorship laws that now disgrace this falsely called "Land of the Free."—M. H.]

O. H. STONE, Baring, Wash.—Dear Comrade: LUCIFER 1056, enclosing notice of affirmation of sentence of lower court, reached me to-day. Of course, without a complete retrial, nothing else could be expected. The powers that be can be wonderfully consistent when they think their interest demands it.

Of all superstitions that regarding the institution of marriage is by long odds the best beloved. It is verily the apple of the eye. And the relative necessity or importance of the different reforms of the day can be measured by the degree of animus displayed in persecuting those who are bold enough to question the justice of the existing order.

Well, comrade, this is hard on you, but I suppose nothing will satisfy your misguided persecutors but your going to prison, though it is a dirty shame. The old saying, "Judge not lest ye be judged," is far truer than is generally supposed. A sentence is the reflex of him who pronounced it. The knowledge that you have the sympathy and good wishes of your many readers will undoubtedly be some consolation to you, but the best of all—and nothing can take the place of this—is the sweet consciousness of having done what you think is right. May your health stand it.

If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer, your subscription expires with this number. If a copy of Lucifer fails to reach you, please order by number or date.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

What the Young Need to Know.

A PRIMER OF SEX RATIONALISM.

BY E. C. WALKER.

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on an old and much discussed topic, I. e.: SEX REFORMATION. A new book entitled,

"THE ABUSE OF THE MARRIAGE RELATIONS," written by an old and experienced physician, who has investigated this subject and has found this to be the origin of most chronic diseases. This is a book for the married and those who intend to get married, and will be sent prepaid upon receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25 cents) IN COIN OR STAMPS. For FIFTY CENTS (50 cents) we will send you the book and also enter your name for a four months' subscription to the five magazine "THE NATURO-PATH AND HERALD OF HEALTH." If at the expiration of the four months you find the magazine interesting please send us an additional seventy-five cents (75 cents) for the balance of the year.

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This is a defense of the great French anarchist, showing the evils of a specie currency, and that interest on capital can and ought to be abolished by a system of Free and Mutual Banking. A series of newspaper articles written by the author, editor of The New York Free Press, he having been a Brook Farm experimenter in early life. Price, 10 cents.

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WHOLE NO. 1060

THE PIONEER.

"Famatic!" the insects hissed, till he taught them to understand
That the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the
land.

"Dustarber" and "Dreamer" the Philistines cried when he preached
an ideal creed.

Till they learned that the men who have changed the world with the
world have disagreed;

That the remnant is right, when the masses are led like sheep to the
pen,

For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a king and write them down in
a book;

New men, new lights; and the father's code the sons may never
brook.

What is liberty now were license then; their freedom our yoke
would be;

And each new decade must have new men to determine its liberty.
Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening front the while;

Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-path, or clear to the onward
sleet?

Its pioneers are the dreamers who heed neither tongue nor pen.
Of the human spiders whose silk is woven from the lives of teeming
men.

—From "Wendell Phillips," by John Boyle O'Reilly.

WHY FREE SPEECH IS NECESSARY.

Our present brutal and cruel civilization can only be made to
give way to a higher, better and more refined one through the main-
tenance of the highest standard of health, both mental and physical,
and by a universal knowledge among the people of the natural laws
of sex. In this age of prudery, begotten of a lingering superstition,
an heirloom of savagery, unfortunately militates against this
very desirable state of affairs. —*Pacific Medical Journal*, January,
1905.

A very large part of the widespread ignorance in matters of this
kind (perversion and inversion) is to be found in the professions of
law and medicine, and to a criminal extent (so far as the public
is concerned) is largely due to laws that have been enacted in this
country in regard to the publication and selling of works devoted
to description and treatment of physical and sexual abnormalities
in our own species. Authors of works of this class meet with the
greatest difficulty when they come to have them printed and sold.
He or she is at once threatened with legal prosecution and fine and
imprisonment. Not only is this the case in our country, but, through
another most vicious system, works published abroad by authors in
other countries, having to do with the psychology of sex and kindred
subjects, are either denied introduction here altogether, or so heavily
taxed in the custom house as to materially discourage their intro-
duction. It is this miserable state of affairs that is responsible for
the prevalence of so much ignorance in regard to sexuality in general,
both normal and abnormal. —*Pacific Medical Journal*, July, 1905.

Still another cause is to be found in the internal system of laws
that have been enacted and are now in force, having reference to the
entire question of sex relations of every description, marital or other-
wise. * * * We have permitted to grow up in this country,
under federal protection, the most vicious system of censorship that
has ever disgraced a civilization. Under its rulings, not only has it
come about that it is practically impossible to introduce into the

United States the works of foreign writers of the highest authority
on sexuality, but any one attempting to publish, either in the public
prints or in book form, anything touching upon such vital subjects,
not only places himself or herself in danger of fines at the hands
of the courts, but of all other forms of legal persecution, including
a term of years in prison. So, with suppressing the information on
one side, and ignoring the matter of gross ignorance on the other,
of such matters, the result is precisely what the courts and the clergy
are deploring. —*Whipping Post*, by Dr. E. M. Shufeldt, *Arena*, Feb-
ruary, 1906.

In the early anti-slavery times a determined effort was made to
exclude from the mails in the slave-holding states every denunciation
of the sum of all iniquities—human slavery. The people pro-
tested against the espionage put upon the mails, against the inter-
ference of the freedom of the press. We condemn the attempt to
interfere with the mails now, though it be with a very different in-
tent, because it violates the same great essential principles of liberty.
—*New York Sun*, December 23, 1878.

The power that is asked for is certain to be abused. We remember
when southern postmasters refused to deliver the "Tribune" to
subscribers, on the ground that it was "incendiary matter." No-
body needs to be told that, in any political campaign, every political
party having control of the postoffice would use its power to hinder
the other party, that the sacredness of private letters would be sub-
ject to the needs of partisans and the whims of ignorant or rabid
postmasters. An inspected mailing is the sign of the vilest des-
potism. The thing became so vulgarly shameful in Italy, that
travelers were unashingly told that the office had not yet read their
letters! * * * The evil must be reached in other ways. Liberty
has evils of its own, but liberty is worth a hundredfold more than
the best of despotism. The people who would like to suppress sin
by main force believe that they would suppress only sin. Pius IX.
believed that he suppressed only sin while ruling the most vicious and
ignorant population in the Italian Peninsula. Despotism may mean
well in its sources; it becomes wicked and corrupt long before it
reaches the masses under it. You must meet sin chiefly by moral
and religious restraint; a little can be done by a free country
through its laws, and that little we shall always favor. But we are
not willing to sacrifice, or even put in peril, a free correspondence
and a free press for any purpose whatever. —*New York Methodist*.

At the public meeting of the New York Society for the Sup-
pression of Vice, the Rev. Dr. Duryea, of Brooklyn, plead earnestly
for the proper education of the young in the knowledge of their own
bodies and of all their functions; and since his speech was extem-
poraneous and not reported elsewhere, we were obliged for the follow-
ing quotations to snatch from irretrievable loss these few good
points by the aid of the phonographic art: "There is no reason
for hesitation or shame in the presence of truth. All that has ever
caused a blush has been the destruction of truth, in the form of
error, and the corruption of that which is natural, in the form of
vice. I believe that God in his purity conceived the human form;
God in his spotlessness devised the sexual organs; God in his holiness
infused life in the sexual power, and God in his glory linked
man with woman. I am not ashamed of what God has put in me.
I will never blush for any power with which he has invested me.
I believe that the father should teach the son his whole nature, that
he should describe the use of all the organs, and tell the compensa-

tions, social and mental, of the fulfillment of duty, and the ruin of abuse and perversion. I believe that the mother, in the atmosphere which a mother can throw around her daughter, could open the mind at a proper age to the nature of herself, her powers and future relations. If God made our children as they are, we ought not to be ashamed to tell them how they are made and for what. * * * You think to keep your children pure and innocent by keeping them ignorant, but this society has told you you cannot keep them ignorant if you try. The devil will inform them, if you do not. He will not give them the truth in pure light, but in light that has passed through a medium of his own device."

There is the very widest distinction to be made between writings intended to detach the mind and incite vice and those intended to produce the opposite results by the dissemination of knowledge and of sound ideas regarding the sexual nature. Classing the two together is a monstrous misjudgment. The suppression of any sober, candid discussion of questions that concern the well-being of society is not only a mistake as a matter of policy, but it abridges the freedom of speech and of the press which is guaranteed by the constitution of the country.—*Beecher's "Christian Union,"* June 28, 1876.

There is a society in this city organized for the suppression of vice. The spirit and purpose of this society I take to be honestly and simply this: to suppress vice, to keep down the elements that are perpetually demoralizing and rooting out the best seeds of human nature. With the methods by which this society hopes to achieve these results I have no sympathy whatever. Indeed, I protest with all my heart against some of the methods which they conspicuously employ. * * * If the higher powers are to subdue the lower, it must be by open and honorable warfare. It is of their essence that they are dignified, elevated and pure, taking every advantage which nobleness gives, scorning all advantage which only baseness allows. * * * Again I protest with all my might against the inquisition into the mail service of the United States. If there must be one thing upon which a free people must plant themselves firmly, never to be moved, it is this principle that there must be no tampering with the mails, and that whatever is deposited in the mails must go to its destination. Let the harm be checked on the spot where it falls. If the injury is done, let it be repaired where it is done; not on the way, not after it has started. Meet it where it occurs. * * * Again, what honorable, high-minded soul does not blush with indignation when he sees the confusion that is made by people who insist upon it that liberty of thought, freedom of speculation, freedom of speech, involves license of conduct, and when war is openly made upon free-thinking on the ground that in that very movement and by that very process war is made against licentious doing. The two things are not only different, but absolutely and forever hostile one to the other, and when that society adopts such methods as it commonly does, methods of confusion, then it is difficult even to make allowance for the spirit with which the association works, and not doubt the heart of that society.—*Rev. O. B. Frothingham, delivered March 3, 1878.*

THE AMBITION OF PARENTHOOD.

Honor to parenthood is not yet extinct among us. The respect paid to those entering upon marriage has its origin in a feeling of social regard towards prospective parents. And we may observe many deliberately undertaking the cares of a family of two, three or even four in the face of what may seem almost prohibitive difficulties. The childless, whether single or married, have greater freedom to move about, and much the better chances of obtaining such prizes of competition as are going. Even house room is not always easy to get for a family, and owners of house property in towns frequently refuse to admit children as tenants.

But those who regret "the good old times" when ten, fourteen or even twenty to a family was no uncommon number have little reason for pride in the past. They rather resemble the mother of a large family who thought she had no need to learn anything of the care of children, for, as she triumphantly announced, "I've buried eleven."

Our Malthusian friends who pointed out the bad results of "the devastating flood of children" were quite right. Too rapid multiplication is still an evil, both to families and nations, where it occurs. A heavy infant mortality is an inevitable accompaniment of it; and

b Besides those who die in youth there are often many who have to be "buried" in celibacy.

The idea that children should be like "birds and bees"—few and good ones—is certainly gaining ground. It is possible that a scarcity of children may be ahead, as a temporary condition, but if so, this will probably result in a reaction and stimulate the ambition of those best fitted to be parents. The threat of President Roosevelt to close the means of livelihood against independent women, a threat which neither he nor any number of politicians can carry out, will probably, like all unfulfilled threats, have the opposite effect from that intended, and make women shrink still more from enforced maternity.

No vigorous nation need fear "race suicide." The forces which we especially have to rely upon are: (1) The love of children which is so marked a feature of the American character; (2) the ambition of women to be mothers of the best possible children, and (3) the growing feeling of national responsibility towards children, which takes form in such things as maternity hospitals, free kindergartens and national education. FIRST DEFENSE.

WHEN DIVORCE IS A BLESSING.

The next time the anti-divorce crusade starts I'm going to take the letter I hold in my hand and have it copied a thousand times, writes Winifred Black in the Chicago "Sunday American" of February 18. And I'm going to send one of those copies to every minister who tells his congregation what a wicked thing divorce is, and to every woman who refuses to call upon a divorced woman, and ask each one of these persons to be kind enough to answer that letter.

I'd like to see what they would find to say. It's too long and too intimate to be published in a newspaper; it's from a little town in New Jersey.

It is some thirty pages long. It is written with the heart's blood of a miserable woman, who feels it her duty to labor with me concerning my false ideas on the morality of divorce.

"When I met my husband I was the jolliest girl in my set. I was always laughing and having fun; but the very day I met the man I married he told me that I ought not to laugh so much. After that, whenever he came into the room where I was, I used to try to look serious, so as to please him; for, in spite of my laughing he seemed to think a great deal of me. He gave me beautiful presents, and took me out a great deal, but he never liked any of my family or any of my friends, and as soon as we were married he told me that he intended to make a different woman of me. It didn't take him long to do it. I've been married ten years now, and I don't think I've laughed for nine. I have not been to a place of amusement but once since my marriage, and that place was a saloon. My husband forced me to go there with him, and introduced me to a lot of women who were smarter than I was, he said, and who would teach me how to turn my good looks to some account.

"I didn't want to learn from these women, and he has never forgiven me for it. He drinks, neglects me, abuses me, and half-starves my children and myself. For the past seven years I have earned every penny I have had to spend for food or shelter for my children, my husband and myself. I have done washing, paper-hanging, whitewashing, scrubbing and gardening by the day. I was a pretty girl, and I am only thirty years old now; but I look like an old, old woman. If I had left my husband before I had had any children I would have been all right. I ought to have done it then, for he began to abuse me from the very day we were married. He has told me a thousand times that he thought he could make me earn money for him the very first day he ever saw me. But when my children came, what could I do?

"I could not leave my baby, so I stayed. Don't try to help me—no one can do that. All I want is for you to warn girls against marrying a man who shows the very first time he meets a woman that he intends to change her very nature just to suit his whims. I have four children now, and I must live it all out to the end. Divorce may do for childless women, but there is no such thing for a woman who loves her children."

There are four children now, this poor creature says, and if she had left the man when there was only one child—what then? She could not leave her baby, she says. What strange hallucination is it that can make a woman believe that she has to leave her baby just because she leaves her husband? This woman has had to earn her living anyway; her husband has been of absolutely no help to her, and now she has four children to support instead of one. What sort of reasoning is this?

One time I went to see a friend of mine who lives in a tenement house. She is an unmarried woman, who lives in the slums because she finds life interesting there. The evening I saw her we had a bad time trying to get a few moments alone together. A woman from across the hall, whose husband had broken two of her ribs for her the week before, and a woman from downstairs, whose son had black-

could her eye the night before, persisted in spending the evening with my friend.

"Poor thing," said the woman from across the hall, "it must be awful to be alone in the world like she is!"

It never seemed to occur to either of these women that being alone in the world might possibly be a little more comfortable than having the benefit of the sort of company with which they were both afflicted.

What a lot of trouble and misery we should all save ourselves if we would only look at things and see them the way they are, instead of persisting in looking at them as they ought to be. This poor little woman in New Jersey had it beaten into her brain some time in her early youth that a married woman was a woman who had some one to take care of her, and she can't get rid of the idea that this excuse of a husband of hers is, in some way or other, helping her in the care of her children.

Can't leave her children, indeed! Why should she leave them? Who takes care of them while she is out scrubbing and whitewashing? What's going to become of them if he beats her too hard some high-spirited night, and she dies? Wouldn't you love to leave children to the tender mercies of a man like that?

There are two girls among these four children. What kind of women will they make with a father like that to influence them? Doubtless he is counting the years to the time when those girls will be marketable. Unpleasant work? Yes, it is. Some facts are unpleasant, aren't they? But they are, nevertheless, to be faced. Why didn't that poor, foolish woman face the fact that her husband was a merciless brute the very first time he brought that fact to her notice?

Why didn't she say to herself the first day she had to go out to work to earn money to buy food for her first baby?

"I shall have to support this family, I see; I believe I could support two better than I can support three or four, and I will bring up my little daughter in poverty, perhaps, but in peace and self-respect."

I wonder if she'd look like an old, old woman at thirty if she had done that! I wonder if she and her little daughter could not have grown up together, loving and cheery and happy, with no blight of a hideous terror casting a black shadow on their lives!

Has a woman any right to live with a man like this and bring into the world poor little creatures to be ill-treated by him?

"I believe you mean well," says the writer of the letter from New Jersey. "But you cannot be right, when you say that a woman ought to leave a man who ill-treats her, whether she has children or not; she cannot consider herself alone, she must consider her children."

Quite true. Her children, she must consider them. That's what I mean when I say that a woman has no right to live with a husband who ill-treats her, and I'm afraid this letter from New Jersey has simply confirmed me in my evil ways of thinking. How do you feel about that woman and her children, O most high and powerful shapers of the duty-of-submission doctrine?

A STORY OF REAL LIFE, WITH SEVERAL "MORALS."

Those who believe that human emotions can be regulated by the "Be it enacted" of statute law are strenuously struggling to obtain uniform marriage and divorce laws, and to enact legislation regulating the qualifications to be required of candidates for matrimony. They apparently believe that the legally separated couples who are forbidden to remarry, and those declared physically, morally or financially "unfit," will meekly accept their condemnation to celibacy. They seemingly forget that in the countries where the restrictions on legalized wedlock are most stringent there is to be found the greatest proportion of "illicit" relationships. The following pathetic story appears in the Chicago "Tribune" of February 26:

"This is to tell a story of Chicago life—a true story of the struggles of two unfortunate people and their happiness. It is a case that recently came to the attention of K. P. Bicknell, superintendent of the Chicago Bureau of Charities. Mr. Bicknell vouches for the truth of the story.

"The hero and heroine live on the northwest side. They are known as John and Mary. Some months ago John came to the neighborhood. He was a blind beggar with no home to speak of. He lived anywhere and depended upon the generosity of the people for his support. Mary lived with her mother in a little cottage with scant furniture and scantier provender. Mary was injured when a little girl and she never recovered. She sat in her chair the long days through while her mother provided for the two as best she could.

"Mary never was able to move a limb, but she always smiled hopefully and tried to make the little home life cheery. One day last summer the mother became ill and after a few days died. Mary, helpless and without money, was left alone. The friends of the young woman, who always had helped her during her years of suffering, brought her food for several days. But they knew the crippled girl could not exist comfortably in this way, so they advised her to go to some home.

"But Mary, although a cripple, was proud, and she loved the little cabin in which she had lived so long. She said she could not leave it, it would break her heart. While she was struggling with her emotions in the hope that somebody might help her to solve the difficulty blind John heard about her predicament and called on her in a neighborly way. John, blind and ragged, spoke words of sympathy to the cripple.

"Mary," he said to the forlorn young woman, "I'm blind, but I long to do somebody some good, and perhaps I can help you. It may be that each of us may in some way provide for the comforts of the other."

"She brightened up. Her loneliness was gone. Eagerly she offered to do what she could to make the blind man happier and the two formed a mutual help alliance. Mary read to John and John carried Mary wherever she wanted to go. John went out and got what work he could find to do. He furnished the food for the little cottage and bestowed every kindness possible on helpless Mary.

"Weeks passed and the two became indispensable to each other. Friendship ripened into love and John proposed. There was pathos in the tender proposal of the blind man. He spoke fervently. Mary answered with the joyousness of a young maiden. She accepted.

"John forgot his blindness. Springtime banished the haggard winter of his life. He went to the county clerk's office to get a license, but he couldn't get it because he was blind and because the young woman was a cripple. The county clerk said it would be best to bring the girl along to make sure the granting of a license would not entail unhappiness for both. John bravely went back to the cottage.

"Mary, you will have to go downtown with me. Don't worry, I'll carry you," said John.

"He put her on a car and then carried her to the county clerk's office. Lifting her up before the wicket, he said:

"Here she is, Mr. Clerk."

"John was beaming and Mary smiling. The clerk couldn't refuse under such circumstances and he gave them the license. But their happiness was marred when ministers and justices alike to whom they appealed refused to unite them in marriage.

"After they had tried in vain to get married they went back to the little cottage broken in spirit. But their love would not down. John thought over the matter and then spoke up.

"I'll manage it," he said.

"He set a day for the wedding and invited the neighbors in to witness the ceremony. When their friends had assembled, John put his hand on Mary's shoulder and said:

"Friends, this is our wedding day. We want you to be witnesses of this, our marriage."

"There were tears in the eyes of those who saw the happiness of the two cripples. John and Mary now are living in Chicago."

While the sympathy of the reader must almost inevitably be elicited by the loneliness and suffering of this unfortunate pair, the question inevitably arises: "What will become of the children?" Of course Mother Nature and Love may take care of them—may mock the preachers of prudence by giving to these lovers children endowed with perfection of limbs and faculties. Yet the prospect of the children being properly nurtured seems very slight. And since the "Thou shalt not" of Church and State are ineffective, it would seem that in rational enlightenment is the only hope. Through it only may the "unfit" for parentage find mutually helpful companionship without incurring the guilt of a denial of the natural right of the child to be well born. J. H. T.

TO THE READERS OF LUCIFER.

COMRADES: At my time of life one cannot expect a great deal more of this life, and there is a liability to go at any time. In view of this fact I am preparing a work that I propose to call "My Last Will and Testament; A Glimpse of Naturalism."

The price of the book will probably be a dollar. Will those who will take a copy—if I am able to get it published—please drop me a card and say so!

LOUIS WADSWORTH.

LOCAL LECTURES AND MEETINGS.

Meetings of the Spencer-Whitman Center, 2235 Calumet avenue, are held Mondays and Thursdays of each week. Lectures begin at 8 p. m. Discussions follow the lecture. All invited to participate.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology holds regular meetings Sunday afternoons in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic building. Meetings open at 2:30. All invited.

Chicago Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Hall 913, Masonic building.

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Ramer.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

CORRECTION: On page 463 of last LUCIFER, No. 1059, middle of third paragraph, first column, for "the world," read they would.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

TO LUCIFER'S FRIENDS: GREETING AND FAREWELL

Cook County Jail, Chicago, Tuesday Morning,
February 27, E. M. 306.

Dear Friends All:

Again the expected has happened, and again I find myself behind prison walls.

Yesterday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, Deputy Marshal Walwright called at 500 Fulton street and very civilly and gently informed me that his orders were to conduct me at once to the Cook county jail and thence at 10 o'clock (next day) to the state penitentiary at Joliet. After a hurried consultation with Daughter Lillian and other inmates of LUCIFER'S home the marshal and I boarded the Lake street elevated train and in less than one hour I saw and heard the heavy iron door close behind me, shutting me away from friends and the sweet light of liberty.

Cook county jail, presided over by Warden John L. Whitman, has the reputation of being the best conducted and best managed jail in the United States. How true this may be I am not prepared to say, but from my short experience within its walls I am inclined to credit the claim.

Spent the evening writing letters to friends at a distance and



This is the latest portrait of the editor of LUCIFER, and is probably the most true to life of any in existence. It is only by chance that we have it. We wanted photographs of him and his infant grandson together, and after posing with the little one the photographers requested him to pose for them. Two negatives were taken and both were so good that we ordered photographs of each. The above half-tone engraving is the same that appears in the leaflet by T. H. Wakeman. I am sure the many friends of my father will be glad to see this portrait in LUCIFER.

L. H.

in jotting down memoranda touching the business of LUCIFER'S office, for though it is now nearly two months since all hope of a favorable verdict from the Court of Appeals has vanished, I was not yet ready to turn over the publication business to other hands.

For more than a week I had spent most of the time sending out copies of the "Administrative Process of the Postal Department" and writing letters to editors and publishers in regard to this leaflet, so that the work of getting LUCIFER No. 1060 to press was only fairly begun when I was told to stop work and go with the United States marshal. Several editorials were begun, but none finished; among these the one entitled "Ernest Howard Crosby in Chicago" was the longest and perhaps most important.

The chief aim of that article was to show that, great as was the work of William Lloyd Garrison as a reformer, as a destroyer of crystallized wrong, there still remains work to be done in the line of radical reform—the line of destruction of crystallized wrongs—more difficult and requiring even more courage than was ever required to fight the ages-old institution known as Chattel Slavery.

I had intended to trace some of the lines of resemblance between the enslavement of the African to the white man, and the enslavement of women in so-called Christian lands to her sexual master, masculine man, such as:

(1) The black man born of a slave mother was never supposed to reach an age at which he could be self-owning—the owner of his body and time. He took the name of his master, changing names every time he changed owners. So of woman. Until married her body is not her own to do as she pleases with. It belongs to her father, whose name she takes, or to society—that is, to the priest and

Judge, who will not allow her to be self-owning. When she marries, the most orthodox of the Christian churches require that some one must "give the bride away." "Who giveth this woman in marriage?" asks the priest—as when Alice Roosevelt, 22 years old, was married a few weeks ago. No matter how old, she has not reached her majority, as man reaches his majority at 21. Then, as in the case of the slave changing masters, she takes the name of the man to whom she is given, and every time she changes masters she takes the name of the new master. If she becomes a mother her children take the master's name.

(2) The crystals that hardened and solidified chattel slavery were partly theological—that is, partly religious; partly economic or industrial, and partly "societary," or how else. The clergy quoted "Scripture" in support of chattel slavery; the man who wished to live without work supported the institution that compelled involuntary labor, and the man or woman who wanted entrance into the charmed circle of the best society knew that the "Open Sesame" to that exclusive circle was the ownership of slaves or the ability to use the slaves of others, coupled with undoubted allegiance to the slaveholders' code.

And so likewise it is with the enslavement of woman. Marriage—legal marriage, canon law marriage—is partly theological (religious), partly economic (industrial) and partly how else ("societary").

The control of sex, of reproduction, is claimed by the priest and clergyman as preeminently their own province. They can show texts without number to prove that God ordained woman's subjection to man, from the time of man's entrance upon the earth, and since the clergy are the ministers of God, the ambassadors of God to man, of course, to know the will of God as to marriage the priest or clergyman must be consulted. He it is who must tie the hymeneal knot, and in order that his work be duly honored and respected there must be no untying of the hymeneal knot. "Marriages are made in heaven!" "Whom God hath joined let not man put asunder."

Marriage is also an economic institution. Wives have an industrial value, a financial value. Orthodox marriage makes man the "head of the house," "house bond" (husband), ruler of the house, while the wife is a "weaver," a producing servant, an "upper servant without wages." The husband holds the common purse and spends the common earnings as he sees fit.

Marriage is a societary institution—preeminently so. He or she who would have entrance into "good society," to say nothing of the best, must be orthodox in belief as to the sacredness of the monogamous marriage institution, however little his own conduct may agree with that belief. As in the case of belief and practice of religious creeds, while sins of conduct are easily forgiven, sins of belief are rarely or never forgiven. That is to say, man, the lord and master, is not held to strict accountability for sins of conduct touching marriage; but not so with woman, the servant, the slave. Orthodox belief as to the marriage code will not save a woman from social ostracism, from a social hell, if her conduct is not in line with the code. Yes, more. Not only must her conduct be in strict accord with the code, but there must be no taint of calumny, no suspicion that her conduct is not strictly regular. Innocence is not enough. She must not only be "strictly virtuous," but clearly above suspicion; else social damnation is her life sentence.

I have written much more than I intended when this article was begun. Expecting soon to be called by Marshal Wainwright to go with him to Joliet, and expecting a friend to carry these lines to LUCIFER's office, I close this "Hail and Farewell Greeting" by repeating what need not be repeated to those who have been constant readers of LUCIFER, namely, that, next to the breaking of the chains that now prevent freedom of speech and of press, the object of LUCIFER's publication is to help woman to break the chains that for ages have bound her to the rack of man-made law, spiritual, economic, industrial, social and especially sexual, believing that until woman is roused to a sense of her responsibility on all lines of human endeavor, and especially on lines of her special field, that of reproduction of the race, there will be little if any real advancement towards a higher and truer civilization.

Thus far I wrote before leaving Cook county prison. I saw add a line on train. My seventeen hours' stay at the jail were not unpleasant hours. I slept but little, but it was not because of discomfort but because I wanted to write as many letters to friends and as much copy for LUCIFER as possible.

Once more, as during my incarcerations in Kansas, I want to ask, as a special favor, that all my friends, far and near, will do me the kindness to write me words of cheer and hope—not so much

that I expect to be despondent if I do not get the words of cheer, but because I want to keep in close touch, close fraternal touch, with all who labor and wait for the coming of the reign of truth, of honesty and justice. You need not write long letters, and especially I prefer that you do not write in a vindictive or revengeful spirit in regard to my imprisonment or the men who have been instrumental in putting me in prison. I do not always agree with Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles, but I do enjoy reading the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—I think it is—wherein he glorifies the spirit of love and forgiveness of injustice. "Love suffereth long and is kind; love endureth all things, hopeth all things," etc. Also when he says, "Count it all joy and gladness when men persecute you," etc.

Also I do not always agree with the Nazarene, but when he said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do," he showed a commendable spirit.

And now goodbye, goodbye, dear friends all. I leave the work of LUCIFER in your hands, confidently believing you will not let the work lapse for want of energetic effort. I am not a William Tell, nor a Garrison, and yet I feel much as I think Tell felt—if the story be a true one—when he urged his friend not to let the common cause languish, whatever the result of that memorable day when he shot the apple from the head of his son; and I feel as I suppose Garrison did when he said:

"I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retract a single inch, and I will be heard."

Again goodbye; the train whistles down brakes; the Joliet station is here. All good things be yours now and evermore.

M. HARMAN.

No time to revise copy.

★ ★ ★

[Two members of the family and another friend accompanied the deputy marshal and the "prisoner" to Joliet. On arrival the turnkey greeted the deputy with the question, "What can I do for you?" "I have brought a prisoner," was the reply. "Which is he?" was then asked. It seems that the editor of LUCIFER has not yet acquired the "criminal countenance" sufficiently to be distinguished as a criminal by this official. The prosecuting attorney was more discerning. In his address to the jury he characterized the defendant as a "degenerate." (A study of the portrait in this issue will enable the reader to recognize a degenerate when he meets one.) The attitude of the officials toward my father seemed courteous and considerate, and he is calm, cheerful and hopeful as always. His body is confined but his spirit is untouched.—LESLIAN HARMAN.]

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY IN CHICAGO.

Two weeks ago the Chicago Society of Anthropology at Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple, listened to an address by this widely known and deservedly popular lecturer. Mr. Crosby's theme was "Garrison, the Non-Resistant," and was largely a synopsis of his recently published book by that name—a brief review of which book was given in LUCIFER No. 1037.

Mr. Crosby, though claiming membership in a popular and very conservative Christian church, is no worshiper of the dead past, no hero-worshiper, and how such a bold image-breaker as he can retain membership in an orthodox Christian church is evidence to me that allegiance to old-time creeds is no longer required by modern religious hierarchies.

Without doubt Mr. Crosby finds it greatly to his advantage to have been the son of a leading orthodox clergyman of New York City, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. The name alone gives him a welcome to many church organizations and platforms that would otherwise be closed against him. Evidence of this was seen in the fact that two evenings later he addressed the congregation of the Centenary (Methodist) Church, Monroe and Morgan streets, this city, on the "Church and Social Problems," in which lecture Mr. Crosby assailed our present systems of economics, land-ownership, etc., with a boldness and force of utterance that would have been called "revolutionary," "anarchistic" and "destructive to social order" only a few years ago, and even now would doubtless be so denounced if the speaker were not protected by an honored name and by affiliation with a highly respectable and conservative church—the Protestant Episcopal, if I mistake not.

In his Masonic Temple address Mr. Crosby, after giving due honor to William Lloyd Garrison as the most heroic leader in the movement against the enslavement of the African to and by his paler-faced brother, declared that the example and work of this great emancipator was and is chiefly valuable to us as pointing the way in

which other crystallized wrongs are to be combated and overthrown. In the discussion which followed the opening address this thought was elaborated by several members of the society whose honored guest the speaker was. One of these members, whose name is unimportant, said—in substance if not in exact words:

"Mr. Crosby spoke truly and eloquently of the cruel tortures inflicted upon Savonarola, the distinguished religious reformer of the fifteenth century, by the Italian hierarchy. Lack of time, perhaps, prevented our speaker from mentioning the name of another Italian reformer, named Giordano Bruno, who suffered seven years' imprisonment and was finally burned at the stake for his persistence in maintaining the right to teach doctrines antagonistic to those taught by the fathers of the Roman church. Brother Crosby is, of course, aware of the fact that the spirit that animated those old-time inquisitors is not yet extinct. He does not need to be told that women and men are fined and imprisoned to-day because of their persistence in claiming their equal right to teach doctrines at variance with those taught by the leaders of public opinion in church and state.

"As in times of the Roman and Spanish Inquisitions, we have to-day an 'Index Expurgatorius' here in so-called free America. Books, papers and pictures are destroyed by wholesale without a semblance of public trial, and without compensation to the owner, by the postoffice officials and by the agents of a parasitic, semi-religious organization called the 'Society for the Prevention of Vice.'

"Mr. Crosby said that African slavery, as an institution, had been handed down to us from the ignorant and barbaric past, and said there were other forms of crystallized wrong that need the iconoclastic hand of the reformer quite as much as did the crystallized wrong to the abolition of which Garrison devoted the best years of his life. Our speaker mentioned a few of these, but not all. Among the crystallized wrongs omitted by him may be mentioned INSTITUTIONAL MARRIAGE.

"I am well aware that in calling marriage a crystallized wrong I am treading on dangerous ground, just as Garrison was treading on dangerous ground when he assailed American slavery of the African race. By the word marriage I must not be misunderstood as meaning the voluntary, equitable union of women and men, but what is known as canon law and statute law marriage—indissoluble marriage except by death, penitentiary crime or decree of the divorce court.

"In my opposition to these two crystallized forms of inherited wrong I do not claim originality. John Stuart Mill, the distinguished author of the essay 'On Liberty,' has said: 'The only serfdom now authorized by law is marriage.'

"Elbert Hubbard, editor of the 'Philistine,' known to all my readers, calls legal marriage 'A scheme for holding together the incompatible,' and George Bernard Shaw, the foremost writer of plays with a purpose, has said, 'The one refuge left in the world for unbridled license is marriage,' and also that 'Marriage is popular because it unites the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.'"

M. HARMAN.

ANOTHER JUDICIAL MURDER.

Thursday of last week I wrote a letter to the governor of Illinois, of which the following is a copy:

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 22, 1906.
To Charles S. Deneen, Governor of the State of Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Unless you interfere to prevent it another of the fearfully long list of judicial murders that have disgraced the people of this city and state will be committed to-morrow.

As a citizen of the United States of America, a citizen of the world, I hereby enter my most solemn protest against the proposed judicial murder of Johann Hoch, and call upon you as the executive of Illinois to use the civic authority delegated to you by your fellow-citizens to prevent that cold-blooded infamy. I will not give reasons in detail now; may do so later.

Very respectfully your fellow citizen, MOSES HARMAN.

This letter was signed by five persons, comprising the members of the family at 500 Fulton street.

On Saturday, next day after the life was choked out of the body of Johann Hoch, I received the following reply to our joint letter:

State of Illinois, Executive Department,
SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 23, 1906.

DEAR SIR: I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22nd inst., and have to say that the case of Johann Hoch was passed upon by the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Cartwright reviewed the case at length. You will find the opinion on page 265, vol. 219, of the Illinois Supreme Court Reports.

The new matter presented by Hoch's attorneys was carefully

investigated by the board of pardons and by myself. There was nothing in it which justified disturbing the verdict rendered by the court.

I appreciate your courtesy in expressing your views. I believe any one who has a full knowledge of the facts would feel that the judgment of the jury should not be disturbed. Yours truly,
C. S. DENEEN.

Mr. Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

At the same time we wrote to Deneen I sent a letter, by special delivery post, to the sheriff of Cook county, couched in similar language to that sent to Governor Deneen; also a similar letter to John Whitman, warden of the Cook county jail, whom I had met at more than one public meeting in Chicago, and whose public talks on prison management I had been much interested in.

From neither of these did I get an answer, but on Monday evening, on my way to Joliet, and while a guest of Mr. Whitman, I had a brief conversation with him in regard to the hanging of Hoch. He had received my letter, and in reference thereto said, in substance, that, having taken the oath of office, he could not do otherwise than as he did—meaning, I suppose, that he could not refuse to prepare the gallows and adjust the cap and noose, and do the other work necessary to the execution.

"That is to say," I replied, "having taken the oath of office, you must either do or resign."

To which an affirmative answer was given.

Mr. Whitman appears to be a kind-hearted, generous-souled man, and while it is best, no doubt, that such a man should be the chief officer at the county prison, so long as prisons are necessary, it seems a great pity that in order to hold that position he must abdicate his manhood and become the obedient tool or slave of other men—of men who tell him he must kill his fellow men, whether he believes them guilty of murder or not.

It has frequently been stated in the papers that Jailer Whitman does not believe—did not believe—that Hoch was guilty of the crime for which he was hanged.

How, then, is it possible for him to settle with his own soul and clear himself of complicity in the crime of judicial murder?

Can his oath of office clear him at the bar of justice; the bar of judgment; of self-judgment, which, after all is said, is the most important of all tribunals, and the hardest to escape, or hide away from?

M. H.

We are printing a large edition of this number of LUCIFER, and will be glad to hear from those of our friends who can assist in distributing it. Please send in orders as early as possible. We would also like to hear from those who can take a regular number of extra copies to distribute at meetings or in any other way. Those who sympathize with the editor in his imprisonment can express that sympathy in no more effective way than in bringing his work to the attention of the liberty-loving people of the country and of the world.

SOME DEFINITIONS BY "FRA ELBURTUS."

Justice: A system of revenge where the state imitates the criminal.

Success: A subtle contrivance of Nature for bringing about a man's defeat.

Fertitude: That quality of mind that does not care what happens so long as it does not happen to us.

Law: A scheme for protecting the parasite and prolonging the life of the rogue, averting the natural consequences that would otherwise come to them.

Legal marriage: A scheme for holding together the incompatible.

Natural law: Merely a habit of the Unknowable.

"To suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on supposition of their ill tendency, is a dangerous fallacy, which at once destroys all (religious) liberty: because he being, of course, judge of that tendency will make his (fallible) opinions the rule of judgment, and approve or condemn the sentiments of others, only as they shall square with or differ from his own. It is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order. And finally, that truth is great and will prevail, if left to herself. That she is the proper and sufficient antagonist to error, and has nothing to fear from the conflict unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapon, free argument and debate."—Act of Virginia establishing religious freedom.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland Avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

E. K. Pomeroy, Ohio.—Enclosed find \$1 for Wakeman's letter in pamphlet form. Glad to see the postal authorities are getting off their "high horse."

PAUL ROSTEL, Home, Wash.—Permit me to express my sympathy; but hard knocks should strengthen us. There never was a good cause which did not call for sacrifices of its advocates. Indeed find renewal of subscription.

IRVING LUKWELAYN, Oyster Point, Va.—Kindly mail me several copies of Wakeman's Letter to the President, for which I enclose 60 cents. This letter is exceptionally forceful and capable of great good, rightly used. No. 1059 is good throughout. Am especially pleased to learn of the change in attitude of the postoffice department.

ALBINA L. WAGGNER, San Diego, Cal.—Those verses in No. 1058 by George E. Bowen, "A Catechism for Comstock," are splendid—just what is needed. Satire, criticism, ridicule will mow down rank after rank of the enemy, where reason, logic and entreaty sever "phase" them! And why? They do not understand the latter, while select and gnat-bites count! "A little more grape, Cap'n Bragg!"

THADDEUS H. WAKEMAN, Coscob, Conn.—I think you had better leave my picture off (the leaflet reprint of the letter to Roosevelt). It will detract attention from the real issue. Do it if possible. * * * I rejoice at the apparent ideas of something like law and common sense in the postoffice. Perhaps if you suffer enough and we all keep hammering day may break even there.

[The request about the picture reached us too late. The plan of having the cover of the leaflet adorned with the two pictures was not my suggestion, but that of friends and helpers here in Chicago.—M. H.]

C. H. Contocook, N. H.—I enclose \$1 now for your use for any purpose you see fit. I could wish the day might not be fixed for your incarceration. The sex question has got to be discussed. "For nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid that shall not be known and come abroad." (Luke 8:17, et al.) If you can send me "Man and Superman," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "You Never Can Tell" and "Strike of a Sex" with "Zagan's Discovery," with bill for the same, I wish you would, or if you will inform me of the cost, including postage, I will send it for them.

["Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "You Never Can Tell" are contained in the two-volume edition, "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," by George Bernard Shaw. The price is \$2.50, and that of "Man and Superman," by same author, \$1.25. All for sale at this office.]

Amicus, Mass.—It is not from lack of sympathy with LUCIFER, its objects and its editor, that I have failed to write before, but from lack of time, due to other duties and work. I am forced to write now, as my subscription to your brave little journal has run out and I want to renew it.

I have two lines of work that take up much of my time. The first is genealogy. I have often wished to write a short paper for LUCIFER on the meaning and importance of genealogy to those who believe in freer sexual relations. A genealogy should be not simply a list of consanguineous names classified and arranged as "hatched, matched and dispatched," but a real pedigree-book for human stock, in which to record and study the habits, diseases and other hereditary traits of our ancestors, with a view of improved selection and propagation of descendants.

My second line of work is zoology—my life study—and here again I have often hoped to find time to contribute an article to LUCIFER on the factors in heredity. I don't know as I shall ever get time for preparing such a paper, which ought to have popular as well as accurate scientific treatment, but I always hope for the maintenance of freedom of speech and press, so that the right to discuss

such subjects and the allied subject of "race-suicide" shall not be confined to the President of the United States.

Appropos of "race-suicide," I enclose a clipping from a Massachusetts newspaper. Don't get into trouble by printing it in LUCIFER, for, although cut from a weekly supporting the Republican party, it might be dangerous for LUCIFER to publish it.

I enclose \$5. Please put \$2 towards continuing my subscription to LUCIFER and the other \$3 on your defense fund. I hope and wish you success in your struggle with a censorship that, in many respects, especially in prudish directions, is more absurd and exacting than that of a monarchical Germany. On this point I write not at random, having lived long enough in Germany to understand its people and their ideas.

T. F., New York.—Please count me in on your fight—at least to the extent of giving a few pennies now and then. I can help that way, which, perhaps, is reprehensible, for that is hardly activity, and we like to think of actual work as radicals rather than as money-givers. But radicals seem to get blasé, and though willing and anxious to do something find themselves begging off and feeding their souls by simply clipping in at times. The capitalistic system is pounding away so hard on us, day by day, that it is easy to be inactive and have time to do something else. The system is insidious, too, for one believes in doing something else; one is only preparing for better work in the radical field. Enthusiasm counts mightily, but enthusiasm cannot burn constantly in any one surrounded almost wholly by capitalistic or conservative ideas, people, institutions and events. The pounding and banging away at people by the system, with its sugar-coated ideas, peoples, institutions and events, breaks lots of would-be radicals down and seduces many who feel they are advancing in knowledge and not sliding behind. I must confess I've got to hear Eugene Debs talk once in a while; must go to some Socialist meeting now and then; must read Whitman and Shelley or see their works around the house; must have a picture of Bakunin, as well as of William Morris, Marat, Marx, Lassalle, Wagner to look at daily; must read LUCIFER, the "Truth Seeker," and pamphlets to keep up enthusiasm. It is easy to "die" in New York, for, Mr. Harman, the metropolis of the New World is pretty narrow for all its alleged bigness and greatness. The chase for the almighty dollar is keener and more vicious here than anywhere else, and any one at all radical knows perfectly well and to his financial detriment that if he fights for his ideal it will be costly. It is not development of character that counts for anything in New York; it is development in the ways of the world. Any one's advancement is almost bound to mean the latter and not the former. One's wealth is in inverse ratio to one's character.

There are many changes to be made before that ratio is changed. Meantime the system breeds and fosters vile and brutal and yet formidable institutions, one of the very worst of which is marriage. No epigram is over true and yet it appears to be evident sometimes that the man who marries kills two persons. What the lover and sweetheart and the wife and husband call love dies, almost of a certainty, a few months after the ceremony is performed. Then worse than death—hypocrisy, lying, brothels, harems, bickerings and all the fearful evils attendant on the children in that "home." Children, perhaps the most precious things in our lives, so beautiful that they ought not to see a frown on the face of any one in the whole world, so good they ought never see anything but pretty things and great women and fine men, must live in "homes" like that.

But things will change, I'm sure, and the revolutionists will change them. The world "was built" for fun, and the best fun in the world is to fight the system and the institutions it engenders. Your fight is pretty lonely, apparently, but there's a whole lot of people with you. The system keeps them quiet or seduces them into uselessness. Men like you (pardon me) must keep at us or we'll "die." I wish I could see you some time and hope you will get around to New York and stop with me for a day or as long as you can. I wish you the greatest and best good luck in the world, and hope a smooth road is in front of you, even though it looks rocky just now. Write me once in a while and I'll respond with ammunition for the battles you're fighting; for you need ammunition, and the very least such as I can do, lazy as we are, is to supply some of that.

ANNIE LILLIAN SWEET, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—I presume there are times when you wonder if it is worth while to fight against the ignorance and prejudice in the world. I think that it is. Let me tell you something: The recent attack on you by the postoffice officials is advertising and helping your cause more than anything

else could. There are many who never heard of your paper until they read the account of your trial and conviction. The most of them will keep posted in regard to you from this on. I am doing everything I can to spread a knowledge of your persecution. I tell every one about it, those who believe in marriage reform and those who do not; and I give them copies of LUCIFER. Among the list of names that I sent you to send sample copies to was one woman who is very well satisfied with things as they are in this world at the present time. A while after I sent her name in I saw her. She said to me:

"I have been receiving a lot of stuff from a man in Chicago named Moses Harman. Have you heard of him?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've heard of him." Then I added that some of the papers you published had been suppressed and that you had been sentenced to a year in the penitentiary.

"Well," she said, "I think his writings ought to be suppressed."

Then I told her what I thought about it. She went away with a little light on the other side of the question.

I presume that all the friends of free speech who have heard of your trouble are doing very much the same thing. It will all help. All the talk about your persecution, all the interest that it has aroused, and all the discussion that it will give rise to will act as a leaven in the mass of humanity. It will keep working and after a while there will be results from it.

The people of the United States could end all this trouble; they could keep you out of the penitentiary if they would. It does not do a particle of good—at least I do not think it does—to write to President Roosevelt complaining of the actions of the officials in the postoffice department. I do not suppose that he has seen one of the letters that have been sent him. If the people would flood him with signed circulars and write to their representatives and senators and demand of congress the repeal of all laws which make it impossible to discuss the question of sex in papers and magazines I think it would only be a short time before all such laws would be repealed. If that did not bring the repeal of the laws the women of the country could put in their ear.

Of course if the subject of sex is too indecent to be discussed in a clean, straightforward manner by periodicals then women who consider themselves "ladies" will have to stop getting married. There is nothing else for them to do. If the women of the land would say, "We will not marry until all the laws which prohibit and restrict the discussion of questions of sex are repealed" it wouldn't be long, to express it in the common vernacular, before there would be something doing. I do not expect though that the women will do anything of the kind, for the majority of them need just about as much enlightening on this subject as Comstock and Hall do.

But keep on with your work. Do not get discouraged. Surely there will be a way for you out of your trouble. Every person who thinks for himself in this world has to stand what you are standing, for the one thing that mankind generally cannot forgive is unconventional thought or speech. You are one of the few men in the world at the present time who are helping on a good cause. Your troubles may be hard to bear, but you have the consolation of knowing that you are putting courage into the hearts of many people. You probably will not live to see all the good results of your teachings, but future generations will reap in happiness what you are now sowing in sorrow.

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BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Garrison the Non-Resistant.

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

This is a sympathetic sketch of Garrison's career which considers slavery and the Civil War from an entirely original point of view. It is the opinion of the author President Lincoln made a radical mistake in undertaking to coerce the seceding states, and the enthusiasm for the "Union" of sections which hated each other he regarded as immoral in itself and the source of prolific subsequent evils, including the growth of the sentiments of imperialism and militarism, together with the foundation of the trusts and the aggravation of the labor problem. That the war failed to settle the race question is obvious. If the "erring sisters" had been allowed to go, slavery would, he thinks, have died a natural death, and the states would have reunited, the race question having been peacefully and genuinely solved.

Even those who fail to accept this view of history will find it interesting and full of suggestion, and the account of Garrison's life and the record of the personal observations of the author in the South of today are both vivid and entertaining. 16mo, 144 pages, with photographic portrait of Garrison. Price, 50 cents (postage 5 cents).

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Administrative Process of the Postal Department.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY THADDEUS BUSH WAKEMAN. This is a most effective "missionary document" relative to the attempted suppression of free speech by the postal censorship. It contains half-tone portraits of the author and of Moses Harman. We want this letter distributed as widely and as effectively as possible, and as some who might be able to distribute it may not be able to buy we have felt reluctant to set a price on it. Let each not hesitate to order any quantity desired, even though unable to send money. For those who can afford to help bear the expense of publication, the price is 5 cents a copy, or 25 cents a dozen.

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Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Published in two volumes. Contents Vol. I: Widowers' Houses; The Philanderer; Mrs. Warren's Profession. Contents Vol. II: You Never Can Tell; Arms and the Man; Candiida; The Man of Destiny. Mr. Shaw is the foremost dramatist who writes the English language. No other English playwright can so powerfully be classed with Ibsen, Sudermann, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann. He has won supremacy by sheer force of originality and genius, in spite of the unanimous opposition of critics who condemned any departure from old dramatic canons. Shaw's dramas are great because of their significance. Price, \$2.50.

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A part of the larger book "Even As You and I." 12mo, paper, 100 pages, 10 cents; by mail, 15 cents.

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Woman's Source of Power.

LOVE ATTRACTION, THE FEMININE PRINCIPLE, is the builder of all living forms. LOVE IS THE CREATOR. In the inception of human life the first step is destructive of a previous condition, but when the work is given into woman's keeping the action is creative. Becomes, consequently, from then, on, till through cease the feminine is the predominating power. Here is where the principle which can continue youth should begin its work. By LOUIE WATSON. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Proudhon and His "Bank of the People."

BY CHARLES A. DANA.

This is a defense of the great French anarchist, showing the evils of a specie currency, and that interest on capital can and ought to be abolished by a system of Free and Mutual Banking. A series of newspaper articles written by the after-time editor of The New York Sun, he having been a Brook Farm experimenter in early life. Price, 10 cents.

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One of the best short works on the subject. A charming little gift book. "Love is doubtless the last and most difficult lesson that humanity has to learn; in a sense it underlies all the others. Perhaps the time has come for the modern nations when, ceasing to be children, they may even try to learn it." DAILY PRINTED. PREPARED BY MORRIS HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 15, E. M. 306 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1061

HOMELESS.

I met today sweet Liberty,
Out on old ocean's strand;
She hailed me brightly, joyously,
And shyly reached her hand.

Then while she turned to go away
I said: "May I not come?
Take me, a lone outcast, I pray,
With thee, to thy sweet home."

With trembling lip and fearful eye—
Compassion shining through—
Dependently she made reply:
"Dear sir, I'm homeless, too."

—From the German, by L. E. Higgins.

THE PROPHETS OF THE THEATER.

Twenty years ago the novel was the chief instrument of popular education, and whoever wanted to get a hearing for any new doctrine had to write one. The theater was merely a place of amusement, looked down upon by many serious persons, and regarded by hardly any as a great engine of social and moral reform. Today all this is changed. The ablest writers in the world no longer write novels but plays, and it is now clearly seen that the drama will be one of the chief agents in the transformation of society. Eminent dramatists have arisen all over the world, the chief of them being Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, and D'Annunzio. It is a tremendously significant fact that all these men, except perhaps Hauptmann, are very advanced sex radicals.

Henrik Ibsen, born 1828 in Norway, is the father of the modern drama. He has been writing plays since about 1850, but his great importance lies in the series of social-problem plays which began in 1877 with "The Pillars of Society." The best of these are "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts," each of which contains a vigorous attack on our existing marriage system. Both are often played on the stage.

The heroine of "Ghosts" is Mrs. Alving, who has had the misfortune to marry "a fallen man," as she expresses it. He is drunken, brutal and generally dissipated. She is so disgusted that soon after the marriage she flies to Pastor Manders, whom she has for some time secretly loved. Unfortunately he believes that the greatest thing in the world is duty, and that a wife's highest duty is to submit to her husband. Mrs. Alving lets him persuade her to return to her husband, and as a result she spends many years of misery and has a son by Mr. Alving. At last the husband dies, and the son promises to become a great artist; but, alas, his health goes to pieces, and it is discovered that he has inherited a disease which his father had imprudently acquired, and that he will soon be incurably insane. He reproaches his mother for giving him birth, but gets her to promise that as soon as he becomes insane she will poison him with morphine. The curtain falls just as his mind is leaving him and the mother is trying to nerve herself to fulfill her promise.

The heroine of "A Doll's House" is Nora Helmer, whose husband is an intolerably proper and respectable young man of excellent prospects. He calls her his "lark" and his "little squirrel," and takes all care off her hands, so that everything seems to be going well. Unfortunately a difficulty arises which shows Nora that her husband is really thoroughly selfish and that she is a silly ignoramus.

She tells Helmer that she now realizes that she has been living for years with a strange man in a doll's house and that she must leave him and work for herself, so that she may learn what real life is. The horrified husband reminds her of her duties to him and the children, but she says she has discovered that a woman's first duty is not to her husband, nor yet to her children, but to herself.

Hermann Sudermann, born 1857, is the most eminent writer now in Germany. He thinks that women when in love are far more fearless and emancipated than men, whom he regards as poor, conscientious creatures. Two of his plays are well known in America—"The Joy of Living" and "St. John's Fire." In the former the heroine, Beata, is a married woman who has had a love affair some years before with an intimate friend of her husband. The lover has now cooled down and is conscience-stricken to think of his treachery, but Beata, who still loves him, has no scruples and can think of the affair only with joy and pride. In "St. John's Fire" we have a young man who is engaged to his cousin, but meanwhile finds that he is deeply in love with Marikke, an adopted child of the parents of his betrothed, who loves him in return. He is too conscientious to break off with his cousin, but Marikke will not submit to be cut out altogether.

Maurice Maeterlinck, born 1862, is a Belgian. His earlier plays, such as "Princess Maleine," are worth very little, but he has written a splendid problem play in "Mona Vana," which I described some weeks ago.

Bernard Shaw was born in Ireland in 1856. I have lately written so fully about him that I need say little now. He has just had a great triumph with "Major Barbara." On one of the first nights there were present the Prime Minister of England, Premier Jameson of Cape Colony, the famous raider, and many other celebrities. Evidently not all public men are so easily shocked as Police Commissioner McArdoo.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, born 1864, is easily the foremost name in the Italian literature of our time. He has written at least one important problem play, "Gioconda," which is sometimes seen on the American stage. A young sculptor has a wife who is beautiful, and who has also a beautiful soul; but she is not just what he needs to give him inspiration. "I am not a sculptor of souls," he explains. He meets another woman, Gioconda, whom he finds perfectly beautiful and who fills him with such inspiration that he makes a statue of her which is a marvel of art. But his wife is jealous and he is brought to such despair that he tries to commit suicide. He does not quite kill himself, however, and by the long and patient nursing of his wife he recovers. Then Gioconda writes that she will await him every day at the studio. The wife finds out that he has had the letter and goes herself to face Gioconda. The scene between these two women is one of the finest in all dramatic literature. The wife pleads priority of possession, but Gioconda pleads superior fitness. She says she is essential to the sculptor and that he would be nothing without her. As the wife is not sufficiently up to date to share the sculptor with Gioconda and is getting rather the worst of the argument, she loses all self-control and tells Gioconda a lie. She says her husband has decided to discard Gioconda and has sent her to say so. Gioconda believes it and in a fearful passion she rushes at the statue to destroy it. The wife then cries out that she has told a lie, but it is too late, and she just saves the falling statue by catching it with her hands, which are smashed to pieces. Her hands have to be amputated and Gioconda gets the sculptor.

With such plays acted everywhere before intelligent audiences Comstockery will not last long.

R. B. KENN.

THE CASE OF MOSES HARMAN.

"Prison for Aged Man.—Moses Harman, 75 years old, for the third time in his life was taken to the Joliet prison yesterday. He had been arrested by the postal authorities because of matters contained in a paper he published, *Lucifer*, the Light Bearer."

The above clipping is all the notice his case got from the Chicago "Record-Herald." The thing is significant. Briefly, the facts are these:

Moses Harman, 75 years old, was taken to the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet, Tuesday, February 27, 1906, to serve a sentence of one year for a technical violation of the laws of the land which prohibit the sending of so-called obscene literature through the mails.

"Served him right! Ought to be sent to the pen for that!" you exclaim. Be not hasty, my friends. Listen a minute and hear other facts. This old man has never tried to send through the mails anything half so objectionable as passages you will find in the Bible and in Shakespeare.

In the first place, he is not an obscene old man, but clean, kindly and cultured.

He has fought valiantly for many years the battle for the emancipation of women; for her political, economic, and, therefore, social freedom.

He has done this from the highest motive—the improvement of the human race.

Hurbank improves potatoes, other vegetables and flowers.

Others devote themselves to the breeding of fine stock, and the world applauds.

Harman wants to have the human race improved, and the world says, "Sh-h-h!"

Are not human beings of as much consequence as pigs and potatoes? Is parenthood an indecent subject? Is the question of woman's rights and wrongs, of her freedom and her slavery, of no consequence?

I appeal to every woman who has a spark of independence in her makeup to use her influence in this case of Moses Harman!

Wives of workmen, wake up, and do something!

Think, talk, act.

Have these obnoxious laws repealed. It is not Moses Harman alone, not the cause of woman's freedom, but the rights of humanity that are at stake. Free speech, freedom of the press, personal freedom, the rights of labor—all are involved.

This is not a struggle alone between Anthony Comstock and Moses Harman, but it is a struggle of the oppressed class against the ruling class for the right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Material interests are at stake, and the ruling class is wise enough to understand this and act accordingly.

Let the ruled class also understand and act, or sink into greater slavery!—May Walden Kerr, in the Chicago Socialist.

[The "Record-Herald" erred in saying that Moses Harman "for the third time in his life was taken to the Joliet prison." The present is his first experience in Joliet.]

LET THE EAGLE SCREAM!

The assault on the freedom of the press and of the mails, involved in the prosecution of Moses Harman, editor of *Lucifer*, Chicago, reached another stage on March 1, when Mr. Harman was sent to the penitentiary at Joliet to serve a year's imprisonment. If such things can be done under the shadow of the American eagle, the sign of the constitution, and the protection of the Stars and Stripes, why does our department of state trouble itself about tyranny and oppression in the Old World?—*Truth Seeker*, New York.

A CRUEL OUTRAGE.

One day last week an old man, 75 years and 3 months old, was sent from this city to the penitentiary; the sentence was "one year at hard labor." The old man's name is Moses Harman, editor of *Lucifer*. Mr. Harman's work was very delicate, and also very unpopular with the "powers that be." He attempted to teach wholesome truths along sexual lines, but never coarse, low or degrading. But the government is determined that, so far as it can prevent it, the young shall be kept in dense ignorance of the laws governing the reproductive sphere of life. We admire the grand old man for his courage and fortitude—traits seldom found in one of his years. We hope to again grasp his unsteady hand and look into his noble eyes a free man, but we sadly doubt that we shall be accorded

this pleasure. We fear that close confinement behind prison bars will finish his life's career, but we can have our consolation in knowing that it is to such noble souls as Moses Harman that the world owes its progress. America will become wise enough, clean-conscious enough some day to be proud that Moses Harman lived, but, alas! that time is not yet. So we say fare thee well, dear old friend; your work will some day be appreciated and your history will be written upon the hearts of emancipated womanhood!—*The Liberator*, Chicago.

TWO GOOD PAMPHLETS.

We are pleased to note the activity shown by the Free Speech League, of New York, against the outrage perpetrated upon Moses Harman, editor of *Lucifer*, embodied in a sentence of one year's imprisonment upon the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails, the confiscation and destruction, by force, of one edition of his paper.

As one who has been compelled to face similar dangers, the "Blade" can extend a feeling of sympathy and regret—sympathy for the suffering such a sentence must entail, and regret that the bigoted cohorts of a brutish creed can obtain even a temporary victory in this enlightened age.

The Free Speech League is now engaged in the distribution of two pamphlets which discuss the all-important subject from which its title is taken, and they should receive a wide circulation. One is an open letter by Prof. T. B. Wakeman to the President of the United States, and the other is upon "Postal Censorship in America," by Louis F. Post. Each contains an array of interesting data interestingly told. For copies and information address E. R. Foote, 120 Lexington avenue, New York.—*Blue Grass Blade*.

THE BLIGHT OF THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The late Judge Arnold once remarked in conversation that in the course of many years of experience on the bench in trying criminal cases, and especially in listening to testimony concerning vice and immorality, he was profoundly impressed with the ignorance among men and women concerning some of the elemental conditions of their personal existence. The impression was formed chiefly on the many occasions when he had to deal with cases of betrayal, of infidelity, of divorce, and of illegitimate birth, as well as the vicious perversity of some species of juvenile offenders. It was his thought that much of the trouble and the crime into which many of the immature and the mature persons who thus came before him had fallen might have been avoided if the common sense in their understandings had been properly instructed as to the effects of vice. The Judge was a good deal of a believer in the old Adam in mankind, and any ideal proposition for reforming an ingrained inheritance of original sin never passed muster in his practical mind unless it could stand the rigid tests of experience. It was, therefore, with a knowledge of what he was saying that he remarked that one of the best ways in which vice might be checked would be to take care that boys when they are reaching out toward the years of manhood should be as terms of fellowship or confidence with their fathers and that they should be plainly informed on things which it is customary to permit them to find out for themselves in an irregular, haphazard and half-perplexed fashion.

I have just been reading a book which to some extent embodies the kind of ideas which Judge Arnold thus had in mind, although some of it would not, perhaps, appeal entirely to his sense of what is practicable or attainable. It is called "The Social Evil," is written by Dr. Robert N. Willson, Jr., and is devoted to a series of discussions of the possible preventive conditions which may solve the problem that has ever taxed the wisdom of moralists and philosophers. Dr. Willson, who is an instructor in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and who is particularly known there for the zeal with which he has pointed out to its laids the mischief and folly of the "wild cats" doctrine, does not approach the question from the ordinary moral and religious point of view, although a very strong religious spirit is here and there discernible in its pages. His point of view is wholly the medical one—that is, of the physician who sees and traces the bodily effects of vice, its insidious workings, its contaminations, its disfigurements, its frequent destruction of the stamina of manhood, and its hardly less frequent destruction of life itself. But this class of facts is largely kept in the background in the training of youth, as if they were secret, mysterious or forbidden things even in the intimacy of the paternal relation. Indeed it is not uncommon that men who have long passed the majority

may be found who seem to have only a hazy, half-illuminated idea of the practical significance in the facts in question and sometimes of the facts themselves.

In his discourses on boyhood, clean living and the general conditions of the evil, Dr. Willson writes plainly, unhesitatingly and frankly. The central line of thought is at all times the physical wrong. A little anecdote which he tells, for example, of a country lad coming to Philadelphia for the first time and becoming in a few months a victim of blindness because of his want of knowledge when he joined some companions in dissipation, would probably be more effective in getting at the common sense of a boy than a baleful of homilies or spiritual exhortations. Yet total blindness thus caused is one of the not infrequent consequences of the ills which are incurred by not only the habitual but the occasional transgressors of the moral law. Indeed the pitiable extent of the impairment and of the ravages which thus result in the health and strength of a large portion of the population is known only to physicians, and it is a question whether if it were generally known and explained in an intelligent way the evil might not at least be greatly lessened. It might be a better method, at any rate, in the interest of permanent personal morals than the habit of chasing the women of the town about from pillar to post and endeavoring to reform them, and then only, at the hands of the police.

As regards the professional practitioners of vice, it is estimated that there are about 200,000 such women in the United States; that New York city has between 40,000 and 50,000 and that in Chicago, although accurate figures are not obtained, the number is greater than New York's. It is somewhat curious to note that the number for Philadelphia is set down as between 2,000 and 3,000. Mr. Richard Wells, of this city, who for many years has been a Christian worker among them, believes that there are about 2,000, but Dr. Willson thinks this is considerably below the actual number, even if it is limited to those who actually ply their trade as vendors of immorality. It is estimated that the average period of activity of the women at their trade is five to six years, but that as fast as death and decrease carry them off their ranks are replenished by an equal supply of recruits.

When he comes to the question of applying remedies, Dr. Willson can find no value in registration, licensing or in segregation. In France and Germany and other European countries where this kind of regulation and inspection is practiced, he believes that experience has found it to be worthless and that in a sanitary sense the same evils that prevail here are to be found there. He cites the example of the similar experiment made in St. Louis thirty years ago and abandoned after a four years' trial. Nor does he appear to have much faith in the efficacy of attempts at reclaiming the women by moral suasion. For every one that is saved a dozen slip away, and he refers to the experience of a noble woman who observed to him that after many years of work among the fallen members of her sex, she did not feel sure that she had done much good, so regularly had they returned to the ways from which they had been "reclaimed." He notes also the opinion of another worker who thought that not more than 2 per cent of the women were permanently reformed. He states, however, that in talking with a number of them from the simple viewpoint of their physical condition he found that the difficulty of gaining an honest livelihood at not more than \$3 a week seemed to be one of the most active causes of the trouble.

But the zealous doctor is by no means a pessimist, in spite of all the ugly facts he produces, and only a few of which I have adduced. He does not think that the world is worse in those things, indeed even suggests that it is better than it has ever been, and that the attention which is now given to them is really a sign that it is. He is willing to admit, however, that the social evil is not curable at the present time, and that probably there is no prospect of its disappearing in the next generation. But he builds his hopes of the future on what may be done now in preparing a boy or a girl for coming into contact with the evil—the duty of the parent, reinforced by an understanding of the experience of the physician and by a determination to eliminate the double standard of morality in discriminating between the sexes. The same care and vigilance with which tuberculosis, for example, is studied, he is disposed to believe, should be given to a physical condition even more dangerous and widespread. In his view, it is in a full, plain realization of those facts of vice which lie beneath the surface, that immorality may yet become extinguished. With his enthusiasm, however, he expects much more from his plan than is possible of fulfillment, but these are capable of producing considerable benefit to many in-

dividuals if rationally carried out, and they are somewhat refreshing and altogether wholesome when compared with the usual demands of the law. *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

THE DEBT OF LAW TO THE LAWLESS.

Under this caption the extremely conservative Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., writes in "Collier's":

"It is a curious paradox of history that the law often owes more to those who have defied it than to its appointed guardians.

"Doubt is the first step to a larger faith.

"Denial is the first step to a larger affirmation, and the traitor of today becomes the hero and lawgiver of tomorrow.

"Nearly all of the men to whom we owe the progress of the world were executed as criminals by the official guardians of society.

"Crime is a relative term.

"Real law is the crystallized expression of the organized virtue of the people. It can never be more than the embodiment of the total experience of the race, at the time, in its search for the secret of self-preservation. The first tendency of law when thus embodied is to become feminine—that is, to solidify into forms which shall bind the bodies and the souls of the unborn. This tendency brings inevitable conflict with the masculine principle of progress. When the published formulas of law have been outgrown by the race, or its forms for any reason have been perverted so that they no longer are the expression of the organized virtue of a people, it becomes necessary to break the law in order to keep it.

"The inventor of the telescope was punished as a common malefactor.

"Bruno, the pioneer philosopher and thinker of the modern world, was burned to death.

"George Washington was a traitor to George III, but his treason won, and Washington has been canonized."

HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW DISAPPROVED.

A fine of \$19 and a real estate bond of \$1,000 for one year was the judgment entered in a Louisville court recently against George Humphrey and Eunice Reed, charged nominally with disorderly conduct. The story related by Humphrey's wife was that they had agreed that one or the other must "get out" of their home at Woodland, Nelson county, and Humphrey left. Before going he gave his wife the key to the blacksmith shop he had operated for years, and bade her get a man to run it for her. Then he gave her the house and lot and \$75. He agreed to take their thirteen-year-old daughter and the hired girl, Eunice, and provide a home for the daughter and keep Eunice as a companion for her. He also agreed to take any two of the remaining four children, except the seven-months' old twin girls, and care for them when the mother would send them to him. It was further agreed that the wife was to have a divorce and he to pay for it.

Humphrey came to Louisville, according to his story, corroborated by his wife, with her knowledge and consent. He went first to the home of his brother, then rented rooms at the home of Mrs. T. D. Gibson, 1216 West Broadway, and found employment at the tobacco factory at Twenty-ninth and Walnut streets.

All went smoothly enough for three days, when George D. Reynolds, of Fredericktown, Washington county, appeared. Reynolds is a brother of Mrs. Humphrey, and he did not approve of the contract and caused the arrest of his brother-in-law and the hired girl.

Humphrey has declared his intention of remaining with Eunice.

TO THE READERS OF LUCIFER.

COMRADES: At my time of life one cannot expect a great deal more of this life, and there is a liability to go at any time. In view of this fact I am preparing a work that I propose to call "My Last Will and Testament; A Glimpse of Naturalism."

The price of the book will probably be a dollar. Will those who will take a copy—if I am able to get it published—please drop me a card and say so!

Gibbs, California.

The most decent thing in true Marriage would be to make no promises—either for a year or for a lifetime.—Edward Carpenter, in "Love's Coming of Age."



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Hereafter *Lucifer* will not be sent to subscribers after expiration of subscription except by special request. Please compare number on your wrapper with whole number of paper, and if your subscription is about to expire notify us if you wish to continue to receive *Lucifer*.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:

E. C. WALKER, 244 WEST 142D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name *Lucifer* means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Letters for *Lucifer* should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

The Philadelphia friends of *Lucifer* will, we hope, commiserate with Mr. Myers and assist in making the protest meeting, to which he refers in another column, successful. When such meetings are planned we hope our friends will notify us, so that we may send literature for circulation. Please give dates and places of meeting for publication in *Lucifer*, when practicable.

In "The Public," of March 10, Louis F. Post has an exceptionally important article on "Our Despotism Postal Censorship." In it is comprised a correspondence with the local and Washington postal officials in reference to the case of *Lucifer* and its editor. We expect to reproduce this article in *Lucifer* No. 1062. It will occupy the greater part of the space in that issue, and we shall be pleased to receive advance orders from those desiring extra copies.

We are printing a large edition of this number of *Lucifer*, and will be glad to hear from those of our friends who can assist in distributing it. Please send in orders as early as possible. We would also like to hear from those who can take a regular number of extra copies to distribute at meetings or in any other way. Those who sympathize with the editor in his imprisonment can express that sympathy in no more effective way than in bringing his work to the attention of the liberty-loving people of the country and of the world.

The portrait of Moses Harman is republished in this issue because the extra copies of No. 1060 were insufficient to supply the demand. Many have suggested that the portrait should appear in every number of his paper while he is in prison, that he may be seen though forced to remain unheard. The earnestness with which his friends are taking up the work of circulating *Lucifer* seems to guarantee that with each issue many people will see *Lucifer* for the first time, and to see the "criminal countenance" of its editor would

interest them. But to do this would entail considerable extra expense, as a heavier and finer grade of paper must be used, and the halftone cuts themselves, being of fine workmanship, are expensive. We would like to have the opinion of the friends who work to extend the circulation of *Lucifer*. We hope as many as possible will let us know if they think that the portrait would help to awaken interest in *Lucifer* and the cause it represents.

NO WORD RECEIVED FROM OUR EDITOR.

No word has been received from our editor since the prison doors closed behind him on February 27. It was erroneously stated in No. 1060 that he would be permitted to write one letter a month. He can write only once in five weeks, so we must wait three weeks more before we can learn anything of his condition.

Nothing from the outside can be sent to him or purchased by him. As fruit and brown bread constitute his diet, chiefly, when at liberty, this deprivation may seriously affect his health. It is only through the order of the prison physician that the diet of prisoners is ever changed. The mind of Moses Harman is strong enough to keep him from fret or worry over his incarceration. It remains to be seen whether his body can endure the physical deprivations and discomforts.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

ANIMUS IN SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH.

DEAR LULIAN HARMAN: Thank you for calling attention to the execution of your father's sentence. I would say that I should sympathize very much with both him and you were I not confident that neither of you regard this experience as a matter calling for expressions of sympathy. I am sure, however, that you will understand me when I say that, whatever points of disagreement exist between us, I thoroughly appreciate the devotion your father shows to his cause and the sincerity of his purpose in connection with it. I regard these prosecutions, the criminal as well as the postal ones, as having for their animus nothing in the world but the suppression of free speech.

There is little that I can do in a personal way, but if your father would care to receive an exchange copy of "The Public" personally, I shall be glad to forward it to him if you will favor me with an address that will make his receiving it reasonably certain. Very truly yours,

LOUIS F. POST.

Chicago, Ill., March 5.

NOTHING TOO SACRED FOR SERIOUS DISCUSSION.

Even if I disagreed entirely with the sentiment of *Lucifer* and its editor, I should feel it a duty to stand up for the rights of free speech. But believing as I do not only in the purity of thought and high purpose of Mr. Harman, but convinced of the shamefulness of the treatment accorded him, officially or otherwise, I shall be glad to have my protest recorded. There is nothing too sacred for serious discussion, and when questions relating to the sexes are treated with conviction and plain speech it is usually "few fellows of the baser sort" who throw up their hands in holy horror. I shall be glad to receive and read the paper.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Leicester, Mass., Feb. 28, 1906.

BONDAGE CANNOT TOUCH HIS SPIRIT.

Will you be kind enough to send me at once a picture of Mr. Harman and the baby—the prettiest one! I wish to make a cut of it for the frontispiece of our April number. It is the most beautiful grandfather picture I ever saw, and I wish to publish it in connection with an article in "Tomorrow Magazine."

We sympathize deeply with you and your dear, brave father. Bondage cannot touch his fine spirit, however, and for this we are glad. Yours most truly,

PARKER H. SHERBOURNE.

Chicago, Ill.

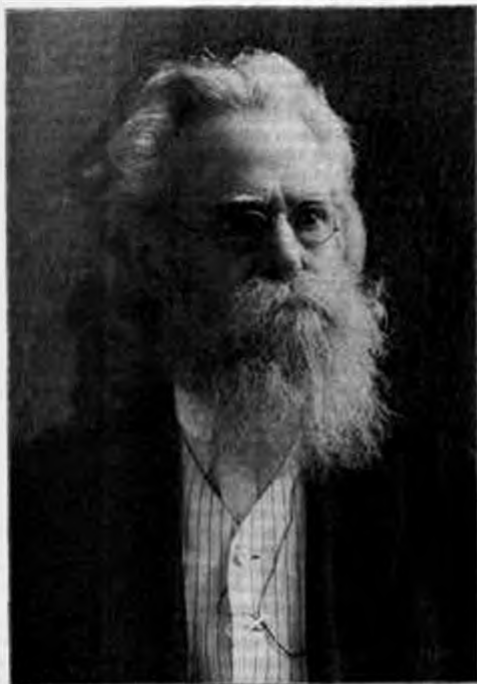
EUGENE V. DEBS SENDS MESSAGE OF LOVE.

DEAR COMRADES: Love to Moses Harman and good cheer to you all. "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." Loyally yours,

EUGENE V. DEBS.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



To-day Moses Harman is 75 years 5 months and 3 days old. He has served 17 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

LUCIFER No. 1042, June 22, 1903—a double number—was accepted, weighed and the money for postage received at the Chicago postoffice. The edition was then confiscated and sent to the dead-letter office at Washington, to be destroyed. No notice was given the publisher, and not until he received complaints of non-receipt by subscribers was he aware of the fact that their papers had not been sent to them. On being questioned, the superintendent of second-class mails at Chicago said he had been instructed by his superiors at Washington to read a copy of every issue of LUCIFER and confiscate all which were, in his opinion, unmailable.

LUCIFER Nos. 1043, 1045, 1046 and 1050 were held to be unmailable by Mr. Hall, the aforesaid superintendent, and copies deposited for mailing were destroyed. The higher officials in Washington concurred in the decisions in regard to these numbers.

Nos. 1052 and 1056 were held to be unmailable, but the department at Washington instructed the local officials that hereafter copies of "unmailable" issues should not be destroyed, but should be returned to the publisher.

No. 1058 was "unmailable" in the estimation of Mr. Hall, but it was a case of "when doctors disagree," for the Washington officials overruled his decision.

It should not be necessary to point out the dangers to the freedom of the press and the liberties of the people which are involved in thus making one man prosecuting attorney, judge and jury, with the power

to deny the right of transmission to any publication which in his opinion is of a mistaken tendency.

And what are we going to do about it? Continue the publication of LUCIFER.

And what are YOU going to do about it? Shall we have your assistance?

LILLIAN HARMAN.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THESE CHILDREN?

Mrs. John Van Vorst has been investigating the "human documents in the case of the new slavery"—thus she entitles her article—and gives the result of her observations in the "Saturday Evening Post" of March 10. She wished to see for herself the condition of some of the child workers, of whom the census bulletins give the number as over a million and a half between the ages of ten and fifteen.

In this story she tells of her visits to the workers in cotton mills of Alabama. In that state there is a law prohibiting the employment of children unless "widowed mothers or aged or disabled fathers be dependent on the labor of such children." But the law was, of course, very generally ignored. Replying to inquiries, a woman who had been one of several who had worked for the enactment of that law said: "Why did we pass the law? Why not? What difference does it make? There are no inspectors, no school laws, no truant officers, and where there is nobody to enforce a law it can't inspire much respect." And she might have added that even where these officials were appointed and paid by the state the result to the children is about the same when the manufacturers think they can profit by the employment of children. For the census bulletin gives 2,000 as the number of girls under thirteen years employed at night work in Philadelphia, and 92,000 employed at this age or younger in New York state. Mrs. Van Vorst's woman informant was very solicitous that there should be no laws which would "frighten away capitalists and wreck our very surest chances of progress and prosperity."

"The cotton-mill 'folks' wear unwittingly a badge which distinguishes them far and wide. As I came along down over the hillside I met a child holding in her arms another smaller child; both were covered—their hair, their clothes, their very eyelashes, even—with fine flakes of lint, wisps of cotton, fibers of the great web in which the factories imprison their victims."

"'Hello,' I said, 'do you work in the mill?'"
"Yes, ma'am." The voice was gentle and the manner friendly. She hitched the baby, who had a tendency to slip from her tiny, motherly arms, and showed me one of her fingers done up in a loose, dirty bandage. "I cut my finger right smart," she drawled, "so I'm takin' a day off."

"How old are you?"
"Twenty-five."
"Got any brothers or sisters?"
"I've got kins." She straightened the piece of lemon stick candy in the baby's mouth as she thus called attention to "him," and continued: "And I've got one brother in the mill."

"How old is he?"
"Twenty-five."
"Twins?" I asked.
"She smiled and shook her head."
"He's twenty-five in the mill and he's twenty outside."

One boy who gave his age as "goin' on twenty-five," and who had been at work for four years, could earn "about \$2.40 a week." Another, aged "easyrun," earned twenty cents a day sweeping. And "a day" in the mills means twelve hours of work.

Though almost unbelievable that from the lives of even babies is spun the gold of the shareholders, yet here is Mrs. Van Vorst's testimony:

"Some of my Birmingham informants had told me that there were whole families of dwarfs who came down from the mountains and took work in the mills, greatly misleading certain visitors who supposed them to be children 'under age.' As I walked on now through the mills, talking with a twelve-year-old red-headed girl who had been four years at work, my eyes suddenly fell upon a strange couple (doubtless, I thought, some of the dwarfs against whom I had been warned). I could not take my attention from the tiniest of the tiny pair; the boy's hands appeared to be made without bones; his thumb flew back almost double as he pressed the cotton to loosen it from the revolving rod in the spinning frame; they no longer moved, those yellow anemic hands, as though directed in their different acts by a thinking intelligence; they performed mechanically the gestures which had given them their definite form."

"The red-headed girl laughed and nodded in the direction of the dwarf."

"'He's 'most six,' she said. 'He's been here two years. He come in when he was 'most four. His little brother 'most four's workin' here now.'"

"'Yes! Where?'"
"Oh, he works on the night-shift. He comes in 'bout half-past five and stays till six in the mornin'."

Many more were interviewed. I can quote but these few state-

ments. When I read of these children, I picture my own suffering in such hopeless treadmill, and I wonder if any father, any mother, can be satisfied with this "best of all possible worlds" as long as such conditions exist.

In commenting on the million child workers, which the Hearst newspapers gave as the number employed in this country, Mrs. A. P. Warner well says:

"Would that President Roosevelt could have this rung in his care when he talks of race suicide. Instead of slaughtering innocent dumb animals, why doesn't he evolve some manner of relief for these 1,000,000 helpless little subjects of his great domain?"

Does any one really believe that the mothers of these children desire to furnish babies as food for factories? Would they continue doing so if they had the knowledge and the power of self-ownership and self-control? But this is treading on dangerous ground. It is improper and "immoral" to suggest that women shall control their own bodies and be the mothers of welcome children, and welcome children only.

L. H.

ARROWS.

The License of Man is invulnerable until the Liberty of Woman is complete.

So-called civilization must give up its false ideals of family life—or keep its brothels.

The purity of the impure is always up in arms—a standing suit of mail guarding nothing.

Although the churches offer women checks payable on the Bank of Heaven, women would do well to remember that all the archangels and angels are males.

Liberty is necessary to make Fidelity a virtue.

There is nothing like the unvarnished Truth for power.

Truth is the Prince of Diplomats.

The time is always ripe to cry for justice.

Expediency is often a fancy name for Dishonor.

It is amusing to see Man reform the world. He pads Himself and rushes at woman with a club.

Man is the sole gainer by the holy institution of marriage which he has set up. By it he can say, "Thou art Mine and I am Mine Own."

It is wonderful how many people run to protect the man in armor.

The "Christian" marriage system is merely the harlem system posing in mask and domino.

Sex has no sex and virtue no second price.

Man hath ruled Woman by robbing one to enrich another—creeping like a coward to hide himself under the hatred he has fostered.

The fool stares and gapes at the smallest innovation, whilst the wonders of every day pass him by unheeded.

Add not one link to the fetters of the world. She groans in chains through all the ages.

The stone that covers a thousand wriggling reptiles is misnamed "Decency." Its true name is Shelter.

A knowledge of good and evil is necessary to a just judgment in all things.

EMMA WARSLAW BERT.

Sidney, Australia.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LUCIFER'S SUSTAINING FUND.

S. O. Bishop, \$1; Otto Belasin, \$1; A. C. Arnold, \$1; H. A. Libbey, \$1; Mary Everett, \$1; A. I. Task, 75c; Olive Clifford, 50c; R. N. Douglas, \$1; David Gilstrom, \$1; Dr. J. C. Barnes, 35c; T. P. M., \$2.50; J. H., \$1; Mrs. A., 40c; Dr. J. N. Lee, \$1; C. Haddon, \$1; J. W. Griggs, \$2; Mrs. L. M. Hammond, \$5; J. M. Gilbert, 50c; J. R., \$1; Cornelia Boeschlin, \$1; Eda Kanta, \$1; A. M. S., \$1; J. A. Hegstrom, \$2; W. J. Kent, \$1; J. Poppers, 50c; F. A., \$1; A. Poeria Friend, \$2; Eugene V. Debs, \$1; O. H. Stone, \$1.25; Geo. E. Bowen, \$1; W. L. C., \$5; Mrs. Bertha Moore, \$1; W. C. James, \$10; Dr. C. W. T. Goodman, \$1.50; Emma Boyer, \$1; Margaret J. Broedtson, \$1; Mrs. A. C. Zimmerman, \$1; P. W. (Switzerland), \$2.

The objects I have had in view are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and forward the application of scientific method to all problems of life—in the conviction that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.—Huxley.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our home. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

OTTO WETTERLIN, La Grange, Ill.—Shall write to our martyr this evening. Trust the Liberals of the entire country will do all they can for his comfort, early release, and to express their indignation at this disgraceful act of one branch of this government.

ANNIE K. PARKHURST, 173 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.—March 1 issue of LUCIFER just received. I trust you are sending me some extras. Could use a dozen to advantage. The picture is fine! Glad to see it and to show it. And to think the original is behind prison bars at this very time! It is an eternal disgrace to those who put him there.

EMMA BOYER, New York.—On receiving LUCIFER No. 1069 and seeing your father's picture, and reading how at his age he is dragged off to prison, I feel and beyond expression. I am sorry the body's picture did not appear with his grandfather's. I think your father's picture fine—the best I have ever seen. I hope he will not have to serve all the time allotted him. Give him my best regards and accept this dollar for any purpose needed.

JAMES MYERS, 9 Opal street, Logan, Philadelphia, Pa.—We are to have here in Philadelphia a big "LUCIFER meeting"—a protest meeting. We are going to have Penobscot and other speakers. It will be held in three weeks from now. If you can send any circulars or leaflets or copies of LUCIFER for free distribution, please do so at once. We are going to have several big meetings here for "free speech and press," and against "postoffice autocracy." Will try to dispose of many copies of LUCIFER and the Wakeman Letter.

EMMA ALBERTA ARRY, Wathens, Kan.—Our dear Comrade Maud Abby has gone to her eternal rest. She was of a very gentle and sensitive nature, beloved by all children and all who knew her. She was a member of the A. P. W. A. and a contributor to LUCIFER and other radical papers. She was one of LUCIFER's converts. The story of Hagar Lynden asked her to the truthfulness of its lessons. She was prevented by financial difficulties from publishing her poems and essays. We are powerless to say the sweet words she so often said of her friends as they passed away.

JULIUS H. SEVERANCE, M. D., 578 East Sixtieth street, Chicago.—I am more pained than I can express. One can discuss the proper conditions for producing the highest forms of plant and animal life; until one gets to the crowning glory of all earthly products—man. Here investigation must stop. Would-be investigators must "go it blind." The "matter must be discussed only between a physician and patient." An ignorant postal official can interfere with citizens' rights of free speech and press, which power the constitution denies. Congress and people submit to such dastardly tyranny. I would rather be in prison than to sanction such injustice.

W. C. COPE, Louisville, Ky.—When I saw they had put Moses Harman in prison again it stirred me up to subscribing. I have long read LUCIFER occasionally, but like thousands of radicals, have been more or less smothered by the weight of conservatism in my environment and failed to encourage a heroic soul, who is fighting my battles. But the actual imprisonment was the needed whip to my zeal, so here is my subscription. I suppose "Daughter Libian" will edit LUCIFER during the interregnum. Well, the paper will not suffer in sprightliness and interest on that account, as I still remember the bright paper she got out in the "nineties," during a previous interregnum.

HENRY E. ALLEN, Boston Harbor, Mich.—If I may be allowed a brief reply to the letter by D. Webster Grah, I would say this: If our Hagerstown friend will question any socialist who fully understands the philosophy of socialism, I think he will find that not one favors anything like the political, tyrannous government we now have. In its stead we would have simple industrial administration. Of course, under any form of majority rule there will always be the danger that invariably accompanies ignorance. So the only way is to get rid of ignorance. There are many socialists, I regret to say.

who are as ignorant as bats on the important question of sex ethics. But every socialist is something of an investigator, and the chances are that before we arrive at the gates of the co-operative commonwealth we will have mastered to a large extent the ignorance and intolerance now so prevalent. D. W. Gresh will find that the average socialist is as much opposed to political rule and domination as he can possibly be. With the power of recall, the despotism now shown in the management of the postoffice would not be possible.

C. M. and E. B. GREENE, Topoka, Kan.—LUCIFER came today. We had seen in the "Journal" (Topoka), that your father was again behind the bars and Mr. Greene wrote him that night. We wish several copies of this week's paper. We will show a few of our friends one of the "fall birds" of our nation. One would think our authorities would be stricken with shame to know that such a man is placed among the criminal class, but such a hold has superstition, graft and illegally-held power on those we have placed in command that their eyes are blinded and they see not the pitfalls they are digging for their own and their children's feet. Any one who looks upon Mr. Harman's features as shown in LUCIFER may be proud to call him friend. It is not necessary that we shall believe in all he does nor in all his methods in order to recognize his worth; and to think of his being treated as a criminal cannot but arouse indignation in the minds of his friends. Some time the work he is striving to do will come to its proper place and he will be recognized as one of the world's benefactors. Until then we can only work and wait. If money can keep LUCIFER going it must not be downed. We enclose a dollar.

F. W. VEVOY, Switzerland.—I cannot express with what shame and indignation I read by recent numbers of LUCIFER to hand that the "free and enlightened" government of the United States of America is committing the crime, in the beginning of the twentieth century, of casting your most esteemed and venerated father into prison for daring to discuss, in an open yet perfectly decent and rational fashion, one of the fundamental problems of life—i. e., the sex relation and what it involves. It might well be called the fundamental problem. And his reward for attempting to pour in sweetness and light and expel darkness and corruption is one year's imprisonment with hard labor. Truly, there is much madness in this world and our rulers have their full share of the insanity. Your intrepid father bears this trial in a heroic spirit and with the dignity of an antique philosopher, but will his years enable him to bear the rigors of prison life? I do not know how humane or inhumane your prison system may be in America. It is a cruel thought that in the evening of his life Moses Harman should be treated in this cruel fashion—a man whose services in the cause of humanity will shed a lustre round his name now and through the more emancipated and enlightened ages to come.

MARGARET J. BENDERSTON, Winnipeg.—Just now I received the latest copy of LUCIFER with the picture of your illustrious father and his closing farewell before the prison bars shut him out from the life and sun and action and liberty. He of good cheer yourself and keep him in such, for he is the martyr of our woman's cause—a great and grand man, whom the coming ages will worship, not as a god-myth, but as the incarnation of all the noblest elements known to mankind. Please let the few friendly words from a full heart of gratitude, and a foreigner who has grasped your and his teachings and is trying to teach the same to her country people through a small monthly magazine, and who knows what persecution is for the very same cause by her own country people's papers, reach your father in his prison, so he may know the (his) cause is being fought by many nations, in many languages. I need to be an inhabitant of the great United States for years, and I loved it as the land of freedom and justice. But now I am grieved to the very heart at this disgracing news, grieved to see Liberty bow its beautiful wings to such injustice as the courts of that great Union have meted out to one of its best and noblest sons—grieved beyond expression, for I fear that if injustice be so easily crowned in that land of liberty, it will still more easily ride on the ruling wings of power in other lands.

R. N. DOUGLASS, Portville, Iowa.—I want a few copies of the Wakarusa Letter. I shall not tire in trying to induce friends and others to read this. It seems so much more effective than when in LUCIFER, and it creates a desire to see LUCIFER. I enclose herewith \$1 to help pay the expense of the Wakarusa Letter, or in any other way that you may see fit to use it. Am only sorry I do not feel able to make it a number of dollars. Can you furnish bound volumes of

the last year's LUCIFER? I have given away nearly all of mine as soon as read. For myself I scarcely need last year's numbers for the reason that it seems to me I have read them with so much interest that I already possess them. I do not believe you will ever have to go behind prison bars, and if you do, the imprisonment will do more for the cause than would be accomplished in ten years on the outside. The world is moving with greater strides than ever before.

[In speaking of William Lloyd Garrison's early struggles, Ernest Howard Crosby said that Garrison had the fortune to acquire that which is needed by every good cause—a good, strong opposition. In the South the mails were searched by postmasters for copies of the "Liberator," and when these were found—and letters from Garrison and other abolitionists as well—they were confiscated and destroyed. But this was not done under cover of "postal regulations" by the "authorities," as in the case of LUCIFER. We hope and believe such tactics will be as ineffective in the case of LUCIFER as in that of the "Liberator." Mr. Douglass' prophecy was too highly colored by hope, but it is certain that, though the editor is imprisoned, his friends will do all they can to make that imprisonment an effective service to the cause of freedom.]

We expect soon to have volumes of LUCIFER for 1905 bound, and would like to receive orders from those desiring them. The price, bound in cloth, will be \$1.50. It is not necessary to send money with order, but we would like to hear from as many as possible, so we may know how many copies to bind.—L. H.]

ABELINE CHAMPNET, Cleveland, Ohio.—I thank you for the leaflets, which came promptly. We have given out a few. One of our friends the other day read the letter to a group of lawyers and he reported that they were very much in agreement with it. A few have been sold; among others, one to Judge B—, of this city. One of the book-sellers has agreed to put a few in his window, but I have not heard whether any of them are sold yet. Horace Carr has a few; he can dispose of them where they will tell. I shall take some to the Civic Study Club this week. I hope soon to send for more. I see by the last LUCIFER that our dear Moses is at last in prison. I look at his picture and wonder! It is a fine picture. I should think those judges and his "keepers" would be ashamed to look him in the eye! I—says, and I think the suggestion an excellent one, that it would be a good idea to print Moses' picture on the front page of every number of LUCIFER while he is incarcerated. It should be printed with a brief comment, such as "This is the man who is serving a sentence at Joliet for his earnest championship of the cause of freedom; especially the freedom of women." This is merely a suggestion, of course, and very likely our Moses is too modest to take kindly at first thought to the idea. But don't you think it would be a good thing, and would attract attention in a way that would help to interest people? His is such a noble face, so earnest, so refined—people would think, "Why, this man is not guilty of obscenity"; they would have to investigate farther. In an unpopular cause personalities count. And surely modesty may be set aside when it stands in the way of gaining a hearing. To look at that face is to feel at once that here is a man with a purpose. I hope you may think favorably of the suggestion. How is his health? Do you think he will be able to keep up under the strain and the confinement? I know nothing of the management of Joliet. Is it possible that they will carry out the sentence of "hard labor" literally? I will assuredly write to him in his martyrdom—and it seems as though for once it would not be a vain martyrdom; that it must make people think at last.

B. M. JACKSON, M. D., Omaha, Neb.—I know that most of our political "rulers" are rascals, not from choice, but from ignorance insulated by still more ignorant theologians; hence, when one of them "ruled" that "Any and all discussion of the sex question is obscene and so unmentionable," and he added voluntarily that "The only occasion for any talk on such questions is in private conversation of physicians with patients," I marveled at his hopeless ignorance. For I am correct when I say that ninety-nine physicians out of a hundred are as ignorant about matters pertaining to sex as he and Comstock are. Physicians, unless they themselves choose to buy and read literature treating on the subject, live and die ignorant about it. There is not extant a medical college which imparts such instruction, or even refers to the subject. The few physicians who know something about it have acquired that knowledge from non-medical sources. I am almost certain that even the few physicians who have written books treating on sex matters have also acquired their knowledge from individuals without the pale of medicine.

The very "quack" doctors, most of whom have read sex literature, take advantage of their ignorant medical brethren ("family" physicians) by means of glaring advertisements, which bring to them the hordes of discouraged, diseased and ignorant mortals who are slaves to the vices of the flesh, and to whom "family" physicians can render no aid. I have had charge of boys, whose ages ranged from twelve to fifty years, who were "treated" by their "family" physicians for every kind of an imaginary ailment, without either the physician or the patient being enlightened as to the real cause of complaint. The average physician shrinks from the "knowledge of self" just as his ancestor, the priest, has shrunk from time immemorial. Forsooth, do not theologians mold the faculties of the would-be physicians, while they are yet in a sufficiently elastic condition—in other words, during childhood? Men and women who do not know themselves—who depend upon priests to "save" their "souls"—who depend upon physicians to "save" them from sickness or death—who depend upon teachers to "save" them from ignorance—who, lastly, depend upon politicians to "save" them from poverty and all its consequences—must be and will be hopelessly diseased physically, intellectually, socially and politically.

It's safe to lay your cares aside
And rest awhile each day;
Be sure no other man will come
And steal your load away.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE LEAGUE holds public meetings every Sunday night at 8 o'clock in Room 312 Masonic Temple. Free discussion after each lecture. *Lucifer* for sale at meetings. March 15—Jay Fox, "The Paris Commune." March 22—James Armstrong, "Why I Am Not a Collectivist."

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY holds regular meetings Sunday afternoons in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic building. Meetings open at 2:30. Free discussion. *Lucifer* on sale at meetings.

THE SPENCER-WHITMAN CENTER. Liberal discourses. A church of constructive Liberalism. Seats free. Every Sunday, 8 p. m., at Fraternity (Dewey) Hall, 78 East Adams street, Chicago. Also lectures and discussions every Sunday and Thursday evenings, 8 p. m., at headquarters, 2224 Calumet avenue, Chicago.

THE MANHATTAN LIBERAL CLUB meets every Friday evening at 120 East Fifteenth street, New York, at 8 o'clock. E. C. Walker, president. *Lucifer* for sale at meetings.

HUGH O. PENTECOST lectures every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at Lario Hall, Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street, New York. *Lucifer* for sale at meetings.

THE BROOKLYN PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION—Meetings held every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in Long Island Business College, South Eighth street, between Bedford and Driggs avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRIENDSHIP LIBERAL LEAGUE, Philadelphia, Pa., meets every Sunday for lectures and debates upon all subjects of interest to humanity. The place of meeting is 715 North Broad street, and the time is 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. The seats are free and everybody is welcome. George Longford, secretary.

LOS ANGELES LIBERAL CLUB meets every Sunday evening at Mammoth Hall, 517 South Broadway. Lectures and debates. Liberal literature for free distribution. Admission free. Mrs. Eleanor Prescott, secretary.

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Love's Way to Perfect Humanhood.

BY AGNES BENHAM.

An excellent companion for Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age." The keynote of the book, found on page 18, reads thus: "The soul itself is pure and heavenly, and if at the moment of conception and through the process of time when it is building its earthly house it could meet with entirely responsive and congenial conditions, then would the earth be peopled with a race of gods." Price 11c. Published by the author, Agnes Benham, Adelaide, South Australia.

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BY ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Author of "Merrie England," "Britain for the British," etc. Some of the chapter headings are: The Sin of Unbelief; What I Can and Cannot Believe in the Bible; The Word of God; Evolution of the Bible; What is Christianity? Can Men Sin Against God? This book, as well as "Merrie England," has had a great run, both in England and America, among that class of people who do their own thinking. Price, paper cover, 50c; cloth, \$1.

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A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY THADDEUS HURR WAKEMAN.

This is a most effective "missionary document" relative to the attempted suppression of free speech by the postal censorship. It contains half-tone portraits of the author and of Moses Harman. We want this letter distributed as widely and as effectively as possible, and as some who might be able to distribute it may not be able to buy we have felt reluctant to set a price on it. Let such not hesitate to order any quantity desired, even though unable to send money. For those who can afford to help bear the expense of publication, the price is 5 cents a copy, or 25 cents a dozen.

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LUCIFER.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

ENTERED AT THE CHICAGO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CHICAGO, MARCH 29, E. M. 306 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1062

HEROES.

[NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1906.—My Dear Brother Harman: The announcement of your incarceration makes most painfully realistic your heroic life story, and my sympathy and loving admiration find something of expression in the following lines copied from a clipping lately sent me and which most truly picture your pure and noble spirit. Reverently yours, ERNEST WINNE.]

When I think sometimes of what wondrous fame
Hath fallen upon men of noisy deeds,
Of laurel sung for every drop that bleeds
And grateful nations busy with a name,
I think of those who, deaf to praise or blame,
Labor in silence for their brothers' needs,
Sowing in darkness those immortal seeds
To one day blossom in men's souls like flame.
Ah, these unrecognized, unhalloed, denied!
These heroes, of what land or age they be,
Who mutely anguish at the task undone—
These wonderful, strong Christs, not crucified
On a high place for all the world to see,
But striving on unnoted and alone!

—Theodosia Garrison.

OUR DESPOTIC POSTAL CENSORSHIP.

We recur with much reluctance to the despotic censorship which is growing up in the postoffice department under cover of well-meant congressional legislation for the suppression of vice and fraud. The subject cannot be neglected while that crude and careless legislation remains upon the statute books unamended. For this censorship, already destructive of some of the legitimate postal rights of some persons, is becoming more and more expansive in scope and despotic in execution.

The particular instance regarding which we are about to submit the facts, relates, as did a previous one, to the Chicago periodical known as LUCIFER, which the postoffice department is endeavoring to suppress on the manifestly false pretense that it is an obscene publication. On the same pretense and by the same influence, the editor, Mr. Moses Harman, has been imprisoned through the machinery of the federal courts.

LUCIFER is devoted in good faith to the propagation of its editor's opinions regarding sex relationships. Although these opinions are contrary to ours, we conceive that they may nevertheless be entitled to respectful consideration, and we therefore demand for them the same freedom of expression that we enjoy for our own. They are, indeed, hostile to the perpetuation of certain ecclesiastical and social conventionalities, but only a false witness or a moral pervert would deliberately pronounce them obscene. The product of a philosophical and not a salacious mind, they present for rational thought questions of human welfare which demand unmeasured expression.

But the vital question presented by the particular circumstances to be here considered, is not whether LUCIFER's opinions and ours, or its opinions and anybody else's, are at variance. It is not whether one kind of opinion or another shall be suppressed. It is not whether obscenity shall be excluded from the mails, nor even whether LUCIFER is actually guilty of obscene utterances. The vital question to the American people in this and all similar cases is whether any person shall, upon any pretense whatever, be deprived of his liberty or his property, so far as either depends upon the use of the mails, without a fair trial and in accordance with public law and unimpeached precedents. It is the old question of "administrative process" in a new form.

That the right to use the mails depends, under the act of Congress as it now exists, upon the mere whim of administrative officers we have already proved. We purpose now to confirm that proof with additional evidence. At the same time we shall demonstrate specifically the following assertions:

1. Any periodical, though it contains nothing obscene, is subject to exclusion peremptorily from the mails as a purveyor of obscenity, upon the mere order of administrative officials of the postoffice department.
2. Exclusion orders are made ostensibly in accordance with precedents of the department created by rulings in particular cases upon what constitutes obscenity; but these precedents are secret, and by refusing to define their limitations upon request the department prevents publishers from guarding against the penalties of orders of exclusion.
3. Publishers whose periodicals are so excluded are accorded no protection by the courts against unjust exclusions, not even though the exclusion be made in manifest bad faith. As the law stands, the postmaster general's dictum, right or wrong, and whether with good intent or evil intent, is absolute.
4. In practice the postoffice department excludes periodicals from the mails for publishing articles denounced as obscene, which in fact are not obscene.
5. The law as it now stands affords officials of the postoffice department a degree of opportunity for corrupt discrimination in excluding periodicals, which it is unsafe to repose in any official and which ought to be carefully guarded against by Congress.

I.
About the middle of August last we were advised that the issue of LUCIFER of August 3 had been excluded from the mails by postal order. According to our information, the matter specified as objectionable was in a paragraph of each of two indicated articles.

The first of these paragraphs was clearly not objectionable to the law, unless President Roosevelt's observations on race suicide were objectionable to it; the second was no more so, unless a book it named by title is on the postal index expurgatorius. We should have no hesitation in republishing both paragraphs for the purpose of showing their innocence, were it not for the fact that the postoffice department has them now on its index expurgatorius. This fact alone, were we to republish them here, would subject this issue of "The Public" to the risk of exclusion from the mails by order of the postoffice department, and without possibility of protection from the courts.

Upon examining the articles in question we wrote, August 12, 1905, to the Chicago postmaster as follows:

Mr. Moses Harman, the publisher of LUCIFER the Light-Bearer, which is entered at the Chicago postoffice, writes us to the effect that his issue of August 3d was submitted to your office for mailing; that your office advised that the first two articles of the issue were unsuitable under section 497 of the "Postal Laws and Regulations"; and that the question is now before the department at Washington awaiting its decision, the issue of LUCIFER for August 3d being meanwhile practically denied circulation through the mails.

The first article he indicates is signed . . . and the second purports to be an article in the . . . by . . . I have read the articles with a good deal of care, and fail to find in them anything that can possibly, either in thought or phrase, fall within what I should suppose would be considered a fair interpretation of the section of the "Postal Laws and Regulations" referred to above.

If the articles were in harmony with my own views, I should never think of refusing them admission to my columns, although I am extremely careful, entirely apart from any consideration of the postal laws and regulations, to avoid giving offense with reference to the general subject with

which these articles are allied. I can see no reason whatever for refusing them admission to any publication on any other ground than that, as in my case, they are out of harmony with its editorial policy. I am therefore constrained to believe that there must be some mistake or misunderstanding. It does not seem to me possible that your office would take the action which the publisher of *LUCIFER* tells me has been taken respecting these articles.

May I therefore respectfully ask you to inform me of the facts so far as your office is concerned?

The reply of the Chicago postmaster, promptly made and bearing the date of August 14, was as follows:

Replying to yours of August 12, concerning the publication *LUCIFER*, the issue of August 3 contains obscene literature, judged by the precedent set by the department at Washington in its rulings on this publication. The alleged objectionable matter is found in the . . . paragraph, beginning . . . in the . . . column of page . . . also in the . . . paragraph from the bottom of the same column, beginning . . . In this paragraph a pamphlet is advertised which contains obscene matter.

If the matter is not obscene in the meaning of the law, the ruling of the department at Washington will render the matter mailable, and no damage will result to the publication.

There has been no misunderstanding on the part of this office in its action on this issue of the publication. This action is entirely within the departmental instructions, and so far in the history of this publication the action of this office has been upheld by the department.

The paragraphs specified in the postmaster's letter, the specific reference to which we omit for reasons explained in the footnote, were the same paragraphs as those to which our attention had been originally called. The second one was held to be objectionable only because it named a book which is on the postal index expurgatorius.

This letter from the Chicago postmaster throws some light on the indifference of the postal authorities to personal rights. "If the matter is not obscene," calmly writes the Chicago postmaster (doubtless by the hand of a bureaucratic subordinate), "the rulings of the department at Washington will render the matter mailable, and no damage will result to the publication." No damage will result to the publication! A whole issue of a publication may be stopped while a bureau at Washington leisurely considers whether it contains obscenity, and if the bureau's decision is favorable, "no damage will result to the publication"! This discloses a queer notion of the nature of newspaper property. However, as to our inquiry the Chicago postmaster's letter was as specific as could be required, and we awaited the final action of the department upon the postmaster's order of exclusion.

Meanwhile the Chicago postmaster had found it necessary, in accordance with the precedents of the department, to exclude also the issue of *LUCIFER* of August 17.

In this instance the accusation, as reported to us, was plainly imaginary. It rested in part upon the republication of an editorial from the "Woman's Journal," of Boston, the national woman suffrage organ, and one of the purest and most reputable periodicals in the United States, and in part upon an extract from an official report of the agricultural department of the United States government.

We, thereupon, wrote this letter, dated August 20, to the Chicago postmaster:

Thank you for your prompt, courteous and full reply of August 14 to mine of August 12, in which I had inquired relative to denial of mail service to the edition of the paper *LUCIFER* of August 3.

In one respect you misunderstood me. It was not my intention to imply that your office is acting recklessly with reference to the policy of the department, or contrary to departmental instructions. I was only seeking information as to the policy, rulings and instructions of the department as applied by you in a particular case.

And now I must trouble you again in the same way. I am informed that the issue of *LUCIFER* of August 17 also has been refused mail service, and that the refusal is based on the charge that an article reproduced in it from the "Woman's Journal," of Boston, and written by one of the editors of that paper, Alice Stone Blackwell, is unlawful under section 497 of "Postal Laws and Regulations." As the "Woman's Journal" is the principal journalistic representative of the woman suffrage movement in the United States, and is everywhere respected as a pure and able publication, and Miss Blackwell is a woman of national reputation with a

*We omit the specific references made in the postmaster's letter, because their inclusion here might subject this issue of "The Public" to suppression by order of the postal censor. The same act of Congress by authority of which *LUCIFER* was censured for publishing those articles provides also that "notice of any kind giving information, directly or indirectly, where or how, or of whom or by what means an 'obscene' . . . publication of an indecent character" may be obtained is itself "non-mailable matter." Since the censors have already decided that the articles in question are obscene and indecent, they might decide that the naming of them by title and page, in connection with the name of the publication in which they appeared, is a notice making the paper publishing it also guilty under the statute and therefore subject to suppression. Were they to so decide, they could suppress this issue of "The Public," and we should be without protection or redress or any power to get a judicial trial.

stainless character, this action of your office is of peculiar importance and of exceptional public concern.

The matter also concerns me personally, for in my good faith I also have reproduced an extract from Miss Blackwell's article. Whether the part I have reproduced includes any of the articles in which you are said to object I cannot positively know until I learn definitely from you the particular part or parts of that article (the whole and every part of which seem to me a thoroughly clean and just criticism of the present postal administration) to which postal objection is made and for the republication of which the mail service is denied to *LUCIFER* of August 17—if such service has been denied on account of anything contained in Miss Blackwell's article.

Both for my own guidance, therefore, and also for legitimate public use, will you kindly indicate to me specifically, in such way as you think proper, what are the grounds for the exclusion from the mails of the edition of *LUCIFER* of August 17?

The postmaster's reply, bearing date of August 29, was as follows:

Replying to yours of August 26, three pounds of the publication *LUCIFER*, of the issue of August 17, were offered for mailing at this office, and the copies are held, awaiting decision by the department at Washington as to whether or not they are mailable under Sec. 497, P. L. & R.

The matter to which the attention of the department has been especially drawn by this office is the article at the head of the . . . column of page . . . and the . . . lines at the . . . of the . . . column of page . . .

Judging by precedent, this matter is in violation of section 497, and under postal instructions it is the duty of this office to submit the matter to the department at Washington for a ruling.

Owing to the indifference of this letter from the postmaster, we made the following further inquiry, in a letter to him bearing date of August 30:

Thank you for your reply of the 26th to mine of 26th, in re issue of *LUCIFER* of August 17.

You say that "the attention of the department has been especially drawn" by your office to "the article at the . . . of the . . . column of page . . . and the . . . lines at the . . . of the . . . column of page . . .". As you qualify your statement by the word "especially," may I further ask whether you acted also on any other part of the article on page . . . or on any other article in the issue in question?

And if it would be proper for you to give it, I should like the following additional information regarding the objectionability of the article at the head of the . . . column of page . . .

1. Does the objection apply to the use of the title of Dr. —'s book in the . . . line of that article?

2. Does it apply to the language of the comparison between mankind and horse kind in lines . . . and . . . of the text of the article?

3. Does it apply to the quotation in line . . . of the text of the article, purporting to be from page . . . of a "Special Report on Diseases of the Horse," prepared under the direction of Dr. F. E. Hahnemann, and issued by the Bureau of animal industry in the United States department of agriculture?

4. Does it apply to the quotation in lines . . . and . . . of the text of the article in question, purporting to be from the text of the above described report of the agricultural department?

5. Does it apply to the use of the title of Dr. —'s book in the . . . line of the text of the article in question?

Noting what you say to the effect that the articles in question are in violation of section 497 according to precedent, and that it is your duty under postal instructions to submit them to the department for a ruling, I wish to assure you of my absolute confidence in your good faith and that of your office. Permit me also to apologize for presuming to interrogate you so minutely as I do in this letter. Believe me, I am far from desiring to annoy you, or your office, or the department. But it seems to me of the utmost importance that editors and the reading public should know the extent of the limitations that the rulings of the department are imposing upon editorial discussion, quotation, etc., and it is only to this and that I trouble you.

Following was the Chicago postmaster's reply of September 1 to the foregoing letter:

Replying to yours of August 30, relative to the publication *LUCIFER*, I cannot answer your specific questions with a direct "yes" or "no." I see no necessity for this office to explain its objection to this printed matter in the manner you have prescribed. The article in question may be "obscene," within the meaning of the law. That is for the department at Washington to decide. To quote your statement, it may be "of the utmost importance that editors and the reading public should know the extent of the limitations that the rulings of the department are imposing upon editorial discussion, quotations, etc." But it is not within the province of this office to interpret the law. That is the prerogative of the department at Washington. This office can only refer you to the statute and to the rulings of the department in specific cases.

In answer to the first question of yours of August 30, all references to the book " . . . " were marked in the copy sent to the department by

[Indicating the articles containing quotation from United States Agricultural Report and two lines of the "Woman's Journal" article.]

[Specific reference omitted for reasons stated in previous footnote.]

[Name of book omitted for reasons heretofore given. The book mentioned in the postmaster's letter is not the United States Agricultural Report, but Dr. —'s book entitled " . . . "]

this office. These references are not necessarily objectionable. The quotation from the book may be.

Having been refused in the preceding letter the information we sought, and referred therein "to the rulings of the department in specific cases," we addressed the postmaster general in the following letter, dated September 6:

Will you kindly examine the inclosed correspondence between myself and the postmaster at Chicago and, if in your judgment proper to do so, favor me with the information which the Chicago postmaster does not regard it proper for his office to furnish?

To facilitate your examination of the inclosures, I describe them as follows:

1. My letter of August 26 asking (for legitimate public use) for a specification of the grounds for the Chicago postmaster's exclusion from the mails of the edition of the Chicago periodical *LUCIFER*, of August 17, 1905.

2. The postmaster's response of August 29, indicating the matter to which the attention of your department was "especially drawn" by the Chicago postmaster as furnishing grounds for the exclusion.

3. My reply of August 30, asking specific questions, with a view to ascertaining exactly, and all, the matter objected to in the edition of *LUCIFER* in question, the postmaster having qualified his response to my former letter with the word "especially," as you will observe by reference to the copy of his response inclosed.

4. The postmaster's reply of September 1, stating that he sees no necessity for explaining his objection to the printed matter in question in the manner I have requested, and referring to your department.

My specific requests of your department are:

First. Whether the Chicago postmaster, in denying mail service to the issue of *LUCIFER* of August 17, noted as objectionable any other part or parts of that issue than the parts described by him in his letters to me of August 29 and September 1. If so, what part or parts?

Second. Whether the objections he noted applied to the issue of *LUCIFER* in question, as indicated by any or all of those questions in my letter to him of August 30, which are therein distinguished by the numerals 2, 3 and 4.

As I stated in my letter of August 30 to the Chicago postmaster, it is no part of my purpose to annoy your department, or any branch of it, with impertinent inquiries. I may add that I have no intention of soliciting any information that the general public has no right to know. But I shall be greatly obliged if your department will give me the information solicited above, so far as it may be within the bounds of propriety, and, to save further inquiry from me, will be sufficiently specific with reference to any of my requests that you may think improper, so to assure me that the failure to reply is because they are improper and not because they are accidentally overlooked.

The reply to the foregoing letter was dated September 13, and came from the first assistant postmaster general, who wrote:

In reply to your letter of the 6th instant to the postmaster general, you are informed that this department cannot undertake to specify in detail the objectionable matter appearing in the issue of the periodical *LUCIFER*, of August 17, 1905, which caused the exclusion of that issue from the mails.

This reply was so obviously an attempt to evade responsibility, and so manifestly indicative of a disposition to censor the mails not only arbitrarily but secretly, that we renewed our inquiries. This seemed necessary in order to make sure that the foregoing letter was deliberately in execution of a policy of secret censorship instituted by the department, and not merely the irresponsible act of a careless first assistant.

Our letter renewing our previous inquiries was also addressed to the postmaster general. It bore date of September 18, and as will be noted from its reproduction below, it sought the information on the special ground that the department's decision had made a precedent, the limitations of which ought to be divulged upon application by persons likely to be affected by it in conducting their business:

I am in receipt of reply of the 15th by the first assistant postmaster general to my letter of inquiry of the 6th, in which the first assistant postmaster general advises me that your department cannot undertake to specify in detail the objectionable matter appearing in the issue of the periodical *LUCIFER* of August 17, 1905, which caused the exclusion of that issue from the mails.

Since receiving that letter I am informed that your department has sustained the postmaster at Chicago in his exclusion of the issue of *LUCIFER* of August 17, and that this has been done because in that issue it published an editorial entitled "....." and an article copied from the "Woman's Journal," entitled "....." Inasmuch as the matter has been finally decided by your department, and is no longer under advisement, I wish to ascertain the extent of your adjudication, for the purpose of understanding its effect as a precedent.

As to the article from the "Woman's Journal," your adjudication is sufficiently specific in one respect, namely, the lines at the top of the column of page of *LUCIFER* of August 17, and as to that I have no question to ask.

As to the other part of the same article, the matter about way down the column of page of *LUCIFER*, which you have adju-

dated to be objectionable, will you kindly inform me whether or not your adjudication rests only or at all upon the naming there of the title of a book?

I should like also to know whether your adjudication as to the "Woman's Journal" article in *LUCIFER* rests upon anything else than the naming of that book, and upon the lines at the of the column of page

Finally, as to the article in *LUCIFER* entitled "....." it seems to me especially important, since the postmaster at Chicago advises me that he acts in these questions upon the precedents your department establishes, that I should know the full bearing of the precedent established with reference to this particular article. The article, as you will recall, mentions the title of a book, and quotes from an official report of the United States department of agriculture. Will you kindly inform me whether your adjudication as to this article rests upon the naming of the book, or the quotation from the agricultural department's report, or both?

Please understand me. I am not endeavoring to probe the mental processes whereby the conclusions of your department were arrived at. All I am asking for is the extent of the conclusions themselves, in so far as they go to make a precedent.

Regretting what seems to me to be the necessity for further troubling you in this matter, I am, etc.

The reply of the department to the foregoing letter confirmed the indications of the first assistant's letter of the 15th. It showed that arbitrary and secret censorship is a deliberate policy of the department; either that, or else that F. H. Hitchcock, first assistant postmaster general, deliberately misrepresented the department. For the reply, signed by F. H. Hitchcock as first assistant postmaster general, and dated September 27, was as follows:

Your letter of the 15th instant, addressed to the postmaster general, has been referred to this office for reply. With reference to your questions relative to certain objectionable articles which appeared in the issue of the publication *LUCIFER*, of August 17, you are informed that the position of the department in the matter was stated in a letter to you bearing date of the 15th instant.

We invite attention to the bureaucratic superciliousness of this reply to proper questions respectfully asked. The department refuses to answer further than by reference to its prior letter. In its prior letter it declined to "undertake to specify in detail the objectionable matter," etc. Now what had we asked? Observe the substance of our questions and the department's reply:

Question: Did the department's adjudication as to a certain part of a certain article "rest only or at all upon the naming there of the title of a book?"

Answer: The department "cannot undertake to specify in detail the objectionable matter."

Question: Did the department's adjudication as to the "Woman's Journal" article rest upon anything else than the name of a book and certain indicated lines?

Answer: The department "cannot undertake to specify in detail the objectionable matter."

Question: One of the indicated articles "mentions the title of a book, and quotes from an official report of the United States department of agriculture. Will you kindly inform me whether your adjudications as to this article rests upon the naming of the book, or the quotation from the agricultural department's report, or both?"

Answer: The department "cannot undertake to specify in detail the objectionable matter."

Soon after the foregoing correspondence we learned of the censorship by the postoffice department of a subsequent issue of *LUCIFER*, the issue of October 12. According to a still later issue of *LUCIFER*, the circumstances of this censorship were these: One of the articles in that issue of *LUCIFER*, to which the postoffice department was understood to have objected, was merely a catalogue of books. Among the authors were John Stuart Mill, August Bebel and other thinkers of reputation; and none of them is apparently obscene unless every serious discussion of the philosophy and physiology of sex is to be considered as in that abhorrent category. The other article contains a quotation from the London "Pernightly Review," which includes one from Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," proposing pensions as a preventive of what President Roosevelt calls race suicide.

Upon learning of the suppression of this issue of *LUCIFER* we addressed the following letter of inquiry to the postmaster general, under date of October 20:

I am informed that the Chicago postmaster has excluded from the mails the issue of the Chicago paper named *LUCIFER*, of October 12, 1905, and that the exclusion is based upon an article on page ... first and ... column, containing a descriptive catalogue of books, and upon an article on page ... second column, containing a quotation from Bernard Shaw's

(These preceding foot notes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 491.)

*Titles of editorials are here omitted for precautionary reasons. See preceding footnotes.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY AT 500 FULTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
TELEPHONE: ASHLAND 1727.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....\$1.00 Three months.....25 cents
Six months.....50 cents Single copies.....5 cents
Hereafter *Lucifer* will not be sent to subscribers after expiration of subscription except by special request. Please compare number on your wrapper with whole number of paper, and if your subscription is about to expire notify us if you wish to continue to receive *Lucifer*.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:

E. C. WALKER, 244 WEST 142D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary*.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same*.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—*Same*.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—*Same*.

The name *Lucifer* means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—*First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.*

Letters for *LUCIFER* should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

The article on "Our Despotism Postal Censorship," by Louis F. Post, occupies so much of the space in this issue that much other matter to which we should like to give place is crowded out. But we feel that Mr. Post's able presentation of the case is of such importance that it should be given completely. "The Public" has published it in a neat and convenient shape. We have ordered a supply and are sure it will be circulated. The price is 5 cents a copy, 25 cents a dozen. But as in the case of the Wakeman Letter, the money, though important, is not of first consideration. If the pamphlets are placed where they will awaken thought and action the work will be well done, even though a part of the money invested is lost. Let those who can pay for the literature do so, but let no one refrain from assisting in the circulation because of lack of money. The work must go forward. Progress is being made and will continue, we are sure. Though forced to silence, the spirit of the imprisoned editor is felt by an increasing number, who would never have read his words had he remained at liberty.

A PIONEER IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM FOR WOMEN.

Susan B. Anthony—whose name, once so widely ridiculed and execrated, is now praised and honored—lived to see the cause for which she had labored a lifetime become respected. She experienced the petty persecution of the public press, such as that now endured by Emma Goldman and others. Her views on the equality of woman in the home and the nation, once so startling, are now so commonly indorsed that she has seemed almost to belong in the ranks of the conservatives. Nevertheless, she had experienced arrest and condemnation, and has had her writings censored by postal officials—and was not convinced of the erroneousness of her views by those weighty arguments.

In the presidential election of 1872 Miss Anthony cast a vote and for this crime, for this attack on the foundations of society, she was

arrested, tried and sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and costs. "May it please your honor," she said, "I shall never pay a dollar of that unjust penalty." Nor was it paid by herself or any other person.

During a visit in Berlin she posted letters in the official envelopes of the suffrage association, which bore the motto, "No just government can be formed without the consent of the governed." In a few days an official brought back a large package, saying, "Such sentiments are not allowed to pass through the postoffice."

"In the quarters of one of the devotees at the old monastery of the Cantosa, at Florence, there lies, on a small table, an open book, in which visitors register," says Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in her "Reminiscences." "On the occasion of Miss Anthony's visit the pen and ink proved so unpromising that her entire party declined this opportunity to make themselves famous, but she made the rebellious pen inscribe, 'Perfect equality for women, civil, political, religious.' Susan B. Anthony, U. S. A." Friends who visited the monastery next day, reported that lines had been drawn through this heretical sentiment."

Miss Anthony was a woman of "one idea"—so the world would say. I believe that she accomplished great good for women, and therefore for all humanity. "Who will rock the cradle when the women go to vote?" was sneeringly asked of the suffragists. It was claimed that if a wife had the right to legally register an opinion at variance from that of her husband, the family would be disrupted, the home destroyed and society thrown into a state of chaos. Just as those who oppose a still wider freedom for women, their prototypes held that the love of father and mother for each other and for their children could not exist in freedom, unconscious that thus they most bitterly assailed human nature, and ignoring the fact that the home and the family can exist in their highest and their best only in the pure, sweet atmosphere of freedom and love.

L. H.

DENIAL OF FREE DISCUSSION AN OUTRAGE.

It was with sincere sorrow that I heard of your father's being sent to Joliet. He goes there with a good conscience, however, which will probably make him happier, even in prison, than his persecutors deserve to be; and if anything can be done to soften his material hardships, I hope you will let me help.

The "Woman's Journal" will have an account of the matter this week, and will invite all who may be interested in helping to get a pardon, if possible, to communicate with the Free Speech League.

We do not agree in our theoretical ideas, but the denial of the right of free discussion of all sorts of theories is an outrage, and it is only a question of time when that right will be fully established. And I can heartily admire your and Mr. Harman's courage, even while differing with you in opinion. Yours with much sympathy,

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

A SAD CIVILIZATION.

MY DEAR LILLIAN HARMAN: The imprisonment of your father is an outrage. Is there no way that the friends of free speech can unite to urge his release? Like many another guiltless prisoner, he has the comfort of a clear conscience and of obedience to his sense of duty. It is a sad civilization that must incarcerate men like him. As the son of one who found happiness in prison walls, I congratulate you on a father worthy of such distinction for the sake of freedom and justice. Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, Mass., March 20, 1906.

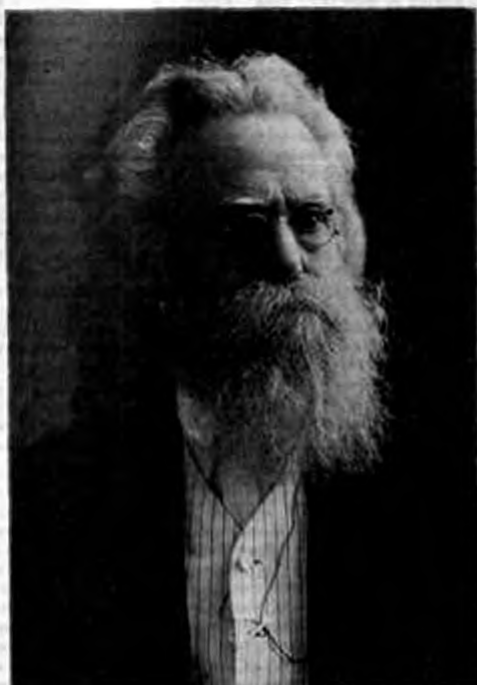
SAYS EDITOR'S PICTURE ADDS INTEREST.

By all means keep Mr. Harman's benign countenance in *LUCIFER*. It takes extra fine paper, here are 22 toward it, and I trust you will find many other contributors for this same purpose. Its presence in *LUCIFER* will not only add interest, but show to the world what kind of a man is in prison in the state of Illinois for upholding the most sacred rights of women. Very truly,
E. B. FOOTE.
120 Lexington avenue, New York.

Great is Democracy! Under its palladium even the humblest of us has a voice. We are permitted to vote. We elect our public servants. Then we permit our good masters to select a committee to watch our appointees. Then we have a voters' league to keep an eye on the committee. Then we have a society to watch the voters' league. And so ad infinitum.—Selected.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 5 months and 17 days old. He has served 31 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

★ ★ ★

The Free Speech League has issued a slip containing the following matter. It is designed to circulate in connection with the Open Letter, by T. B. Wakeman, and in other ways as well:

One year in prison, beginning March 1, 1906, is the sentence being served at Joliet, Ill., by Moses Harman, aged 75 years, teacher, preacher, editor, reformer; an earnest, honest, steadfast, brave, unflinching, Garrison-type of man—the last victim of ill-defined, misconstrued, much-abused obscenity laws; the last martyr for free press; the last to suffer "for opinion's sake."

The United States government ought to be letting him go, and asking his pardon for so gross a mistake in forgetting its fundamental constitution and principles, but this is "too much to expect," so the friends of the prisoner, for the sake of the government, to save their respect for it, will now ask a pardon for the prisoner who has committed no real offense. To this absurd extremity have we come at last that we must ask for a pardon for Harman.

All who can and will aid in the effort to atone for one of the first mistakes of a "free government" in the twentieth century will communicate with the Free Speech League, 175 Broadway, New York.

"Straws show how the wind blows." Here is the first sign that

a storm is brewing. In the "New York American's" February 22 report of the senate debate on pure food bill, by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, occur the following lines:

"At this point Mr. Bailey, of Texas, arose and immediately lifted the discussion from the level of dictionary definitions to that of statesmanship. He challenged the right of the federal government to interfere in what should (as he contended) be a matter proper to the state police.

"I believe the rascal who sells poisons to the public is a public enemy, and should be sent to prison; but I believe that state and not federal law should be the instrument. . . . I say that one criminal state prosecution would do more to correct abuses than any bureau. . . . Take the postoffice; no such despot was ever legally created as the postmaster general. He can destroy any man's business simply by saying, on his private responsibility, that it shall stop; and there is no appeal for the victim, save to the officer who condemned him. . . . It is un-American. . . . The entire federal government cannot take away a man's home; but a single individual may take away his business and reputation without recourse or compensation."

How much longer will the press of this country remain silent in the face of such facts?

A VISIT TO THE PRISONER.

On Monday, March 26, I had a short interview with my father. His health has suffered from the confinement and prison diet, but in spirit he is cheerful and hopeful. He feels, however, that if present conditions continue he will probably not outlive his term of imprisonment. There is a great deal of consumption in the Joliet penitentiary. He is confined in his cell nearly all the time, and his cell-mate, who sleeps in the lower bunk with his head about three feet below father's, coughs a great deal of the time. I did not understand whether he is a consumptive or not.

Father was compelled to submit to vaccination—the first time in his life in which he has undergone that operation. Because of trouble resulting from the vaccination, and the coughing of his cell-mate, he has not yet been able to obtain proper sleep. The general prison diet is better than in some other prisons, but is not suited to him, and he cannot have the food to which he is accustomed and which consists principally of fruit. The prisoners are permitted to eat while they are talking to their visitors, but can carry nothing in their cells. He had eaten nothing that day, hoping we would come. We took him some of the finest apples (his favorite fruit) that we could find. It was hard to be obliged to bring away all he could not eat while talking, when we knew he so needed them.

He wrote a letter, about two weeks ago, but it was not permitted to be mailed, owing, I understand, to the fact that those through whose hands it passed considered that it contained criticisms of the management of the prison. Unless he obtains a special permit from the deputy warden he cannot write another letter until five weeks from the date of that letter.

He is allowed to receive magazines and books that are not considered improper by the officials through whose hands they pass. He has received "The Public," "Tomorrow Magazine," "Everybody's," Shaw's "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant," the Chicago "Daily Tribune" and the "Record-Herald," and other publications. He cannot receive LUCIFER, the Chicago "Daily Journal" is barred, and I understand the "American" and "Examiner" are classed with the "Journal." LUCIFER is barred because of its criticism of acts of government officials.

He has no employment, and is not allowed to have paper or pencil in his possession.

Some of the letters sent to him have not been delivered, owing to the fact that the writers have criticized the acts of officials or have attempted to "make a hero" of the prisoner. The prison officials feel that they have had nothing to do with sending prisoners there, but that, once there, all are to be considered equally guilty. The letters which are not delivered to him now will be retained and given to him on his release.

Letters from the following named friends were addressed to the prison and received by him: W. C. Cope, Otto Wettstein, Thomas J. Griffiths, George B. Wheeler, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, J. R. Price, M. D.; Mollie A. Price, A. Wangemann, Mattie Day Haworth, Loretta Mann Hammond, Viola Richardson, Ed. W. Chamberlain, Henry Bool, George Harman, Annie E. Parkhurst, Sara Crist Campbell, Emma Greene, C. N. Greene, C. J. Zeitlinger, Ella Slater, H. W. Boomer, Leonard D. Abbott, Lily White, Mrs. A. C. Zimmerman, Walter Hart, Frank Weller, Dr. Levenson, M. Florence Johnson, Mrs. Katherine Buck, Mrs. H. M. Lyndall, Parker H. Scrumbie.

Letters forwarded through Lecturer offices: S. J. Gill, James Myers, Parker H. Sercombe, the Rev. John V. Potts, Mrs. Olive Clifford, Allen Haddock, Ollie M. Steedman, Joshua Harman, Eugene V. Debs, Walter Hurt, Louis F. Post, William Lloyd Garrison.

The foregoing is a list of the letters which father handed to me. It is possible that he did not give me all that he had received. Some that I sent him were not included.

I have received a considerable number of letters which I have not forwarded. Some I wanted to copy before sending, and will send later. Others I did not forward because I felt sure they would not be given to him.

He is very glad to receive letters. In writing please let the penmanship be as clear and distinct as possible. Do not ask questions which require reply, as he cannot answer. Such questions should be sent to this office. All letters received will be acknowledged from time to time in this way. I hope no one will be deterred from writing by the limitations to expression which it is necessary to observe. Now that reading is practically his only occupation letters will probably be more welcome than at any other time in his life.

I believe that this statement of facts is sufficient, and that comment is unnecessary. I have no desire to make an appeal for sympathy. Understanding as I do the feeling of love and admiration for him which so many of the readers of these lines share with me, I will only express the hope that those feelings will be embodied, not in a "suffering sympathy," but in a "working sympathy." Life is sweet to Moses Harman. Liberty of body is dear to him. But the work to which his life is devoted is more to him than life itself.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

NOTABLE ACTION AT THE SUNRISE CLUB.

NEW YORK CITY, March 19, 1906.

At the one hundred and seventy-third dinner of the Sunrise Club, tonight at the Café Boulevard, the opening speaker was Theodore Schroeder, and his subject, "From Sacramental to Secular Marriage." The topic suggested to Horace Traubel, editor of "The Conservator," that it would be timely to enter the club's protest against the persecution and imprisonment of Moses Harman. Accordingly, the chairman, the writer of this, very briefly referred to the facts and the vital issues involved, leaving to Mr. Traubel the task of showing to whom the reference was made and the immediate connection of Mr. Harman's work with the theme of the evening's discussion.

Whereupon, astonishing as it may seem, there were calls of "Who is Moses Harman?" and "What is it all about?" After Mr. Traubel had expressed his conviction that there should not be any man or woman in any progressive society in America under the necessity of asking such questions, the chairman gave a short sketch of Mr. Harman's fight of a quarter of a century for the opportunity to calmly and sanely investigate the relations of the sexes. He outlined the various prosecutions which LUCIFER and its editor have undergone, and gave a succinct description of the administrative process as it has developed in the postoffice during the past few years. Then he called for a rising vote of protest, which was given with practical unanimity.

To put the protest and condemnation on record, Mr. Benjamin Franklin offered the preamble and resolution which follow, and which, stenographically taken by Mrs. Bertha W. Howe, went through with a rush:

"WHEREAS, Moses Harman, editor of LUCIFER, of the city of Chicago, has been incarcerated in the penitentiary by reason of the fact of the exercise of the right of an American citizen in publishing his views on questions of importance to the present day and generation; therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the members of the Sunrise Club of the city of New York, that we, as a liberal organization, protest against the high-handed and autocratic measures of the postal department and other departments of the government, and that we look upon these actions as a menace to the rights of free speech and a free press."

Mrs. Florence Fairview Wieland said that talk was well; but that it needed tangible backing, and led with a banknote. The plate was passed and the sum of \$27.15 collected for the defense of LUCIFER and to help in the enlightenment of the people.

Mrs. Marie Halpern suggested that all present affix their signatures to the resolution, and at the close of the meeting Mrs. Grace Potter obtained the list inclosed, about two-fifths of the diners having left before the collector could reach them.

EDWIN C. WALKER.

244 West One Hundred and Forty-third street.

Sixty names were signed to the Sunrise Club dinner resolution.

TOMORROW MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

"The Culturist," of Cincinnati, Walter Hurt, editor, having consolidated with "To-Morrow Magazine," of Chicago, the combination of these two "think" publications has resulted in a new unusual output for April. Besides adding Walter Hurt and Margaret Warren Springer to its regular editorial staff, "To-Morrow" has also acquired Charles A. Sandberg, whose "Views and Reviews" and an illustrated "Appreciation of Jack London" are notable contributions.

"To-Morrow" continues the serials, "The History of Human Marriage," by Lida Paroe Robinson; "Rights," by Herman Kuka; "High Finance in Mexico," by Parker H. Sercombe, and "Reservations and Government Aid to Indians," by Dr. Carlos Montezuma. In the "Culturist" section, by Walter Hurt, is published a notable personal letter from Eugene V. Debs, and an "Appreciation of Moses Harman," with frontispiece portrait (Moses Harman and grandchild); "Plutocracy's Murderous Plot," referring to the Colorado miners on trial for murder; "Our Judicial Criminals," etc. The regular comments by the editors will be of unusual interest to thinkers, and contain "The Need of Friends," "The Psychology of Hate," "Human Interest in the Marriage of Others," "The Author-Hero of the New Revolution" (Thomas W. Lawson), "The Cause and Cure," "The Human World Problems." Altogether, the combined "To-Morrow" and "Culturist" for April is a hot shot into the world of thought and will find many an echo in humanity's progress towards democracy among those who take the time to understand. "To-Morrow Magazine," 2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago. One dollar a year, ten cents on all news stands.

A NEW RADICAL MAGAZINE.

"Mother Earth" for March is the initial number of a new magazine, published by Emma Goldman and edited by Emma Goldman and Max Baginski. "The aim of 'Mother Earth,'" we are told, "will be to present to its readers every phase of liberal thought and activity throughout the world, whether in the realm of pure literature, in the whirlpool of revolutionary struggle, or in the somber depths of silent preparation. Recognition is given, however, to the newly awakened desire on the part of vast numbers of those, on the outside of the liberal movement, to know the meaning of the universal unrest in which the whole world shares, but which is directed by scattered groups of workers. 'Mother Earth,' therefore, will be at once informing and educative, and to these ends will enlist the services of the leaders of both thought and action in the various parts of the world."

Among the articles in this number are "The Tragedy of Women's Emancipation," by Emma Goldman; "Without Government," by Max Baginski; "Constockery," John R. Coryell; "Don Quixote's Revenge," Turgeneff; "The British Elections and Labor Parties," H. Kelly; "The Mine Owners' Revenge."

"Mother Earth" is a valuable addition to the literature of advanced thought and should receive a hearty welcome. Ten cents a copy, \$1 a year. Address Emma Goldman, Box 217, Madison Square Station, New York City.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

AMY ORRIS, St. Paul, Kan.—I inclose 25 cents and should like to help circulate the Wakeman Letter. You have my sympathy—also my congratulations.

ANNIE LILLIAN SWIFT, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—I am sending you 25 cents to pay for some literature for distribution. I would send you as many dollars if I could. I will willingly distribute anything you may send me.

DR. T. MORRIS, Columbus, Ohio.—I received a copy of LUCIFER No. 1061 and was sorry to see that in this so-called land of the free a man should be placed in prison for nothing. This seems hard, and yet it is one of the means toward an end, and that end will be the destruction of a form of government that will permit such an outrage. I remember having seen a copy of the issue that was con-

freed by the postoffice department and there was nothing in it that any clear, clean minded man could find fault with. I feel that it is and has been just a matter of spite work, caused by fanatical prejudice. Find enclosed \$1. Send me the worth of one-half of it in Wakeman's Letters and LUCIFER for the rest.

O. CARLTON, 402 Fifth Avenue, Seattle, Wash.—I am pleased to be a reader and student of LUCIFER and wish to meet friends of this paper. A LUCIFER club is what is needed for strength. I inclose 50 cents on subscription and 50 cents for sample copies of LUCIFER and copies of the Wakeman Letter.

DR. S. A. WART, Rock Port, Mo.—The latest copy of LUCIFER has just been read and passed on to a friend. It is good. Will you please mail me another copy? Also send a copy to mark of the names on inclosed list. The picture of your father is splendid. By all means keep it in LUCIFER. There is not a reader of the little paper but will welcome this move and be proud of it.

ED HAYES, Brooklyn, N. Y.—For the inclosed dollar kindly send me a photograph of your noble father. He is to be congratulated. At 75 he is at the fore-front of the battle for human freedom. He is alive and the red blood of the struggle flows in his veins; whereas the majority of men of 50 are gaping their lives away in futile, idiotic and stupid pursuit of money, without an idea or thought above the most sordid and mean affairs. You should be proud.

MRS. BERTHA MOORE, Portland, Ore.—Here is to the man who dares to stand for the right; who dares to face prison bars for Freedom's sake. Victory already is waving for him a crown. Hundreds are now reading the LUCIFER-BRASSER who never read it before, and many are hearing of Harman, America's Grand Old Man, who never before heard of him. American spirit will rise; Comstock shall not write our epitaph. Enclosed is \$1, for which please send me copies of the Wakeman Letter.

E. J. ERNST, Olathe, Kan.—The old Labor Exchange still keeps racing along in my mind. I often feel like starting up the "Progressive Thought" again. I also think of writing for LUCIFER, but keep putting it off. I think short letters, with full names and addresses, would be an interesting feature of the paper.

[We give full name and address when we have reason to believe that such publicity is not objectionable to the writer of the letter. But when in doubt as to the wishes of the writer we think it best to omit the name.]

ADELIN CHAMBERS, Cleveland, Ohio—Here are a few stamps, representing the distribution of a few of the Wakeman Letters. The extra copies of LUCIFER No. 1001 came to hand. I am trying to put them in the hands of people who will read them—I am glad to see that Louis P. Post is on the right side, and his articles are good, too. His influence ought to count for much, for his known disagreement with the ideas advocated by LUCIFER make his championship of Harman and LUCIFER in the fight with the censorship more significant, and should call the attention of people who are not even interested in the sex movement—Emma Goldman gave two fine lectures in this city last week. One was given in German, the other in English, and she had good audiences both evenings. I hope that some of those "who came to scoff, remained to admire," or at least to ponder. Emma is much broader than I expected to find her. I am delighted with her. The initial number of her magazine, "Mother Earth," promises well. I hope it will have a large circulation. "The Tragedy of Woman's Emancipation" is excellent—I am anxious to hear from your father, and to know how he bears up under his imprisonment. Of course I know I cannot hear from him personally, but you will let us know all that can be told the public about his health, etc. I feel that he has gone to jail for me. It is my battle he is fighting, and I wish I could do more to help along the work. I shall try to write him often. That is the least I can do to show my appreciation. You say the letters "pass through the hands of the chaplain"; does that mean that the chaplain reads all letters? If so, I think this ought to prove a liberal education for the chaplain. Perhaps he may awaken to a saving sense of his position yet.

[All letters are opened and presumably read before being delivered to prisoners. Friends should avoid criticisms of officials of the government or of the prison, for such references would probably prevent receipt of the letter by the prisoner.]

OUR DESPOTIC POSTAL CENSORSHIP.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 487.)

"Man and Superman." I am also informed that your department has sustained this action of the Chicago postmaster.

As your decision constitutes a precedent by which the Chicago postmaster, as he has informed me relative to your decisions in similar cases heretofore, will be governed in future cases, will you oblige me with the following information:

1. Has your department decided that LUCIFER, of October 12, is unmailable, and if so, for what cause?
2. Is it because on page ... that paper names and tells where to obtain any unmailable book or books?
3. Is it because of its quotation on page ... from Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman"?
4. If "The Public" in commenting upon this decision of your department were to reproduce the said catalogue of books, or the said quotation from Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," would the postmaster at Chicago be required to consider this decision of your department in the LUCIFER case as a precedent and accordingly to exclude that issue of "The Public" from the mails?

I make this request as responsible editor of "The Public," for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent, under precedents made by your department, I shall be at liberty, in criticizing your decision in the LUCIFER case, to state the facts, without subjecting "The Public" to exclusion from the mails by your department.

To this inquiry we received the following response from the office of the first assistant postmaster general:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 20th instant, to the postmaster general, in reference to the publication LUCIFER.

In reply to your inquiry you are informed that the postmaster at Chicago was instructed to decline to accept for mailing copies of LUCIFER, of the issue of October 12, 1905, for the reason that such matter, which was submitted to the department, contained matter of an obscene character.

As you were advised under date of the 13th ultimo in reference to an earlier issue of LUCIFER, it is not practicable for the department to attempt to point out all the offensive passages upon which the exclusion of the issue from the mails was based, nor can the department undertake to state what would or would not be unmailable, in advance of the matter being actually presented for transmission in the mails.

A reduction of this correspondence also to questions and answers produces the following rather remarkable result:

Question: Does the department exclude the issue of the paper in question because it "names and tells where to obtain any unmailable book or books"?

Answer: "It is not practicable for the department to attempt to point out all the offensive passages upon which the exclusion of the issue from the mails is based."

Question: Is it because of the quotation from Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman"?

Answer: "It is not practicable for the department to attempt to point out all the offensive passages upon which the exclusion of the issue from the mails is based."

Question: If "The Public" were "to reproduce the said catalogue of books, or the said quotation from Bernard Shaw's 'Man and Superman,' would the postmaster at Chicago be required to consider this decision as a precedent and accordingly to exclude that issue of 'The Public' from the mails?"

Answer: The department cannot undertake "to state what would or would not be unmailable in advance of the matter being actually presented for transmission in the mails."

Now, why was it impracticable for the department to state whether or not the exclusion of LUCIFER was because it printed the names and places for procuring certain books? The department was not asked "to point out all offensive passages."

And why was it impracticable for the department to state whether or not the paper in question was excluded because of its quotation from "Man and Superman"? To do this it was not necessary "to point out all offensive passages."

Finally, why couldn't the department undertake to inform us whether the postmaster at Chicago would be required to consider the decision in the LUCIFER case as a precedent? What is the meaning of refusals by the department to state in advance of mailing whether matter excluded from the mail when published by one periodical would be unmailable if published by another? This last question almost answers itself.

II.

We have now proved our assertions. But that there may be no reasonable question of our having done so, let us summarize the assertions and the proof in support of them.

First. We have proved by the foregoing correspondence that any periodical is subject to exclusion from the mails as a purveyor of obscenity, upon the mere arbitrary order of administrative post-office officials.

Second. We have proved, also by the foregoing correspondence, that exclusion orders are made by the postoffice department ostensibly in accordance with its own rulings as to what constitutes obscenity, and that these rulings, though treated as precedents by postmasters, are kept profoundly secret by the department.

Third. We have proved, by reference to a previous article on this general subject, which is too lengthy to be reproduced here, that the courts hold decisions of the postmaster general in these matters to be absolutely beyond the power of the judiciary to override or restrain, even though he decides without evidence and in manifest bad faith.

Fourth. We have proved by the above correspondence, supplemented now by the best testimony possible, in view of the necessity the department imposes upon us of proving the negative of an issue on which it holds the affirmative and possesses all the affirmative evidence, if there be any, that in practice the department does exclude from the mails for obscenity periodicals which in fact are not obscene. The correspondence proves the first part of this contention—namely, that the department excludes periodicals alleged to contain obscene articles. As to the second and essential part of the contention—namely, that the articles are in fact not obscene—the department refuses to indicate the decisive facts, which are within its own control and in the nature of things cannot be known to outsiders. The several articles indicated above by the Chicago postmaster as cause for exclusion are clearly not obscene. The fact that the department refuses to particularize should raise a reasonable presumption that there is nothing which it can particularize. And in support of this presumption we now positively testify, after reading the excluded papers through, that they in fact contain no word, phrase or thought which can with any show of reason be characterized as obscene.

Fifth. It is not necessary to prove that these circumstances afford dangerous opportunities for corruption in the postoffice department. When the law permits postal officials to exclude from the mails any periodical, arbitrarily in their own discretion, with no appeal to the courts, upon the bare pretense that they contain obscenity, but without any requirement that the alleged obscenity be particularized with sufficient definiteness to permit of a judgment upon the good faith of the exclusion, and when the department passes upon the question not only arbitrarily, but in secret, the opportunities for secret corruption are so enormous that only the corruptible official in the place for corrupting possibilities is necessary to produce a regime of corruption.

We submit, then, that we have established all that in this article we set out to prove. Any periodical may be peremptorily excluded from the mails as a purveyor of obscenity, though it contains nothing obscene, and this upon the mere order of administrative postal officials; exclusion orders are made in alleged accordance with secret precedents, the limitations of which are withheld from publishers seeking to adapt their editorial rights to postal rulings; the courts declare themselves powerless to interfere, even though exclusions be made without evidence and in manifest bad faith; the postoffice department does in fact in this arbitrary manner exclude from the mails as obscene, periodicals which in fact are not obscene. Therefore, as the law now stands, it affords a degree of opportunity for corrupt discrimination and oppression which it is unsafe to repose in any official and which ought to be guarded against by Congress.

III.

The remedy for this fungus growth upon the postal service, a service originally intended only for a national convenience, but now turned into a national police system which operates through irresponsible "administrative process" and from a "star chamber" tribunal, lies with Congress.

Shall the right to mail service in the United States, now become a necessity of the common life, depend upon the caprice, the bigotry or the corruptibility of one man at the head of a Washington department or his subordinate at the head of a bureau?

That question is distinctly raised.

The courts have answered, Yes. What has Congress to say?—*The Public (Chicago).*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bas Relief Medallions of Moses Harman.

Bas relief medallions of the bust of Moses Harman, size 3 by 14 inches (oval), the work of La Verne F. Wheeler, a well-known Chicago artist, can be had at the following prices: Plain white, \$1; old ivory, \$1.50; plain bronze, \$2; Egyptian bronze, \$2.50. Thirty-five cents additional for boxing and shipping. Send orders to LA VERNE F. WHEELER, 3223 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your *Lucifer*, your subscription expires with this number. If a copy of *Lucifer* fails to reach you, please order by number or date.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE LEAGUE holds public meetings every Sunday night at 8 o'clock in Room 513 Masonic Temple. Free discussion after each lecture. *Lucifer* on sale at meetings.

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY holds regular meetings Sunday afternoons in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic building. Meetings open at 2:30. Free discussion. *Lucifer* on sale at meetings.

THE SPENCER-WHITMAN CENTER. Liberal discourses. A church of constructive Liberalism. Seats free. Every Sunday, 3 p. m., at Fraternity (Dewey) Hall, 75 East Adams street, Chicago. Also lectures and discussions every Sunday and Thursday evenings, 8 p. m., at headquarters, 2225 Calumet avenue, Chicago.

THE MANHATTAN LIBERAL CLUB meets every Friday evening at 225 East Fifth street, New York, at 8 o'clock. E. C. Walker, president. *Lucifer* for sale at meetings.

HUGH O. FENTECOST lectures every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street, New York. *Lucifer* for sale at meetings.

THE BROOKLYN PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION—Meetings held every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in Long Island Business College, South Eighth street, between Bedford and Driggs avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRIENDSHIP LIBERAL LEAGUE, Philadelphia, Pa., meets every Sunday for lectures and debates upon all subjects of interest to humanity. The place of meeting is 715 North Broad street, and the time is 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. The seats are free and everybody is welcome. George Longford, secretary.

LOS ANGELES LIBERAL CLUB meets every Sunday evening at Mammoth Hall, 517 South Broadway. Lectures and debates. Liberal literature for free distribution. Admission free. Mrs. Eleanor Freeman, secretary.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Our Advancing Postal Censorship.

BY LOUIS F. POST.

An extremely powerful review of the administrative process, which is rapidly becoming a menace to the United States. Contains a correspondence with the postal department in reference to the attempted suppression of *LUCIFER*, and Mr. Post's conclusions therefrom.

"The condemnation by postal clerks of any publication, for any cause, without specific charges, without opportunity to the publisher to be heard, without the verdict of a jury, without appeal, without any of the ordinary safeguards of personal rights and private property, and consequently without any assurance of guilt, is an outrageous fact. No matter how objectionable or even dangerous a paper's teachings may seem to the censors, no matter how offensive its language in their estimation, so palpable an invasion of the common rights of citizenship is a direct menace to the independent press of the country."

Price, 25 cents; 25¢ a dozen.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

Administrative Process of the Postal Department.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY THADDEUS BURR WAKEMAN.

This is a most effective "missionary document" relative to the attempted suppression of free speech by the postal censorship. It contains half-tone portraits of the author and of Moses Harman. We want this letter distributed as widely and as positively as possible, and as some who might be able to distribute it may not be able to buy we have felt reluctant to set a price on it. Let such not hesitate to order any quantity desired, even though unable to send money. For those who can afford to help bear the expense of publication, the price is 5 cents a copy, or 25 cents a dozen.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

President Roosevelt's Gospel of Doom.

BY LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

In this open letter the author shows that large families are injurious to the mother, injurious to the child, and injurious to the community. She attributes Mr. Roosevelt's views on the subject to the influence of "Hebraic dispensations, effete and age-worn superstition." Price 5 cents.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton St., Chicago.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CHICAGO, APRIL 12, E. M. 306 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1063

MODERN REFORMERS.

The world had reformers, men who were sternly just,
Who smote the thrones of wickedness and laid them in the dust.
Meek, tender men, made mighty by mankind's blood and tears,
Strong men with words like thunderbolts to smite the wrongs of years.

Were all these reformers of a breed too weak to last?
Did all the great wrong-smiters wane and perish in the past?
Did they fight a losing battle? Were they conquered in the fray?
Why are there no reformers fighting in the world today?

Well, 'tis but a thing of labels; the reformers have not gone,
But they're mixing with the people with misleading placards on;
For we placard them fanatics, visionaries, cranks and fools—
Men denounced by clubs and churches, by the journals and the schools.

There are men who wear those placards daily in the market place,
Heroes of an ancient lineage, kings and saviors of the race;
But we never see their greatness through life's trivial events,
But our children's sons will read it on their granite monuments.
—Sam Walter Foss.

WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

Reprinted by the Chicago Record-Herald.

To the Editor:

After reading in the "Record-Herald" of March 27 the objections of the Illinois Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women, submitted in their protest to the new charter convention against the granting of municipal suffrage to women in Chicago, I am moved to make some comment upon what appears to me to be their most ridiculous and contradictory position. In the name of common sense what excuse can they offer for the existence of their association if their own statements are true that "in the twenty-two states where school suffrage is extended to women the average vote, except in Massachusetts, has been less than 4 per cent, and that in many states the right has been almost entirely neglected, whole townships and even counties failing to register a single woman voter." Also that "in Chicago the number of women voting has dropped from about 80 per cent of the 29,815 registered in 1894, the year of the first exercise of the ballot by women, to about 1,000."

This is equivalent to saying that women do not want the ballot, and while we question the authority of the Illinois Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women to make such a positive statement, we wonder at their frequent hysterical agitation of the subject, for if granting school suffrage to women has not met with enthusiastic response, is it likely that granting municipal suffrage to them will stir up any greater activity among them?

The logical reasoner would answer in the negative and would therefore consider that the question of woman's suffrage was dying a quiet and natural death, and that an association of "anti-suffragists" was premature to say the least, and like everything else of that nature is an evidence of an unhealthy and morbid condition of mind, which those affected by it ought to get themselves rid of.

Further commenting upon their objections, as to the "lack of success on the administrative side in women as members of school boards," it would appear that the Illinois association in this criticism pays an unintentional compliment to the women they are opposing, in view of the fact that they virtually acknowledge they expect more of women in the short time they have been serving as members of school boards than they have ever had accomplished by men in all the long years of unrestricted time and opportunity in these same positions. Is it not possible that women, given the same time and

opportunity in which to qualify themselves that men have had, may fulfill the expectations of even their opponents? At any rate such criticism from them at this early stage of women's efforts upon school boards is unjust and ill-timed, especially when it is taken into consideration that the women on the school boards find themselves face to face with most difficult situations that men have been and are responsible for, and in nearly every instance where the women have tried to administer reforms they have been met with the subtle political schemes or the out and out determined opposition of men, both of which were intended to defeat the proposed reforms and generally succeeded in doing so.

This result should not be charged up to any lack of administrative ability in women, but rather to their lack of comprehension of the subtlety and general perversity of men. Referring to their statement that "in Kansas, where they have municipal suffrage for women, the temperance situation has not been improved," we could wish that the Illinois association had expressed itself more definitely as to why (in their estimation) "the temperance situation had not been improved," and what percentage of the women of Kansas exercised their right of municipal suffrage.

They have left the public to question in their own minds if it is not quite possible that the women of Kansas, like themselves, are anti-suffragists and therefore did not exercise their right of suffrage by means of which they could have accomplished any necessary temperance reform. The women who did vote might well criticize the anti-suffragists for not coming to assist them in whatever effort they made in the line of temperance reform instead of standing afar off and crying "failure" at them.

This argument is submitted in case the women of Kansas generally did not take advantage of their right to municipal suffrage, and on the other hand if they did vote then our good sisters of the Illinois association will have to "back water" on their statement that women do not want the ballot or are indifferent to it. Referring to the exercise of suffrage by the women in "red light" districts of Chicago the anti-suffragist association says: "It is estimated that there are in this city not far from 15,000 women of openly immoral life, who are known to the police and more or less under their protection or persecution, as the case may be, all of whom must be enfranchised if municipal suffrage is given to women." This seems to be about the weakest argument the anti-suffragists could advance. It seems never to occur to them that the women of the "red light" districts are there because men who live "openly immoral lives" and still have the privilege of the ballot require the services of that class of women, and worse yet, those men by the exercise of the ballot have helped to establish such economic conditions as to make it impossible for those women to gain even a living existence in any other way.

Away with such cant and rot, and down with the double standard for men and women.

Give women the ballot and let the women of the "red light" districts have a voice in municipal affairs and see if they will not be as glad as any one to help bring about the possibility for better conditions in their own lives as well as to throw off the control of grafters and corrupt politicians generally. At any rate let us not pass judgment upon them until the experiment has been tried.

HULDA L. POTTER LOOMIS.

What would you do to a man who was in the habit of doing what government does?—Stephen Byington.

ANOTHER JUDICIAL MURDER THREATENED.

On March 26 Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost spoke at Lyric Hall, New York, on "The Arrest of Meyer and Haywood." A condensed report of his lecture follows:

On December 30, 1905, ex-Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, was assassinated in a most brutal and cowardly manner. Some time afterward a man by the name of Harry Orchard was arrested, charged with this murder, or with complicity in the murder, and another man by the name of Steve Adams has since been arrested. This Harry Orchard confessed that he had killed ex-Governor Steunenberg, and that he had been instigated to the crime by Charles Meyer and Mr. Haywood, respectively the president and secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, and that Mr. Pettibone and a Mr. St. John, officials of the Western Federation of Miners or members of its board of directors, had formed a conspiracy with the purpose of killing Mr. Steunenberg, and that in compliance with that plot Orchard and Adams had carried out the will of the Western Federation of Miners as expressed through their principal officials.

Acting upon these confessions, the governor of Idaho, by a secret arrangement with the governor of Colorado, secured signed and sealed extradition papers, and Meyer, Haywood and Pettibone were arrested in Denver, in the night time, dragged from their homes, denied the right of counsel and of a writ of habeas corpus, put upon a railroad train which made no stops at stations, and rushed a distance of seven or eight hundred miles to Idaho.

They were arrested and transported to Idaho in violation of the laws of the land. It is customary and legal, if a man charged with a crime committed in one state is to be arrested in another state, that he shall be arrested and held to await the action of the governor of that other state, and have the right of suing out a writ of habeas corpus upon which he would be taken before the court to have the question determined as to whether or not he was legally detained. The poorest, meanest criminal in the land has the right to go before a high court on a writ of habeas corpus and have that question determined, because this writ is the foundation of all the liberties supposed to be enjoyed by English-speaking peoples. So that when Meyer and Haywood were dragged from Denver and rushed to Idaho, under extradition papers that were signed before they were arrested, they were deprived of this right to the writ of habeas corpus, and the act was a gross and dangerous violation of the fundamental laws of the United States.

The arrest of these men grew out of the troubles between the miners and the mine owners in Colorado and Idaho in 1903 and 1904. These troubles arose in this way: In 1902, a new constitution was adopted in Colorado, and as the result of many years of strenuous agitation on the part of the working people a clause was inserted in the constitution making it mandatory upon the legislature at its next session to pass an eight-hour law, controlling all persons operating in the mining district and certain other occupations. An eight-hour law had previously been passed by the legislature, but had been held unconstitutional by the courts that were owned by the mine owners. So to remedy this defect, provision was made for it in the new constitution. But the legislature, with the impudence of the class which owned it, refused to pass such a law. At this point the Western Federation of Miners went on strike.

That strike was broken by the power of the mine owners. How? By immediately calling into the strike region troops, against the protest of the sheriffs of the counties affected, who told the governor that there was no disorder and no necessity for troops. But the governor sent the troops, suspended the operation of habeas corpus, contrary to law, declared all that section of the country under military rule, contrary to law, and then began such a state of oppression and persecution as never before was seen in this country. Bull-pens, old cattle pens were used as jails, and everybody who would not submit to the official force controlled by the mine owners was thrown into them. Mr. Meyer was arrested and held for a long time without any charge against him. Other labor leaders and some of the miners were given this option: You will go into our mines and work as scabs, leave this state, or be shot. Men, women and children were arrested and marched across the mountains in the snow, or put on railroad trains and sent out of the state—every crime that you could imagine in a disturbed state of society was committed by the governor, by his adjutant-general, and by the troops. They simply overthrew the constituted authorities. That was the way this strike was broken.

After all this warfare and trouble, the union came out sound and strong, largely through the fidelity of Meyer, Haywood, Petti-

bone, St. John and men of that class. They were bold, calm, brave, peaceful representatives of labor, and while they were not strong enough to fight the powers that were against them, they were strong enough to hold the union together, and it is as strong today as it ever was.

That is the reason, possibly, that Orchard and Adams have made this confession. Mind you, the assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg occurred in Idaho. These men who are now charged with complicity in that murder lived in Denver. But it is necessary in some way to break up that union, and if these men should be imprisoned for life or hanged, that will get out of the way some of the strongest and best men that the labor movement in this country has ever produced. The evidence against them is the confession of this man Orchard, who has not only confessed that he killed Steunenberg, but that altogether he has murdered thirty men. It is said that he himself was in the employ of the mine owners and that he has been a Pinkerton spy and detective, and by his own confession he is thirty times a murderer. That is the man that accuses these people, so that it is not impossible to imagine that Orchard and Adams have made these confessions to suit the purposes of the mine owners.

I will tell you why. During the strike there were three startling crimes committed. One of them was the pulling out of some spikes which held the rails of a railroad track in place, apparently for the purpose of wrecking a train. Curiously enough, the engineer of the next train that came along had a suspicion that something was wrong, and stopped his train! It is natural to suppose that he was told. A number of union men were arrested and charged with pulling the spikes, because a man by the name of McKinney and another man confessed to having pulled the spikes at the instigation of the officers of the union—just such a case as this. On the trial, under cross-examination, both these accusers confessed that they were lying. McKinney himself said that he had been told by a representative of the mine owners that if he would lay that charge to the officers of the union, they would give him a thousand dollars in cash, immunity from punishment and transportation for himself and family to any part of the world that he wanted to go. Carroll D. Wright reports that to the president; it is not my story. So there is one case where the mine owners hired men to make exactly this kind of a charge against the officers of the union. If they would do that in one instance, is there any reason to believe that they would not do it in another? There were two other occasions of the same nature, and in all three instances the labor men were acquitted.

Do you say it is inconceivable that great and reputable financiers could be guilty of potting up such a plot as the accusing of Meyer and Haywood and the others of the crime of murder? Standard Oil is a large owner in those mines. J. P. Morgan, George Gould, Meyer Guggenheimer and western capitalists, they are behind the capitalist end of this controversy. We know that in one case I have already detailed to you they did hire men to make accusations against innocent men, charge them with a crime that would have sent them to the gallows. And anybody that will read the history and growth and development of the Standard Oil Company will not have much difficulty in believing that they would be guilty of anything whatever to accomplish their purpose.

Now, mind you, I do not pass judgment. I am talking about probabilities. I ask you what motive these splendid men (for they really are great men, high-minded, peace-loving men), what motive would they have to assassinate ex-Governor Steunenberg? The troubles were all over; Steunenberg was no longer governor of the state. What motive could they have had for this savage, cowardly, contemptible assassination? Just have, bald revenge for something that was past and gone? It is inconceivable! On the other hand, what motive have the mine owners for arresting these men? The motive to break up the union, for until the union is broken up they cannot reduce the miners to abject submission. So I say, that these men are guilty is inconceivable. It would be not only an act of insanity, but an act of stupidity.

Would any sane person believe the word of a man who says that he has committed thirty murders, and of another man who is, to say the least, a cur, for a man who will commit a crime with another man and then "punch," is unworthy of belief. Would you take the word of these two men against the word of these labor leaders, whose characters are stainless and whose lives are known and real of all men?

One of the interesting things about this case is that it very closely parallels something that happened in this country in 1886

and 1887. In 1886 there was a strong agitation, centering in Chicago, for an eight-hour day. In the course of this agitation a meeting was held in Haymarket square. The meeting was a peaceable one, and the people were dispersing at its close—there were only three or four hundred left in the square—when a squad of policemen came running from the Desplains street station for the purpose of dispersing them with their clubs. Then somebody in an alley near by threw a bomb and it exploded and killed one policeman and wounded a number of others. Then the policemen began firing into the crowd and the crowd began firing back and there was a riot in which seven policemen and four or five working people were killed and twenty or thirty wounded.

That circumstance set this country on fire, and there was a crusade against the Chicago anarchists, as they were called. The leaders of the agitation, Spies, Parsons, Engel, Lingg, Schwab, Fielding, Fischer, were arrested. If my memory serves me, Fielding was at the meeting, but aside from him, I think some of them were on the scene. These men were arrested, tried and convicted, and on the 11th of November, 1887, Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer were hanged. Louis Lingg would have been hanged if he had not put an explosive in his mouth and killed himself, and Schwab and Fielding were sent to prison. Though these men had nothing to do with throwing the bomb (nobody to this day knows who threw the bomb), they were convicted upon extracts from their speeches and from the paper which they published, upon the theory that they had in a general way inflamed the minds of the people, with the result that this bomb was thrown. They were prejudiced by the authorities and the public, and there was no more chance for them than there was for a witch in the old days.

Here is the same kind of a situation—a parallel, but a parallel with a difference. That was eighteen and one-half years ago. Do you tell me it is useless to use what power we have for the awakening of the people and for their freedom from the curse of poverty? Oh, no, it is not useless! In twenty short years see what has happened. Then every newspaper in the United States was full of matter against the Chicago anarchists. Now have you seen anything about the arrest of these men in the papers? There is a great conspiracy of silence. Instead of bruting their arrest and threatened hanging abroad, they are trying to conceal the whole thing, and it was not until yesterday evening that the "Evening Journal" had a word to say about it. The "Journal" has heard from organized labor, and at last has spoken! Then the citizens of the United States, labor unions and all the other working people, were in a state of mind where nothing could be said to them on the subject of the anarchists. They were crazy.

There is no such sentiment in this country against Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone and St. John, though the crime committed was worse than the crime that was alleged to have been committed in 1886. On the contrary, the sentiment is the other way. When the Chicago anarchists were hanged, so far as I know (and I want to be corrected if I am wrong), I was the only public man in the United States that protested from the platform against the murder. [A voice: Mr. George Cumming spoke in protest from a platform in San Francisco, guarded by a cordon of police.] I am glad to hear it. At that time I was pastor of a Congregational Church in Newark. What business I had as a minister to know anything about it, I don't know, but in some way I did know about it, and it preyed upon me so that I nearly went into nervous prostration. But after I made my protest, you may know that my connection with that church was severed as soon as they could sever it!

Now, how different! A thousand public men, better known than I was then, or than I am now, are shouting in denunciation. An article by Eugene V. Debs, which you will find in the labor papers, will show you the language which an intelligent man dares to use in connection with the arrest of these men. In 1886-7 there was not a protest meeting held, except by a few foreigners who could scarcely speak the English language. Now, all over the United States, wherever there is a labor sentiment, protest meetings are being held, and they are being attended by thousands of people, and the governor of Idaho has heard from it, too. Then, nobody sent the anarchists any money. The lawyer appointed by the court to defend them spent his time and labor for nothing, and his practice was ruined. Now, Moyer and Haywood and the others can have a million dollars for their defense, if they want it!

The whole working population is rising up and saying to the capitalists, "Beware! Don't do that again!" Understand me: If these men are guilty, and fairly tried and fairly convicted, on

credible evidence, by an impartial jury, in an impartial court, and hanged, nobody has the slightest reason to find any fault. They knew what the laws of this country were, and if they chose to be mixed up in a sneaking, cowardly assassination like that, it would be unworthy of anybody to complain.

But on the other hand, if they are not guilty, if they are going to be tried unfairly, with a packed jury, and without any evidence at all, believe me, the class that hangs them in that way will have to pay the price to the very last farthing.

TREADING RUSSIAN PATHS.

Moses Harman is in prison again. On the afternoon of the 26th of February he was taken to Cook county jail, and the next day transferred to Joliet penitentiary to serve a year's sentence, for what? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

What Mr. Harman printed we have forgotten. We read it at the time—and forgot it. If it had been anything very much discolored we would have remembered it. We presume there is not one of the readers of LUCIFER who can, off-hand, tell what he said that has caused his imprisonment. One thing we do remember, and that is that there was nothing in the matter printed which deserved more punishment than a passing criticism from those who disagreed with him, and who cared for such matter sufficiently to take the trouble to correct any errors the editor might have made.

Followed as this prosecution has been by a censorship of his paper by the postoffice officials of Chicago, this imprisonment is the starting point of a despotism so odious, so mean, so bigoted, so dangerous to the rights of the citizens of this country, that every man should protest to the utmost against it, and protest in quarters where it will do good. Theodore Roosevelt cannot afford to keep this old man in prison for a year. The Republican party cannot afford to do it. And, most emphatic of all, the American people cannot afford to do this great crime, for they will be keeping themselves in prison. American principles are walled in with this old man; everybody outside of his jail is a slave. Falling over each other in their eagerness to worship wealth; treading each other down in their mad desire to imitate the plutocrats, the American people have lost sight of the fundamental principles of this republic, and have fallen into the coma of death. Their indifference to crimes committed by their representatives encourages the accidents of office who live on the people to make their rule more and more strict, and to take one by one the rights so hardily won from George the Third. It was said a few years ago that the railroads itched for an empire; that desire seems now to have been transferred to the officeholders and acquiesced in by the people. The insolence of our jacks-in-office is only less surprising than the subservience of the people.—*Truth Seeker (New York)*.

ANOTHER COMSTOCK CONVICTION.

Bernarr Macfadden, editor and publisher of "Physical Culture," one of the few really beneficial magazines published in this country, was found guilty on March 21 of the charge of exposing to the public improper pictures. It is hardly necessary to say that the charge was preferred by Anthony Comstock, for not one other man in a thousand would feel his base nature aroused to "unholy passion" by the pictures of splendid physical manhood and womanhood which Macfadden displayed as advertisements of the physical culture show which he gave in New York last October.

Comstock's agent, Bamberger, seized 800 of the posters and exhibited a half-dozen of them in court as evidence against Macfadden. The exhibits were pictures of finely formed men and women in tights and were no more immodest than the pictures displayed in dozens of newspapers and magazines as advertisements of union suits. They did not approach in suggestiveness the posters which are used throughout the country to advertise spectacular plays and burlesques. Yet Justice McKean and Justice Deuel said they considered the pictures extremely indecent and harmful to public morals. The third magistrate, Justice Zeller, dissented from their opinion and said he could see nothing indecent in the pictures.

Gomer Reiss, business manager for Macfadden, was a co-defendant in the case. Justice Deuel announced that the defendants were found guilty by a divided bench and that sentence would be suspended.

Comstock became quite noisy in his denunciation of Macfadden and was working himself up to a high pitch of excitement, when Justice Zeller interrupted him and said:

"Your opinions differ from mine, Mr. Comstock, but I think my standard of decency is quite as high as your own."



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:

E. C. WALKER, 244 WEST 143D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN SAVED.

ROCKFORD, ILL., March 25, 1906.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, Madison Square, New York.

REVEREND DEAR SIR: It is with much regret that I read a newspaper report of your expression of dissatisfaction with the Roosevelt administration. What are a few More men and women more or less to us?

There are so many admirable factors to consider in the operations of Mr. Roosevelt's administration that its friends should not embarrass it by any sort of criticism at all. It is a representative administration. Even though it fall short of our expectations here and there, it really represents the dominant sentiment of the country. We are a conservative people and we naturally prefer that haste be eschewed, hence we do not cavil at an administration for lack of performances, so long as its promises are in keeping with the nobility of character which we so greatly and justly admire in our president.

And though, as yet, the administration has achieved but little, we must not lose sight of the fact of what it has indeed accomplished.

Were there no other accomplished fact to the credit of Mr. Roosevelt's administration (and at the present moment I recall no other) than that under his regime one of the most notable malefactors this country has ever produced has been safely stowed away in a penitentiary, under the sentence of a federal court, we should count that as a sufficient gain, and it were only justice that we forgive any shortcomings in other departments of administration.

When the history of the nation shall have been written, the one bright spot in the records of this age and time will be the condign punishment which was visited upon Moses Harman. That aged scoundrel (he is 76, and ought to know better) has been publishing a little paper called LUCIFER, THE LIGHT-BEARER. The publication is devoted to a discussion of human stirpiculture. Think of it! No

wonder that our pure-minded postal department and our virtuous federal court held his publication to be obscene. Could anything be more obscene than any reference to the sex operations involved in the boring of human offspring? This lecherous Lothario of 76 is now safely behind prison bars and civilization has been saved from its deadliest peril. All honor to our noble president that under his exalted guidance our nation has thus declared itself for purity. You and I, reverend sir, who admire purity above all our other virtues, should give to Mr. Roosevelt the full meed of praise that is due him for his wise selection of postoffice officials, not only because of their efficiency in collecting campaign contributions that enabled us to escape the hideous peril of a change of administration, but because of their watchful guardianship of the morals of the people. With all due respect, very truly,

HENMAN KNOX.

LUCIFER'S CO-OPERATOR IN FRANCE.

One of the most valued of LUCIFER's exchanges is its valiant co-laborer "Régénération," founded by Paul Robin in August, 1896, as the organ of la Ligue de la Régénération Humaine (The League for the Regeneration of Humanity). It is published monthly at 27 Rue de la Doue, Paris XXe, France; price, postage paid, 50 cents a year. For those who read French this interesting little paper is recommended without reservation as one of the ablest publications in existence devoted to the science of eugenics, or race improvement.

"Régénération" has an extensive circulation and it has established many branch leagues in other European countries for the study of prenatal culture and rational parentage. From the March issue we quote the following, translating it into English:

"It has been suggested that a Regeneration group might be formed in the United States. We would be pleased to have our American subscribers and readers give us at once their opinions and let us know if they can form a center for the propaganda in America. Notices will be given in 'Régénération' of the replies received and the decision taken.

"Meanwhile the atrocious sentence passed upon our valiant and venerable friend, Moses Harman, condemning him to imprisonment for one year at hard labor, has been confirmed and a rehearing of his case refused by the Federal Court of Appeals, to the great delight of the puritanic band of Comstock & Co., and to the famous Roosevelt. The intrepid warrior (for the right to be well born) must undergo his punishment in the country already made illustrious in 1887 by 'the Chicago martyrs' who were recognized by the governor (Altgeld) as victims of a police conspiracy. This time it is a conspiracy of hypocrites.

"We sent a communication on this case more than a month ago to many of the most 'advanced' journals in France—this infamy committed beyond the Atlantic in the 'classic land of liberty.' The communication was never published."

KNOX'S CRITICISM FITS POSTAL DESPOTISM.

Former United States Attorney-General Knox, in an address to the United States Senate on March 25, criticized the Hepburn railroad rate bill as unconstitutional because, among other reasons, "it deprives the carrier of its right to a judicial investigation, by due process of law."

"It is not possible," he said, "to find in the bill a single word conferring jurisdiction upon any court to entertain a suit of any party aggrieved by any order of the commission."

Senator Knox is an excellent authority on constitutional law and if his criticism of the Hepburn bill is correct the same criticism may be made of the power of the postoffice department to condemn and confiscate an entire issue of a newspaper or any other publication without the publisher having any redress. Several issues of LUCIFER were confiscated in this manner.

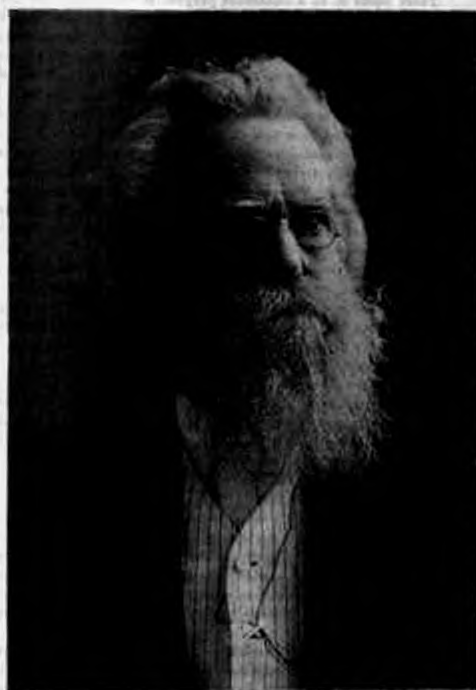
The following extract from Senator Knox's speech, without the change of a word or a syllable, will apply to the confiscation of LUCIFER by an arbitrary act of the postoffice department as well as it applies to the Hepburn bill:

"Mr. President, men of our inheritance repel summary and arbitrary methods, and none the less if these proceed from acknowledged power, accompanied by the more empty professions and forms of law. Judicial review of every substantial controversy affecting persons and property is a right. This right was painfully won from tyrannies of the past, and is established now beyond the power of any present tyrannies to destroy, in whatever guise they may come, and even if masquerading in the name of the people. This right is to have the rights of the parties in every controversy determined by the courts."

The art of government is the organization of idolatry.—G. R. Shaw.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years and 6 months old. He has served 45 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into *LUCIFER* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *LUCIFER* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE IMPRISONED EDITOR.

George Harman, son of the editor, and George O'Brien went to Joliet on Thursday, April 5, and found the prisoner in good spirits and in somewhat improved health, though thinner in flesh than when seen the week before. He is to be assigned to a cell alone, and though he is not allowed to have writing materials nor the food to which he is accustomed, there seems to be a disposition to treat him as well as the rules of the institution will permit.

He is very glad to receive letters from friends and would like to answer them if it were possible for him to do so. Following are the names of friends from whom he has received letters since last report:

J. William Lloyd, J. H. E. Witte, Annie E. Parkhurst, I. Candy, A. Waugemann, Thomas J. Griffiths, Ada M. Morley, Flora W. Fox, Lois Walsbrooker, Thirza Rathbun, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph and Hilda Heller, D. R. Bryson, John P. Paulsen, Henry C. and Fannie Hansen, George B. Wheeler, Hulda L. P. Loomis, Dr. O. A. Willett, Mattie Day Haworth, Louis Berger, James P. Morton, Jr., and Dr. Robert Greer.

MOSES HARMAN: AN ANALYSIS AND AN APPRECIATION.

This is a plea to the public for a better understanding of the most misunderstood and misrepresented man of his time. It is an appeal to popular opinion for justice and vindication for the misjudged and maligned.

His enemies have said Moses Harman is immoral. Why he should have enemies I do not understand, as I never knew him to harm any by act or speech, and always his words are filled with gentleness and charity and ever he outreaches to his brother a hospitable hand.

Why they should say he is immoral is quite as much a mystery. Never have I heard from him, in speech or type, an unclean utterance. Per contra, he pleads insistently for a greater parity in our social relations and strives incessantly to make such improvement more easily possible.

In every generation has appeared some lofty soul, thinking in advance of his age, whose lips could not be smitten to silence. These brave ones, for the good of their brothers, pass into prison and tread Golgotha in patient pain, bearing the cross of the world's brutal curses. No ingratitude can influence them, no discouragement can make them to despair.

These are the immortal ones.

To the orthodox, all heterodoxy is highly immoral. It matters not if the heresy be religious, social or scientific. To the orthodox view, that is necessarily vicious which opposes the established order, which contradicts convention, which antagonizes the accustomed, which would improve by innovation.

Galileo was immoral, so he was imprisoned and tortured; yet the world moves, and with it the mind of man. Bruno was immoral, and was given as a "burnt offering" to a loving God; yet his name is written in luminous letters on every starry expanse of the empyrean. Ingersoll was immoral, and I remember well the time when, a child, as a result of my rigidly orthodox training, I regarded him with abhorrence such as Abaddon might inspire; yet few today are so ignorant as to refuse their reverence to the memory of this great and gentle man. Moses Harman, also, is immoral; yet the impartial years may be relied upon to yield to him an ample victory and abundant vindication.

These, my friends, be the immortal ones. Is not Moses Harman in goodly company?

In my opinion, the two greatest apostles of advancement this generation has known are Robert G. Ingersoll and Moses Harman. Ingersoll made Free Thought respectable. What Ingersoll did for Freedom of Thought, Harman is doing for Freedom of Sex. But of the two tasks, Harman's is the greater. Sex superstition is much more stubborn than simple religious superstition. It is grounded in an intensified ignorance. And not only is it anchored by every tentacle of religious superstition, but it possesses a special tenacity of its own. It is the last superstition which man leaves off. Human-kind clings to it more fatuously than the Christian clings to the cross. It is the Rock of Ages of the average mind.

Harman's only offense is that he is a heretic. And, pray, what may a heretic be? A heretic is one who perceives an error earlier than most other men and courageously endeavors to correct it. Invariably he suffers at the hands of Ignorance. He finds Truth a thing most difficult to teach. When rarely fortunate, hard work and few honors are his reward; otherwise, persecution and the prison. Yet Harman has succeeded to a surprising extent in popularizing a despised doctrine.

Harman has probably the largest, and certainly the most devoted, personal following of any liberal leader. This fact is not due to his doctrines, for among his most loyal friends are not a few persons who do not accept his sociological theories. He is an accurate thinker and an able writer, but this does not sufficiently account for his influence. The possible explanation is to be found in his superb sincerity and a personal character as white as his hair.

The science of sex, the most neglected of all studies, is fundamental to all that is vitally related to the welfare of human society. For proclaiming these tremendous truths, Harman has been persistently persecuted and repeatedly imprisoned. Yet has he gone to prison with the tread of a prince, and therein worn his chains grandly to the emancipation of others.

It is over the bodies of the world's martyrs that mankind advances to its emancipation. Massive jails are not the manacles of Liberty, but are the stepping stones upon which humanity will leap into the light of a fuller freedom.

Every prison preaches the lesson of liberty.

Ever upon the ruins of the world's bastilles has the fabric of freedom been builded.

Harman's tormentor, the postal inquisitor, is an anachronism in this somewhat enlightened age. His presence in the present is as incongruous as would be a hideous idol set up in the heart of a civilized capital. His methods are not compatible with the spirit of modernity; they are demoralizing to democratic thought. He is an ugly ulcer on the limping limb of Progress—a foul suppurating on the body social. He is a disease, a disgrace, and a danger.

"This, too, shall pass away."

The difference between Comstock and Harman is that one searches for obscenity and the other searches for truth. And each finds that which he seeks. But not in *LUCIFER*, I think, does Comstock find the obscenity, but in his own pitifully perverted mind. Nothing in Nature can be obscene unless it be considered with obscene intent. There is no possible obscenity in a philosophical discussion of the more important phases of the sex question.

Harman is a practical philosopher who applies his own theories. The self-mastery he exhibits under extraordinarily trying conditions is altogether admirable. He has been victoriously attacked and viciously insulted in public assemblage, but always he has remained sublimely serene; his fine forbearance and calm dignity of manner bring confusion to his foes. On one such occasion, when the attack was particularly atrocious, he simply said, "The brother has answered himself." No wealth of words could have been more effective.

It is the fate of nearly every great soul to feel the pangs of crucifixion. Moses Harman has not suffered at the stake nor literally been "nailed to the cross," but he has been crucified by all the pitiless persecution known to modern inquisitorial methods. It is an ironical commentary upon our vaunted civilization that Harman should be imprisoned for seeking to bestow the highest benefit upon his fellows; for imparting the vitally important—aye, imperative—truths regarding the sex question.

So this gentle-mannered and white-mailed old lion of Liberalism has again been deprived of his freedom and made to don the stripes. Oh, blind—blind! How long will a mad world sacrifice its saviors and build monuments to its murderers?

His contemporaries have made of Moses Harman a martyr.

History will write him a hero.—Walter Hart, in *Tomorrow*.

THE POSTOFFICE VS. FREE SPEECH.

Our readers will remember that last summer the "Woman's Journal" had several editorials criticizing the action of the post-office in repeatedly refusing the use of the mails to a Chicago paper called *LUCIFER*, on the ground that some article contained in it was indecent. In a number of cases these articles seemed to us not to be indecent in any fair sense of the word. An editorial on this subject in the "Woman's Journal" was allowed to pass by the Boston postoffice as unobjectionable, but when it was copied into *LUCIFER*, that issue of *LUCIFER* was promptly suppressed by the Chicago postoffice, on the ground that our editorial was indecent; and, on appeal to the higher postal authorities at Washington, this decision of the Chicago postoffice was sustained.

The editorial in question has since been submitted to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Jane Addams and other persons of good repute, including a number of clergymen, all of whom say that they cannot see the slightest impropriety in it. It contained no discussion of sociological questions whatever, but was simply a criticism of the methods of the postoffice.

Mr. Louis F. Post, editor of the Chicago "Public," is a staunch advocate of free discussion. He took the matter up, and has had a prolonged correspondence with the postal authorities of Washington, trying to get them to tell him just what passages they regard as indecent in the article from the "Woman's Journal," which he calls "one of the purest and most reputable publications in the United States." The postal officials give evasive answers and when he presses for more definite information, they refer him to their former evasive letter. . . .

Meanwhile, Moses Harman, the aged editor of *LUCIFER*, has been sentenced to a year's hard labor in the penitentiary for publishing two communications which are offensive to good taste, but which seem to the present writer, and to a number of other persons not in sympathy with *LUCIFER*'s opinions, not to merit so severe a punishment. If the case called for a legal penalty at all, which is doubtful, it ought not to have gone beyond a moderate fine; and the editor of *LUCIFER* has already been subjected to pecuniary loss equal to a very heavy fine, by the suppression of seven issues of his paper by

the postoffice in seven months—many of them for articles which, like the one copied from the "Woman's Journal," were not obscene literature in any fair sense of the term.

There seems to be a deliberate purpose to crush *LUCIFER* out of existence if possible. This suspicion is confirmed by the fact that the sentence pronounced against Mr. Harman was not carried out for some weeks, and it was intimated to his friends that if he would cease publishing his paper and give up advocating his heretical views on the woman question the sentence never would be executed. Mr. Harman refused to surrender his principles, courageously preferring to go to prison; and he is now in the penitentiary.

No doubt the postal authorities think they are doing the community a service in trying to suppress a paper that advocates objectionable doctrines. We agree that some of *LUCIFER*'s doctrines are highly objectionable; but it is a thousand times more objectionable that the right of free discussion should be denied to any opinions, however erroneous.

Those of our readers who would like to sign a petition for Mr. Harman's pardon, and those willing to work for a change in the present law, which allows the postoffice to suppress anything it chooses, without the possibility of appeal or redress, are invited to communicate with Dr. E. B. Foote, of the Free Speech League, 120 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Observe that these are two distinct questions. Some persons who do not sympathize with Mr. Harman may nevertheless disapprove of the arbitrary and unlimited powers now given to the postoffice, and may wish to work for a change in the general law.—A. S. B., in *Woman's Journal*.

DON'T WHINE.

I am wondering why people shed tears over Mr. Harman's conviction and imprisonment for doing what gave him pleasure to do. Do they not realize that they make his life harder to bear and really are adding to whatever discomforts he may have in his imprisonment? I do not imagine he suffers very much except disappointment in not being able to live at home and print his paper for self-expression.

But so far as his propaganda is concerned, he is doing more by being imprisoned and calmly and persistently reiterating his views than were he to meet no opposition and the authorities simply laughed at him.

He is an intelligent man and knew well enough that the cohorts of repression, of tyranny, of prudery—aye, of positive hypocrisy—would not stand for the theories he wrote and printed.

He went into the thing with his eyes open.

He'd had experience before that told him emphatically that he was taking big chances in going up against the unspeakable Comstock, Comstockery, the hypocritical and dastardly government that never did and never can, at the risk of its own life, stand for freedom in speech, press and non-invasive individual conduct, especially in the realm of sex relations.

He got what he certainly had a right to expect, and I firmly believe he'll be the last one to whine over the results.

And I suspect that he does not favor the ministerial whine and holy horror attitude which some of his friends assume.

Who goes into a fight can't certainly expect to come out of it without a slug in the leg.

And if the knockout blow is given, why, this is part of the game, and gamely it ought to be taken.

I asked Adolph Fischer, one of the prisoners resulting from the Haymarket affair, while in prison, what he thought of the outlook. "Oh, I guess they'll hang us," he replied. "Well, we'll be worth more to the cause killed this way than to live."

This was the truly philosophical attitude.

We've only one death to die, so far as any of us know, and is it not better to die for a good cause than to go out into the darkness leaving no light behind?

Moses Harman is still a beacon light.

The fools who believe they are pulling him down are simply adding fuel to the flames that guide the troubled mariners safely into port.

Don't whine. You give the enemy too much satisfaction. Hopefully,
JOSEPH A. LABAREE.

Detroit.

Opinion is not truth, but only truth filtered through the environment, the disposition, or the mood of the spectator.—Wendell Phillips.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, jump at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

N. J. B. BAILEY, Eveleth, Minn.—I have received three copies of LUCIFER. Having the "Constitution of the United States of America" in my possession, I am grieved to learn that a citizen of this great nation should be so cruelly imprisoned to gratify the wishes of a lot of grudes. May heaven's richest blessing rest upon your dear old father while in prison, and may God be love cheer and comfort your heart. I herewith send you \$1 so that my name may be entered on your list of subscribers; let the same begin with next issue.

L. E. HOGGINS, Omaha, Neb.—Your father will reach more minds from Joliet than from Chicago. We know that attempted suppression has always in the end brought truth into more prominence. It surprises me that Church and State will persist in such measures when they cannot help seeing the tendency of former efforts. I presume it is because they have always kicked out their brassy men. I cannot think that LUCIFER and its friends have anything to fear. The people are demanding liberty, "a word without which all other words are in vain," and they will eventually secure it.

AGNES BENHAM, South Australia.—I am saddened by the thought of your incarceration; to me it seems terrible, but I do not doubt you are upheld by more than human strength. The realization of your oneness with all those noble saviors of humanity who in times past have bled and suffered, tortured by those "who know not what they do," will be your comforting thought in times of deepest gloom. The sacred grain of truth that your persecutors think they are obliterating by trampling on you, they are only treading deeper in the minds of men. It will spring up and bear rich harvest. Bear in mind, also, that there is no barrier in thought, and our strong vibrations of love and grateful remembrance shall reach you in your prison cell.

WALTER HENRY MACPHERSON, Minister of the People's Church, South Chicago.—Mr. Moses Harman—Dear Sir: My attention was first called to your case through the columns of "The Chicago Socialist," and later an article in the "Physical Culture" magazine, and when I tell you I am a lover of our dear comrade, Walt Whitman (is he not your comrade?) you will have some idea of the mental makeup of one who now asks in what way he can be of service to you. I am only a young teacher of the religion of the Christ and my following is insignificant, but I hope the time is not far distant when you will consent to stand in my pulpit and tell that same following why you have been persecuted. My soul to yours, dear brother! for I also know what it is to be "despised and rejected of men." Some day mothers will shrive you in their hearts as the patron saint of the new childhood.

Mrs. M.—Please continue my subscription, which expired this month. I cannot do without LUCIFER and value it more than any other paper. We're expecting the advent of a wee babe soon. If you do not hear from me by June you may discontinue my paper, as there is no one here who would read it, to my knowledge, were I not to survive the ordeal. Though my husband is bitterly opposed I will send you the money when I am again on my feet. I will risk a separation before giving up LUCIFER. Its contents are as vital as life itself. I am lonely and do not get much to read. I know of no congenial spirit in this city, and if my dear friend of 1901, Whatcom, Wash., is still living I would be glad to have a letter from him. If I can't get missing copies I am thankful for the ones I do get, for I know you are persecuted by the postal authorities. Am getting anxious to hear more of my father-friend, Moses Harman. Though not personally acquainted with him, he lives over in my heart as the best friend of woman I have ever known.

FRANK L. POLAND, Kirksville, Mo.—I received copy of LUCIFER containing Mr. Harman's photograph. It seems to me it should appear in every issue while he is in prison. Many persons would, on seeing LUCIFER for the first time, read it because of the picture, when they would otherwise throw the paper away. To all who can read character by the face it would speak eloquently, and this is the most influential class. For inclosed stamps please send me twenty

copies of Letter to Roosevelt. I think we would better check our efforts in disseminating other LUCIFER publications for a while, so as to have more money to spend on this letter. Do you think it would be wise for each friend of the cause to write a short letter, inclosing a copy of the Wakeman Letter, to the representative in Congress from his or her district?

[It would doubtless be well for each friend to write letters as suggested by Mr. Poland. They probably would not bear immediate fruit, but all this agitation must have good results in the future.]

THOMAS J. GRIFFITH, Secretary-Treasurer Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, Montreal.—I received No. 1000 of LUCIFER today, with your father's portrait. It seems to me inconceivably brutal that an old man, 75 years of age, can be sent to prison, for life practically, for giving expression to opinions that happen to be objectionable to the ruling majority. Not wanting to understand any other phase of the relations between man and woman than marriage, not believing that any other conditions can be better, they vainly imagine that intimidation and brute force can stop the progress of ideas and the dissemination of germinating thought among society. The very imprisonment of your father will arouse people who have never thought before to inquire into the reasons that have led to such an action. I send 50 cents, for which send me a dozen copies of No. 1000. I have written your father also. I feel a profound indignation that he should be compelled to suffer such treatment in the land of the free.

PETER GRAMAM, Sydney, N. S. W.—I have before me No. 1029 of LUCIFER, published December 22, 1904. I shall be glad to know if you are still publishing LUCIFER or whether you know of any publication of similar character. I am very much in sympathy with the aims of this journal, but I feel it is impossible to change the thoughts of the bulk of polite society. A man in an assured position could, but that man can afford to live his own life, which may be in sympathy with your ideas, only he doesn't see why he should sacrifice his position in society by honestly stating his convictions. I don't believe in being a martyr to any faith, for the end in view of any particular belief is happiness—directly or indirectly. Martyrdom and persecution—i. e., ostracism from society (which, after all, is one's daily life, if not daily bread, for in a small town business men all know each other socially as well), means ruin and defeats its own object. After all, how much simpler it would be for me if I believed that to die for my country or have a leg blown off in war was the height of duty and bliss, but I am not made that way, so it can't be helped.

MARGARET J. BENEDICTSON, 530 Maryland street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.—I thank you for the extra copies of LUCIFER. I shall try to place them to good advantage. I advise that the picture of your father be published in every copy of LUCIFER as long as he remains in prison, with his age and days, weeks and months of his imprisonment, as that will keep people in touch with him. I am sorry that the cut in the paper is scarcely clear enough to get a cut from for another paper. If you will kindly send me a photograph I will have a cut made here and will print it in my magazine, with the facts pertaining to his imprisonment. I am fighting against the marriage laws, or at least for an easy accession to divorce—for our people are even horror-struck at the idea of divorce—yet they divorce themselves when absolutely necessary, for in Canada there is no divorce possible, except when the parties are "untrue" to each other. "Freyja," the name of my paper, means the goddess of Love. In the old Norse mythology she was the daughter of Odin.—Dear Lillian, how I wish I could speak a word of comfort and kindness which you could feel, so you might know the deep sympathy which is really yours and your good and grand father's. We feel that he is our father also. Such men cannot be confined to few. They belong to the people, even when the power of the multitude prevails and they in their blindness crucify them.

LUCIFER'S SUSTAINING FUND.

W. W. Miller, \$1; W. S., \$4; M. J. Benedictson, \$1; Mrs. A. C. Zimmerman, \$1; Dr. Stockham, \$1; Harold L. Wood, \$50; Dr. L. M. Hammond, \$2; Mrs. Bertha Moore, \$1; E. J. Sayre, \$1; Ed. Secret, \$1; Sunrise Club, New York City, \$27.15; W. L. Light-bow, \$1; C. S. Darrow, \$10; Dr. J. H., \$5; O. H. Ballou, \$1.50; R. B. Kerr, \$1; John Ostrom, \$1.50; Annie B. Fish, \$1. These sums were contributed to assist in the publication of LUCIFER, and to pay for extra copies of LUCIFER and the Wakeman Letter for free distribution.

WIRELESS MESSAGES.

He who attends strictly to his own business will never be idle. When we so signally fail to decide what is best for ourselves how shall we advise others?

The bad man is the one who belongs to the other party or church, or does that which we do not do. The ignorant man is one who does not speak our language.

It has been discovered that there is a much larger amount of bribery, defalcation and graft among bankers, law-makers, office-holders, trust magnates, insurance officials and "business" men in general than there is among "workingmen, trades union or walking delegates." "Comparisons are odious"—to the business man.

A principle is not changed because this or that has been written about it and printed in books or statutes. Nothing can be made right or wrong by legal enactment. Principles are eternal verities, or truths, and not dependent upon the whims of aldermen, police judges, legislatures, congresses, presidents, postal censors or supreme courts. Law cannot be made; it eternally exists and, patient as a mother, waits for recognition.

DR. GEORGE W. CAREY.

Los Angeles, Cal.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Who Is the Enemy: Anthony Comstock or You?

BY E. C. WALKER.

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BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

One of the best short works on the subject. A charming little gift book.

"Love is doubtless the last and most difficult lesson that humanity has to learn; in a sense it underlies all the others. Perhaps the time has come for the modern nations when, ceasing to be children, they may even try to learn it."

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The life history of a girl who comes into the world marked by the Star of Love Out of Darkness, and who makes a brave fight for existence without asking any favors from the world because of her sex. Some of life's problems are brought home to her and she is compelled to try to solve them.

Which is Nobler, Motherhood in Love or Legal Prostitution? Must a Girl be a Weakling Just Because she is a Girl? Is a Man a Woman's Natural Enemy, or Her Natural Friend? Must a Woman Trade in Her Body in Order to Live?

These and other questions come into her life, as they come into the lives of all women; and bravely, nobly, she tries to solve them; bravely and nobly she tries to live a sweet, pure life. Her story is a romance, full of temptation, trial, danger. Born in a workhouse in New England, of a union unmentioned by the law, she is left an orphan at a tender age and puts on boy's clothing in order that she may earn a living.

A sea voyage and a shipwreck take her into old Japan before the days of its modern civilization. There startling ideas of NUDITY, MARRIAGE, DIVORCE are brought to her attention; and she is taught to see that many of the ideas prevalent in her own land lead to impurity instead of purity.

Finally, filled with notions which are in direct variance with those of her own country, she returns home to fight for her existence, friendless and endowless with that beauty which is considered the lonely girl's curse in our land of boasted civilization.

But she is well equipped for the struggle. She is physically as strong as a boy, so that if need be she can give blow for blow. LOVE MAY LEARN, but she walks through dangers with a firm step, guided by a LEADER OF KNOWLEDGE. Sex has no mystery for her; she is pure and strong because SHE KNOWS.

Three young men, fighting like her for life, become her companions. She shocks them. They live alone without a chaperon. They try to force their moral system on her; she teaches them hers. MORAL HEALING contends with MORAL DISEASE.

The adventures of little Margaret in old Japan, being authentic, hold the reader entranced. It is a strange and new story she tells of the startling ways of a race which within twenty-five years has leaped from world obscurity to a first place in the ranks of world powers. She found herself in a land where all the men were gentlemen, all the women ladies; where marriage and divorce were private affairs; where children were never struck in anger; where sex matters were no more mysteries than food matters.

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M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

The Story of Jain.

BY LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

The British aristocracy has produced some strong and independent souls. Literature and science bear the imprint of their touch. Social reform has also given some of them an opportunity to make a reputation for something which is generally alien to their class—useful work. But it remains for Lady Florence Dixie to redeem the name of the Daughters of literary work which is truly revolutionary in character. Revolution has been in her blood since she could think. Neither the aristocratic environment and traditions nor the efforts of clerical and monarchical influences have succeeded in blunting the keen perception of her mind.

And her indomitable spirit has always clung close to the love of truth. Only a truly brave and sincere soul could walk upward without any assistance on the steep and stony path of religious evolution as she has done. She met the dogma of the ruling class with open eyes, and detected its superficiality, until she had satisfied herself that it was cold and hollow, and without any redeeming power. No one can read her *Story of Jain* without a deep compassion for the lonely child that fought its mental battles so determinedly and found the way through the tangled mass of creed to a pure and more human conception of what religion should be and ought to accomplish. This story should be read by all who wish to answer the questions that arise in the minds of little children on religious subjects and who wish to take part in the mental evolution of the souls that grow up under their care.—J. D. Duff, in "Appeal to Reason."

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

Administrative Process of the Postal Department.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY THADDEUS BURE WAKEMAN.

This is a most effective and powerful document, relative to the attempted suppression of free speech by the postal censorship. It contains half-a-dozen portraits of the author and of Moses Harman. We want this letter distributed as widely and as effectively as possible, and as some who might be able to distribute it may not be able to buy we have felt reluctant to set a price on it. Let such not hesitate to order any quantity desired, even though unable to send money. For those who can afford to help bear the expense of publication, the price is 5 cents a copy, or 25 cents a dozen.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 26, E. M. 206 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1044

TO MOSES HARMAN.

Because you hated falsehood, loved the truth,
Denounced foul unions mating Age and Youth,
Unveiled the monster Vice, showed Love its face,
And that no moral serfdom can endure;
Claimed that no loveless code can bind the soul,
That 'tis not Law man needs, but Self-control,—
They sent you to a prison! But in vain
Does Power attempt to conquer Truth by pain!
Though Galileo suffered, the earth moves!
Though Bruno died, a ransomed world approves!
We yet have much to learn, we yet must see
How blind are those who strangle Liberty;
Who with concealment cloak the deeds of sin,
And hope by prudery Virtue's crown to win!
Surely what Milton, Rousseau, Shelley thought—
That by no bridal gifts can Love be bought—
Cannot be wrong? And this, then, is your crime?
Oh, suffer, fearless Spirit! 'Tis sublime
To pay this penalty for doing right,
To be struck down because you loved the Light!

D. F. HANDEMAN.

CULTIVATE CHILDREN LIKE FLOWERS.

Which has the more influence in building the life of a child—heredity or environment? And are acquired characters inherited?

My own observations prove that all characters that are inherited have once been acquired, and that heredity is only the sum of all these past environments, which, if impressed on the heredity long and strong enough in any specific direction, will become part of heredity itself, and this new heredity, already slightly changed by these late environments, will have to meet new environments as before, which will, by repetition, become fixed in the ever new and constantly fluctuating heredity.

Did you ever think what is the most pliable and the most precious product of all the ages? It is not pigs, mules, hawks or locomotives, cotton or corn—but children. Children cannot all be treated alike; each has his or her special individuality, which is the most valuable of all endowments. If all were alike no progress could be made, and right here comes the weakest point in the present educational systems.

I have long been studying on the intricate complexity of the action of hereditary and environmental forces on life, both in plants and in man, and these comparisons and deductions came clearly, sharply and naturally. It has been said that to improve a child we should begin with the grandparents. This is only a half truth, which perhaps had better never have been said. Do not waste any of your time on grandparents unless you commence on them in earliest pliable childhood. If we hope for any improvement of the human we must begin with the child, as the child responds more readily to environment than any creature in existence. The change may come in the first generation, and it may not. It may not show at all for many generations, but patience and constant attention will finally be rewarded in the survival of the most beautiful, the most precious, or the fittest, whichever you may wish to call it.

In child rearing environment is equally essential with heredity. Mind you, I do not say that heredity is of no consequence! It is the great factor, and often makes environment almost powerless. When certain hereditary tendencies are almost inflexibly ingrained, environment will have a hard battle to effect a change in the child, but that a change can be wrought by the surroundings we all know. A child absorbs environment. It is the most susceptible thing in the

world to influence, and if that force be applied rightly and constantly when the child is in its greatest receptive condition the effect will be pronounced, immediate and permanent. There is no doubt that if a child with a vicious temper be placed in an environment of peace and quiet the temper will change. Put a boy born of gentle white parents among Indians and he will grow up like an Indian. Let the child born of criminal parents have a setting of morality and decency, and the chances are that he will not grow up a criminal, but an upright man. I do not say that heredity will not sometimes assert itself, of course. When the criminal instinct crops out in an individual it might appear as if environment were leveled to the ground, but in succeeding generations the effect of higher environment will not fail to become fixed.

We in America form a nation with the blood of half the peoples of the world within our veins. We are more crossed than any other nation in the history of the world, and here we meet exactly the same results that are always seen in a much crossed race of plants; all the worst as well as all the best qualities of each are brought out in their fullest intensity, and right here is where selective environment counts. All the necessary crossing has been done, and now comes the work of elimination, the work of refining, until we shall get an ultimate product that will be the finest human race which has ever been known. It is perhaps this country which will produce that race. Many years will pass before the finished work is attained, but it is sure to come. The characteristics of the many people that make up this nation will show in the composite with many of the evil characteristics removed, and the finished product will be the race of the future.

In my work with plants and flowers I introduce color here, shape there, size, or perfume, according to the product desired. In such processes the teachings of nature are always followed. Its great forces only are employed. All that has been done for plants and flowers by crossing, nature has already accomplished for the American people. By the crossing of bloods strength has, in one instance, been secured; in another intellectuality; in still another moral force. Nature alone could do this.

Man has by no means reached the ultimate. The fittest has not yet survived. In the process of elimination the weaker must fall, but the battle has changed its base from brute force to mental integrity.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but after all the proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be fewer, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills.

Wherever you have a nation in which there is no variation there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality or genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations. As time goes on in its endless and everless course, environment will crystallize the American nation. Its varying elements will become unified and the weeding out process will probably leave the finest human product ever known. The color, the perfume, the size and form that are placed in plants will have their analogies in the composite, the American of the future.

And now, what will hasten this development most of all? The proper rearing of children. Don't feed children on mandarin sentimentalism or dogmatic religion; give them Nature. Let their souls drink in all that is pure and sweet. Rear them, if possible, amid pleasant surroundings. If they come into the world with souls grop-

ing in darkness let them see and feel the light. Don't terrify them in early life with the fear of an after world. There never was a child that was made more noble and good by the fear of a hell. Let Nature teach them the lessons of good and proper living, combined with an abundance of well balanced nourishment. Those children will grow to be the best men and women. Put the best in them by contact with the best outside. They will absorb it as a plant does the sunshine and the dew.—*Luther Burbank.*

THE READER MUST DRAW THE MORAL.

UP-TO-DATE FABLES. By R. B. Kere.

All who have read these fables, originally published separately in *LUCIFER*, will be glad of their reappearance in book form. They deserve permanence, on account of the facility with which they can be applied to illustrate the true points of social questions. Their ingenuity and variety of conception, and the felicity of their style, ought to secure them an immediate sale, and that should bring an established general reputation. To review them is not so easy as to praise; for they would be spoiled by abridgment or reproduction, being, in fact, already very tersely written, but special characteristics may be pointed out which will justify the commendation to those who have not seen the apoloques.

The amount of invention which the fables show is very considerable. They are only eight in number, but the same general thesis is suggested by a tale of the Amazons; the celebrated goose whose liver is fattened at Strassburg for the delectation of an epicurean world; the manners of an ascetic community in India; the music of the planet Jupiter; the customs of those who inhabit the asteroid Ceres; the warriors of Dahomey; the effects of ostensibly similar discipline on the boys and girls of two boarding schools, kept by the same governess; a trades union among the horses of Siberia, its success and the consequences. All these subjects have the interest of the bizarre and exotic in themselves, and the moral, that what an account of them so much resembles, is bizarre—but, I forgot, there is so much moral, unless you are wicked enough to think so.

The moral—if you will be perverse enough to extract one from a story which in no way encourages you to say there is any there—is not exactly the same for all the fables, but together they have the effect of bringing forth, in stereoscopic fashion, a single many-sided view which quite reverses that considered "proper." Why the women in almost every country amount to so little; why their thought is lost to the world of policy, philosophy, almost of literature and art; why they show such marked inferiority to the sterner sex, and are the well-known bulwarks of abuses bearing on no one so heavily as themselves, may be inferred from the way the men were reduced to a similar condition among the Amazons.

In the apoloque of the Strassburg goose the arguments for the existing state of things, as concerns geese, are very fully stated in refutation of pleas for Higher Goosehood, and they don't seem to refute. But, of course, if you read women for geese, that is entirely at your own risk.

In India, as among the Neoplatonists, the possession of a body is esteemed very humiliating and the necessity of sustaining it a thing to be ignored as much as possible. In that Hindu society described, accordingly, "any and all mention" of eating is obscene. If this rule and its related consequences suggest a parallel with anything else, that, reader, must be your fault—thunder and lightning, the blame can't belong to institutions sanctioned by the wisdom of our ancestors ever since the Devil put Adam and Eve up to making clothes! Perhaps the most suggestive idea in the whole collection comes from the planet Jupiter, where it is a capital point of morality to hear only one tune until the music-box gives out. But really there is nothing suggestive about it, unless you must make the medium who had been to Jupiter say something which she doesn't say. I never knew but one man who did seem to enjoy hearing the same tune all his life, and he was a blind organ-grinder, who got his living, like Mrs. Grundy, by being disagreeable to other people. Enough has doubtless been said already to illustrate the versatility of the treatment, and further analysis would be unjust. Fables, when they are good for anything, belong to literature, and the only way of profiting by literature is to read it.

C. L. JAMES.

Nothing but a false sentimentality, ignorance of the most important functions of life, or radical misconceptions of their dignity and nobility, can explain the attitude of those who would keep these great mysteries [of sex] out of the field of intelligent study and instruction.—*Christian Union*, Nov. 19, 1892.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

DR. A. HOWARD YOUNG, Pueblo, Colo.—I have occasionally for the last few years read *LUCIFER*, but did not understand or appreciate its teachings. I wish to be classed among those who are in full accord with the teachings of Moses Harman, as I now understand them—the emancipation of woman. Enclosed find \$1. I want *LUCIFER*. If you will send me sample copies I'll see that they are distributed to the best advantage possible. Give my love to your father and tell him I send him kind thoughts daily.

HERBERT C. DAVIS, State Secretary Socialist Party, Gary, Fla.—Enclosed find \$1, for which please place me on your list as a subscriber to *LUCIFER*. If publication has been suspended apply the amount to the cause you are defending. I might add that as a Socialist I think you have the cart before the horse and that the reforms you advocate will come after and as a result of the impending economic revolution—but I suppose you have heard it before. At least in the fight for free speech we stand on common ground.

ELMER ELLSWORTH CAREY, Editor "Suggestion," Chicago.—Dear Mr. Harman: I wish to send my congratulations to you upon your election to martyrship; suppose now you have earned a place along with Garrison and John Brown and others who walked the path of duty, regardless of the stings of orthodoxy and respectability. I would like to come out and see you some Sunday. At the press writers' meeting the other day we discussed a plan to gather a number of your friends together and visit you in a body. I would be glad to join in such a movement.

[Visitors are not admitted to the prison on Sundays and holidays and I think that not more than three or four would be admitted at one time. I am sure my father would be glad to see his friends if permitted to do so, and would thank Mr. Carey and the other "press writers" if he could speak or write to them.—L. H.]

LIZZIE M. HOLMES, La Veta, Colo.—[Copy of letter to M. Harman]: You know how deeply I sympathize with you and words cannot make it more clear. After the experience I have passed through it seems to me now that not to have been in prison for one's convictions betokens a lack of worthiness, ability, faithfulness or enthusiasm. You know Albert Parsons said a true radical might be ashamed if he had never been persecuted.

I know you are bearing this trial with a noble philosophy and you need not feel as ashamed to meet your jailer's eye as he must to meet yours. But I wish some younger person could bear this confinement, willing as you are, because physically they could bear it better—though never with a higher or more courageous spirit than you will.

I am done exclaiming and being astonished or angry that brave and good people are persecuted, imprisoned and hanged in a country supposed to be free; I have lived through too much. I suppose all these things have to be—and the men who do them think they are right, according to their environment and training. You will say, as did the Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." I hope and pray that you will endure your incarceration with strength and cheerfulness, and that you will not allow yourself to get sick or die in prison. Such a welcome you will receive when you come out! I will send some money to help *LUCIFER* in a little while. I just haven't got it now. With much love and helpful thoughts to you and the *LUCIFER* group, I am, yours fraternally.

MRS. M. LILLY-SLAUGHT, Minneapolis, Minn.—In your issue No. 1060 there was an article that interested me very much—"When Divorce is a Blessing." Now I sympathize with the stand taken that a woman has just cause often for leaving such a man, but I can also look at the matter from the mother's standpoint—to leave him does mean to leave the children she loves and lose them; for you surely know that a married mother does not own her children in these United States of ours. So if she wants to retain her hold on them she must take the abuse their owner and hers wishes to heap upon her. Now doubtless this sounds much harsher than I

mean to be, but it is a fact which has been proven repeatedly, and I know even now several similar cases. I love this, my native land, and can truly sing, "I love her rocks and rills, her woods and templed hills"; but I cannot be blind to even her faults, and the enslavement of women is certainly one of the darkest blot upon her beautiful banner—even though some women still protest that they would not accept suffrage and deery those who desire its advantages. I cannot agree with some of the sentiments expressed in your sheet, for I am glad to be known as a humble follower of the Man of Galilee. He is my dearest friend. Yet I am pleased to hear the opinions of those who do not see with me. I can see much of good in their thoughts even while I often deplore the evident misunderstanding of the true mission of my Savior to them.

Mrs. M., Park City, Utah.—Enclosed find \$1 for books. Hope to be able to lead others to see the need of woman's emancipation. Am still a struggler myself, but am groping toward the light. I was brought up a member of the dominant church in this state, which believes in the entire degradation of women, their highest duty to God and man—principally man—being to "multiply and replenish the earth" irrespective of the health, wealth, mental, moral or physical ability of parents and consequently of the offspring. Oh! for a thousand LUCIFERS and Moses Harmana to help along in the great work of deliverance!

A SOUTHERN FRIEND.—No. 1062 of LUCIFER just received. I see that my subscription lapsed with No. 1059. Enclosed please find \$5 and set my name forward one year and use the rest in any way that you think will be most conducive to stop the outrage being perpetrated upon your noble father. Personally speaking, his picture almost breaks my heart and I cannot look at it except through a veil of tears.

If I may suggest, as I see it, the only protection from the repetition of such outrages seems to lie in legislative action, and to get legislative action requires that public sentiment be educated to the demand for the repeal of the present censorship law. If the Free Speech League could have representatives at every newspaper convention and could keep agents in the field to visit and interest the newspapers in this one point, pleading not the right to discuss sex questions nor to favor sex freedom, forgetting all reforms that would be helped by the repeal, and only pleading for a removal of the censorship on the grounds of obscenity and compelling the newspaper to prove fraud before declaring fraud orders and holding up mail, I believe this, with the added force of personal appeal of the electors who send the men to Congress or keep them at home, according as they do or do not represent them in legislation, would speedily get rid of the objectionable law. But who is really free? I could not do it, much as I like to fight for what I believe to be right. I would soon be where I could not send five cents to help in the fight if you should even publish this letter in LUCIFER.

To borrow from the aim of "Mother Earth," I believe in "the number depth of silent preparation," and believe if a still hunt is made and the question kept just as separate from such unpopular issues as sex discussion as is possible, under the circumstances, that the majority of Congress will be glad to change the existing order, because in their secret hearts they are not in sympathy with prudery.

ABELINE CHAMPEY, Cleveland, Ohio.—Here are a few more stamps for the WICKHAM Letter, which have been distributed. The extra copies of LUCIFER received. I am glad you sent them; we have put them all out. It is an especially good number for distribution, containing Post's article and Moses' picture. But, oh! how impervious people are! I did not find my name in the list of letters that our dear editor had kindly been allowed to receive. I wonder if mine was too laudatory. It was chiefly taken up with a quotation from Thoreau. I inclose the passage to you. I will write again.

[Following is the quotation from Thoreau, to which Mrs. Champney refers:]

"I was put into a gual once . . . for one night; and as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick; the door of wood and iron, a foot thick; and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up.

"I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way.

"I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who were underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and they were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at a person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog.

"I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes; and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it."

SUGGESTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In sending in names of new subscribers please state (1) if money for same is paid by said subscriber, or (2) is paid by remitter with knowledge and consent, or (3) without knowledge or consent of new subscriber. In the latter case, we want to write and ask if the person wishes to receive paper, so by having the information at first a great deal of labor is saved.

Those who do not wish to see their letters or names in LUCIFER should write "Not for publication" on each letter; for, while the majority do not object to their letters or extracts therefrom being used, a few do; and it would entail too much unnecessary labor to write to each for permission to make such use of their words.

IDEAL MARRIAGE.

In the ordinary marriage the two strangers promise to love, honor and cherish till death do part.

The Catholic church holds it a sin to break the tie. Christian churches discuss divorce, but cannot find a remedy for unhappy marriages. Theosophists teach that one must not break one's word; if he marry for better or worse and gets hell, he must stand it.

There is one reasonable way out of this trouble. One should not promise in marriage, any more than in a business contract, impossible things. The marriage ceremony should be: "We will love, honor and cherish as long as possible." It is absurd to promise, in ignorance of the other's characteristics, how long one can love, honor and cherish. To the human beings together after love is dead and respect flown, is a terrible torture, and humanity in general will not stand for it.

The people make a great cry about the "children." Is it not better to part than live together in hatred and have more children?

Why not make a law which all can respect? A man between the frivolous divorces and the mock, respectable matrimony. If we only promised to love, honor and cherish as long as possible, each would strive to live to the highest to hold the other's esteem.

One suggests that we make marriage for some stated term, say ten years. That would not cover the question; for who can promise love for ten years any more than for life? As the majority of men are selfish, we would have to make laws to protect the wife and children at parting of parents.

There should be no disgrace to the woman.

The ideal marriage is a "partnership," not a "master and slave" condition, as now.

"Obey" should be left out of the contract. It is a crime to bear children without love; better race suicide.

BELLE GOODWIN FITCH.

The pressure of the general intellectual influences of the time determines the predispositions which ultimately regulate the details of belief; and though all men do not yield to that pressure with the same facility, all large bodies are at last controlled. A change of speculative opinion does not imply an increase of the data upon which those opinions rest, but a change of the habits of thought and mind which they reflect. Definite arguments are the symptoms and pretext, but seldom the causes of change.—W. H. Lecky: *Rationalism in Europe*.

If there is anything in the universe that can't stand discussion, let it crack.—Wendell Phillips, in *Carlo Martini's biography of him*.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:

E. C. WALKER, 244 WEST 143D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

A special number, devoted to Moses Harman, is promised by the editor of "Soundview," at an early date—probably in June or July. Special articles and a portrait will appear. Mr. Rader will divide receipts with LUCIFER on all orders which mention this notice. Price, 10 cents a copy, \$1 a dozen, \$7 a hundred. Contents and further particulars will be given in an early issue. Address L. E. Rader, Olalla, Wash.

PROSECUTIONS AND ATTEMPTED SUPPRESSION OF LUCIFER

At an early date—probably in LUCIFER No. 1065—we will publish a brief history of the attempted suppression of LUCIFER and the prosecutions against its editor. The first attempt to suppress this paper was made twenty years ago, and has continued intermittently ever since. A full history would make interesting reading and it will be written some time in the future. At present we can give only a brief sketch. It will, perhaps, be published in a small pamphlet, similar to the Wakeman Letter. We would be glad to hear from friends who would take copies for distribution, either in LUCIFER or the pamphlet form.

THE PETITION FOR THE PARDON OF MOSES HARMAN.

On page 507 will be found a copy of a petition for the "pardon" of the editor of LUCIFER which is being circulated by the Free Speech League. Friends wishing to obtain signatures may obtain blanks by application to this office, or the page from LUCIFER can be used, attached to blank sheets.

As to the propriety of even asking for a "pardon" for Moses Harman, there will be wide divergence of opinion. Many who might think it best to ask, if there were reasonable hope of the pardon being granted, will say that there is no possibility of such being the outcome, and, therefore, to make the request is to foolishly court the

humiliation of refusal. In my opinion, however, the good gained would well repay the effort, even if it were certain that the imprisonment itself would not be shortened one day thereby. By circulating the petition hundreds and thousands of people, who have never heard of Moses Harman or of LUCIFER, will be led to investigate the causes of the imprisonment; will be brought to an understanding of the dangers which threaten the expression of any unpopular thought if such precedents as the imprisonment of Moses Harman are permitted to stand without protest. I. H.

★ ★ ★

The New York "Truth Seeker," of April 24, contains the following paragraph:

"A petition for the pardon of Moses Harman, a victim of the postoffice autocracy, is printed on another page. Every American citizen ought to sign it. We hope all of our readers will do so, and procure as many other signatures as they can. The petition will be presented about June 1, and it is necessary that what is to be done should be done at once, so that the signed petitions may be returned to this office by May 20."

The "Blue Grass Blade," reproducing the petition and commenting at length thereon, says:

"True, indeed, the Free Speech League is right when it terms Moses Harman as the last of the 'martyrs for a free press,' the last one made by breeders of anarchy to 'suffer for opinion's sake.' . . . But this is not the real question before us at this time. Right or wrong, Harman is in prison. The issue is to secure his freedom. This freedom can now only be secured through the medium of clemency from President Roosevelt. His conviction and sentence being affirmed on appeal, his liberation is now altogether in the hands of Roosevelt. The Free Speech League is now circulating petitions for signatures to present to Roosevelt which shall seek a pardon for Harman. This petition ought to be signed by every Free thinker in America and such an array of names sent in that the President can ill afford to ignore the demand. The 'Blade' now requests that its readers send direct to the league's headquarters for a copy of blank petitions, get it signed and returned it as instructed. The league's offices are at 175 Broadway, New York City."

SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY SENDS GREETING.

CHICAGO, April 7, 1906.

Moses Harman, Joliet Penitentiary, Illinois.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology, at its last meeting, by unanimous vote, directed its secretary to send its good will, kindly greeting and sympathy to you in your confinement; and, further, to say that its members earnestly hope that the postal regulations, which are not now clear to the great majority who have no other means than the United States mails for sending written and printed matter to friends or patrons, will in the very near future be replaced by a code of simple rules, accessible and intelligible to all, and that public opinion will soon secure the enactment of legislation that will enable patrons of the mail service of the United States to have the mailability of postal matter determined by competent judicial decree.

Believing that the authorities who have put you in restraint have made provision for preserving your health, I am, yours sincerely,
CHARLES J. LEWIS, M. D., Secretary.

POSTAL CENSORSHIP.

The postoffice authorities are doubtless performing a public service in depriving swindlers of the use of the mails, but it is intrusting them with a degree of power which may some day be abused, says a contemporary. Not only may it "some day be abused," but it is abused now. The postoffice censorship, intended to apply to those fraudulently using the mails, has become a most damnable tyranny. It is a constant menace to a free press and personal liberty.

We have in mind, as we write, Moses Harman, editor of LUCIFER, who is serving a term in the Illinois penitentiary because he published articles in his little paper which petty postal officials thought "obscene." They were republished by many influential journals, whose editors were not molested. Yet there is not a purer-minded man, with a cleaner life, in the whole land, than Moses Harman, convicted felon, aged seventy-five.—The Star (San Francisco, Cal.).

There is no greater immorality than a man can perform than to inflict on a woman an unwanted child, and there is no more cruel act than for a man and woman to willingly give birth to a diseased child.—Lady Florence Dixie.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 6 months and 14 days old. He has served 59 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor. His task at present is breaking stone.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

* * *

The latest news received from our editor was on Tuesday, April 16, when he was permitted to see his friend and attorney, Mr. C. T. Brown, of this city. Mr. Brown had a conversation with him, of about an hour's duration, while the prisoner ate apples—his favorite fruit. He is not permitted to have fruit, except that which he can eat while with the visitor. His health is good and he is hopeful and cheerful, as always. He works from 7:30 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to 5 p. m., breaking stone. He still occupies a cell with a consumptive, but the warden ordered a change. He greatly enjoys the letters which he receives from his friends and requests me to say that he does not ask them to write lengthy letters, but that his greatest pleasure is in receiving messages, even if but a few words.

When I saw him soon after he was imprisoned I feared he would not survive, but now I believe that his strong constitution, his indomitable will and his calm spirit will carry him safely through hardships which would crush the average man of his years. He has

lived simply and worked hard all his life. I am not sure that he has ever before spent much time in breaking stone, but he has endured all the hardships of pioneer life—has felled trees, dug out roots, blasted and mined when necessary, and all in spite of the fact that he was, for the greater part of his life, a cripple. He was never "too good" to do any necessary work and no labor which could benefit any one was beneath his dignity. And though it would seem that to allot the task of crushing stone to such a man as he is a waste of good material, yet we can feel assured that this is not the only work which he accomplishes in his imprisonment.

L. H.

PROTEST OF A FRENCH EDITOR.

In LUCIFER No. 1063 mention was made of the fact that Paul Robin, editor of "Régénération," had written an article concerning the imprisonment of the editor of LUCIFER and had sent copies of it to several of the radical journals in France, but that none of them up to that time had published it. In a recent issue of "l'Action" the article was published in full. A translation of it follows:

IN FREE AMERICA.

A JOURNALISTIC FREE THINKER IN PRISON.—PROTEST OF CITIZEN PAUL ROBIN.

Citizen Paul Robin requests us to publish the following protest and we are happy to comply with his request:

We have already mentioned in "l'Action" the way in which freedom of thought is treated in free America, notably in the city where the magistrates, with abominable infamy, assassinated the martyrs of Chicago. It seems that justice in that country is administered at present much the same as it was in 1887.

Moses Harman, the indefatigable editor of LUCIFER, THE LIGHT BEAKEN, has come under the denunciation of the postal authorities, who are under the influence of the chief of puritans, Anthony Comstock, and has been condemned to one year in prison for the expression of his opinion. He was released temporarily under \$1,000 bail, pending an appeal to the Federal Court of Appeals.

During the time he was out on bail the postal authorities confiscated eight issues of LUCIFER, alleging that they contained obscene matter. On January 4 Moses Harman was taken before the Court of Appeals, which promptly confirmed the judgment of the lower court—one year in prison with hard labor.

I repeat, that Moses Harman makes in LUCIFER the same propaganda, but much more moderate in form and depth, as that which we make in "Régénération." As a free thinker and radical he demands that woman alone shall decide when she wishes to become a mother, and he pleads for the right of the child to be born under good conditions. He says all this in the most delicate, reserved and irreproachable language.

It is especially this last point, so much in opposition to the doctrine of President Roosevelt, who wishes the greatest possible number of births in order to have the greatest possible number of docile brutes, which has enraged the puritanic Comstockians and the bigoted protestants.

Then, because of an expression of opinion on a question the most worthy of serious discussion, a venerable man of 75 years, a philosopher who has passed his life in efforts to ameliorate the condition of humanity from every point of view, must go to prison for one year and perform absurd and excessive tasks, such as picking old rope or other like stupidities, under the penalty of seeing his already insufficient, unwholesome food reduced in quality and quantity.

It is slow death, very slow, very dolorous, modernized by protestant hypocrisy under the rule of Roosevelt.

Shall there not be among the protests against so many other crimes committed by the authorities everywhere one voice to cry out in indignation against this series of infamies committed in the "classic land of liberty"?

It should be remembered that all the régimes of authority are alike. One atrocity committed in a certain place should not make us forgetful of others. Everywhere it is the same: The masters of the world, politicians and financiers, desire the greatest possible number of births, the greatest possible number of hired murderers, of human brutes resigned to their fate, in order to have a permanent industrial war in accord with the international wars.

To the authorities, antimilitarism and parental prudence are equally odious. In France steps have been taken already to suppress the first, and the assembly of false and inhuman savants called the Academy of Medicine, following the tyrannous example of the government, has taken up arms against the second.

In Spain, in America and elsewhere the struggle is on. In sending to all the oppressed our testimony of active sympathy we are doing our duty to them, as well as to ourselves. PAUL ROBIN.

HOW MEN DIE IN RUSSIA.

Ivan Nerodny, a Russian revolutionary, who led the attempt at mutiny at Cronstadt last year, and who was minister of domestic affairs in the provisional government of the Baltic provinces, has arrived in New York. He escaped from Russia in disguise early in January, with a 30,000 rubles (\$15,000) price on his head.

Nerodny has a letter from an attorney named Riasner, who was an eye-witness of the execution of Lieut. Schmidt, of the Russian navy, on March 19 at Otechkoff. Schmidt was the leader of the revolt at Sevastopol.

"I saw the assassin of the Grand Duke Sergius hanged," writes Riasner, "yet that was as nothing by the horror of this shooting. My pen refuses to move when I think of it."

"It was 4 o'clock in the morning when Schmidt was led out for execution with the three common sailors who died with him. His struggle to the end was to save the three sailors. On the way to the place of execution he begged permission to send a telegram, taking all responsibility and exonerating the sailors. The admiral refused that."

"Then let me at least die like an officer," he said. "Do not blind nor blind me."

"They granted that, and decided that since he could see and the others would die blind, he should be shot first. Schmidt was placed with his back against a hill. Thirty men of his own command, many of whom loved him, were told off to kill him."

"Now the admiral feared that these men might not shoot at the word; so behind them he stationed 200 men with loaded rifles trained on every man of the firing squad. Their orders were to shoot instantly any man who failed to fire."

"Schmidt walked like a soldier to the spot. All the way he spoke incessantly to the soldiers who walked to the right and left, exhorting them to rise for humanity. A priest approached him."

"No," said Schmidt, kindly, "I believe in no God except the god of humanity." Then he stepped into his place.

"The officer had drawn his sword, when Schmidt called out: 'Wait, I want a glass of water. You cannot refuse that to a dying man.'"

"It seemed a strange request, but they granted it. Hardly were the water bearers out of range when he raised the glass high above his head."

"To the people of Russia," he cried, "To the Russian people and the social revolution."

"These were his last words, for the officer cried, 'Fire.'"

"Only sixteen of the thirty men in the firing squad fired. The rest lowered their pieces, overcome by the sublimity of this pledge in the face of death."

"The admiral kept his word. The sixteen who had fired were ordered rapidly out of line; the fourteen who failed were kept in place, their backs toward their death."

"Fire," said the officer of the 200 men behind.

"Probably not more than half of them obeyed, but it was enough. The fourteen fell as one man. Then they proceeded with the butchery of the three condemned sailors."

"What a day was this, comrades, in the history of Russia!"—Chicago Tribune.

POSTAL CENSORSHIP OF BANKING.

The Lewis case of St. Louis is a striking instance of the dangerous middle-classness of the postal department in private business. Lewis had undertaken to establish a banking business with certain novel features. Whether these features would be useful or not we make no pretense of saying. We are quite convinced, however, that postoffice "inspectors" (the official name for mail-bag detectives) are not qualified judges; and we doubt the competency of a postmaster general who collected campaign contributions from financial corporations to be used for his chief's election. Yet this postmaster general, upon the ex parte report of such detectives, did by arbitrary order close the mails to Lewis's banking enterprise. Of course that meant death to the enterprise, for mail facilities are vital to every modern business. The pretense was that the business was fraudulent. But this pretense has been killed by the report of the receiver of the assassinated enterprise, who says of it that every loan and investment has been liquidated 100 cents on the dollar with interest in full; that the depositors are being paid in full; and that he has already declared dividends to the stockholders of 85 per cent. If that was a fraudulent institution, making loans on wildcat securities, what shall be said of the honest ones whose securities do not pan out

in full, whose depositors get but a fraction of their money back, and whose stockholders are lucky if they don't have to submit to an assessment? Besides this evidence of the legitimacy of Mr. Lewis's assassinated business, we have the signed statement of Alexander Del Mar, the distinguished publicist who is editor of the "American Banker," that he is satisfied after minute examination that the banking business in question, "however original its method of promotion, or however novel its features and plan of working, was an honestly designed and as honestly conducted institution, and one which, had it not been disturbed, would have proved profitable to its stockholders and depositors and even beneficial to the country at large, by increasing the revenues of the postoffice department, providing a safe and expeditious money order system and affording facilities to the multitude for obtaining small loans of money upon pledges. I am constrained to add that the date and other details of the attacks made upon it by the several parties indicated point to a concerted effort, originating in trade rivalry and embittered by malice."

The fact that such a business could be ruined by the fiat of a cabinet officer is reason enough for overhauling the statutes under which an administrative department of the central government has drawn to itself such monstrous power.—The Public (Chicago).

SPASMODIC FITS OF MORALITY.

We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach liberties that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offenses have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders and blessed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of "whipping boy," by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently punished. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standards of morals established in England with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heartbroken and our virtue goes gently to sleep for seven years more.—Lord Macaulay in his review of Moore's "Life of Byron."

A free press is the parent of much good in the state. But even a licentious press is far less evil than a press that is enslaved, because both sides may be heard in the former case, but not in the latter. A licentious press may be an evil, an enslaved press must be so; for an enslaved press may cause error to be more current than wisdom, and wrong more powerful than right. A licentious press cannot effect these things, for if it give the poison, it gives also the antidote, which an enslaved press withholds. An enslaved press is doubly fatal; it not only takes away the true light, for in that case we might stand still, but it sets up a false one, that deceys us to our destruction.—Rev. C. C. Colton.

These vigilantes and purifiers, with that hypocritical severity which ever makes the worst sinner in private the most vigorous judge in public, lately had the imprudent impudence to summons a publisher who had reprinted the "Decameron" with the objectionable passages in French. Mr. Alderman Pasdell Phillips had the good sense contemptuously to dismiss the summons. Englishmen are no longer what they were if they continue to tolerate this ignominious espionage of vicious and prurient virtuous "associations." If they mean real work why do they commence with scholar-like works, instead of cleansing the many foul cesspools of active vice, which are a public disgrace to London.—Sir E. F. Burton.

Our Yankee cousins stamped out slavery; one day they will unlock the gate and disemprison Liberty. All books of any note have been persecuted. The "Age of Reason" was put down by the police, and men gathered behind hedges to read by stealth copies they had bought with their united peace. If the Bible itself were, by some magic turn of Fortune's wheel, to fall again under the ban, it would be eagerly read, where it is now used in English parlors windows as a convenient stand for the flower-pot.—Carrington.

A PETITION FOR PARDON OF MOSES HARMAN.

To the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States:

MOSES Harman, editor, of Chicago, is now serving a sentence of one year in the prison at Joliet, Ill., imposed by Judge Landis in the United States District Court of the Northern District of Illinois, on June 29, 1905. Mr. Harman was convicted June 16, 1905, on the charge of mailing obscene literature, and the sentence affirmed on appeal. The prisoner began to serve his sentence March 1, 1906.

We, the undersigned, now ask for speedy pardon for the following reasons:

1. Mr. Harman, now 75 years of age, is illy fitted to bear unnecessary and undue punishment, and it is a hardship that will probably sacrifice his life. His sentence is excessive, or far exceeds any possible injury done by the prisoner to the postal service or any human being.

2. He is a natural born reformer; he has been a teacher, preacher, editor and reformer for fifty years, and proved himself an earnest, honest, steadfast, brave and unflinching Garrison type of man; and he is manifestly suffering now, as hundreds have before him, "for opinion's sake." We think it is time for a "free country" to cease making martyrs for a free press.

3. Mr. Harman has never catered to salacious tastes or to morbid minds in search of obscenity; his publications are of great value and appeal only to the few serious, thoughtful people who are students of important and unsolved problems in sociology.

4. No evidence has been offered of any actual harm done to man, woman or child by Mr. Harman's publications; the alleged evil is all fictitious or problematical.

5. Mr. Harman has been treated as an obstinate, unrepentant criminal; whereas he is simply firm in the conviction that he stands for an important right and duty, as did George Washington and Harman's own contemporaries, such as William Lloyd Garrison and Susan B. Anthony, and many others.

6. Mr. Harman believes in applying scientific methods in stirpiculture, for the improvement of the human race, and in so doing gives no more real cause for offense than do the publications of the United States department of agriculture offered to stock breeders and daily sent by mail. It is an unfair and unjust discrimination that throws Mr. Harman's paper out of the mail and puts him into the jail for reprinting United States official documents, while the United States officials go right on mailing the same, though they are "condemned" as obscene by the postoffice department.

7. No man should ever be punished under a law that is so uncertain that guilt depends upon the speculative opinion of a jury as to a psychological tendency, and that is the substance of the judicial test of obscenity. No man can know from reading the statute whether a given publication is criminal, because the law does not inform us what will be the jury's opinion of the psychological tendency, nor furnish either the public or the jury with a standard of judgment.

8. Such convictions as that of Mr. Harman do much to undermine respect for the administration of justice, and the pardon asked should be granted as promptly and for the same reasons as moved President McKinley to pardon Charles C. Moore, editor of the "Blue Grass Blade," who was convicted in Cincinnati on a similar pretense of "obscenity" under very similar conditions, and for the same reasons which also moved President McKinley to pardon Leroy Berrier, likewise convicted in Minneapolis.

9. The imprisonment of this aged reformer is a misapplication of the law, a disgrace to our republic and its main purpose, "the preservation of liberty." We therefore respectfully ask the President to bring this disgrace to an end with the least possible delay.

NAME.

POSTOFFICE ADDRESS.

Fill out and return soon as possible—not later than June 1st—to The Free Speech League, 175 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Who Is the Enemy: Anthony Cumstock or You?

BY E. C. WALKER.

CONTENTS.

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Administrative Process of the Postal Department.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY THADDEUS RUH WAKEMAN.

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Finally, filled with notions which are in direct variance with those of her own country, she returns home to find her old friends and friends and endowed with that beauty which is considered the lonely girl's curse in our land of boasted civilization.

But she is well equipped for the struggle. She is physically as strong as a boy, so that if need be she can give blow for blow. Love Max Love, her sea walks through dangers with a firm step, guided by a LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE. Sea has no mystery for her; she is pure and strong because she KNOWS.

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BOSTON, MASS.

LUCIFER.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE NO. 1065

MINORITIES AND LIBERTY.

The development of free institutions in any country is a painful process—for the pioneers. The British minister of education has recently earned himself from interfering with injustice on the ground that "Minorities must always suffer." It is the old cry of the religionists who apologize for their cruelty on "natural" analogies. "Nature, red in tooth and claw," shrieks against a creed of mercy and justice to the weak. Providence continues persistently on the side of the big battalions.

Naturally, minorities must suffer. No minority, especially a very small minority, expects the practical convenience which numbers can alone give. We expect that the cost of producing a periodical with a small circulation and no advertisements must be immense in proportion to that of the "Times" or "Herald" type of journal. We take for granted that men and women with unpopular ideas will spend a strenuous lifetime in unremunerative (but not necessarily unprofitable) work, while the chorus-singer of "the largest circulation in the world" spreads himself out and has a good time. The lecturer for the minority has no quarrel with the small kerosene-lighted back street meeting place, what time he hears the sonorous organ pealing in the majestic cathedral of the crowd. A birth in a manger, a few disciples meeting at a poor inn, a feast of barley loaves and a few small fishes are natural disadvantages which small minorities accept with good humor and arguments in favor of a simple life. Disgrace does not even ask for a gold-plated tub.

Minorities must suffer, and the words are accepted by the common-sense components of the minority as the badge of their tribe without complaint, so long as the suffering is a deprivation and not an invasion. We accept loss, but we object to robbery. We submit to nature, because we cannot help ourselves—we object to our fellow-man preventing our coming to terms with nature. After all, minorities have some rights. No man has a right to invade the rights of others, even in a democracy. Consociation is a poor substitute for aristocracy—some of us would prefer a cultured autocracy to an ignorant tyrant, whether his name be Majority or not.

Revolutions have had for their text the rights of the majority. Evolution weighs fitness, it does not count noses. We must preach (as all reformers have had to preach) the limits of democracy, the place of the individual, the rights of men against the tyranny of man.

To those who swear by the majority, logic asks, How do you recognize a majority? To ascend from the general to the particular: Have you asked the people of your United States whether they want Moses Harman kept in prison? Have the two sides of the case been carefully circulated amongst your democracy? Are the offending articles from *LUCIFER* being submitted to the people, saying, Is the editor worthy of jail? Have the electors even (that section of a section) been consulted? Did your candidates at the last election give even a general consent to the interference of the postal censors? Judged by their own standards the apologists of democracy must plead guilty to a crime against their own principles. I need not refer to the Declaration of Independence, since that document has already been declared by your government to be criminally seditious under certain circumstances.

Perhaps it is impolitic to argue general principles at the present time. There certainly must be many thinking and well-meaning people who disagree with our premises and disavow our conclusions, who, all the same, are at one with us in horror and repudiation of the abominable interference with the liberty of one who has deserved

nothing but approval for his devotion to free speech, and his calm desire to go on working in his own way for the improvement of the race. To such helpers we must be generous in our thanks, but frank in our exposition of principle. We shall never do anything inconsistent with our appreciation of their support, and so long as they do not wish to hinder us we shall be proud of their company. They can console themselves easily enough if their enemies and ours warn them they are assisting our larger aims with which they may not agree. They and we are doing the same work now—we are breaking the fetters of the people. In the mental prison freedom stands held in the bondage of archaic laws. Not until every iron bond has gone can any of our lands see Freedom's face. When we have freedom we can choose—perhaps our way is not the best; we must be free to choose. That is our claim, and those who wait to ask the use that we shall make of our freedom show that they do not understand the word they glibly speak.

London, England.

GEORGE HARRISON.

A RECENT ENGLISH VOLUME OF MERIT.

A Vision of the Future. By Jane Hume Clapperton. London: Swan Sonnenschein. Price, 2 shillings 6 pence.

This work, by the well-known author of "Scientific Meliorism," and "What Do We Women Want?" can be cordially recommended to all students of social science, and particularly to those who, like readers of *LUCIFER*, are strongly interested in questions relating to sex questions, eugenics and allied subjects. The book has 342 pages. The first part deals with the industrial revolution and goes on to discuss the organization of industry. Part II has chapters on the law of population, the problem of sex, eugenics or stirpiculture, marriage, parentage. Part III is a plea for a more rational and humane method in the elimination of crime. Part IV is an analysis of the evolution of the emotions. Part V deals with the education of children. Part VI is a most interesting chapter, showing forth the needs of adolescence and a way of domestic reform. Part VII has to do with religion and religious life and the primal elements in humanity's evolution.

The whole book is suffused with "the enthusiasm of humanity," yet is distinguished by a strong vein of common sense which runs through its criticisms and its proposals, as well as by its feminine delicacy of touch and treatment in working upon such difficult and complex subjects. It is a true instinct which makes mankind cherish an ideal of sensitiveness and refinement in regard to subjects of sex, and this should not be overlooked by reformers in their zeal in carrying on the holy war against the hateful, demoralizing puritan perversion of that ideal. A few extracts from Miss Clapperton's book will give readers a taste of her quality.

"At the present moment, society has no scientific sex-philosophy whatever. It affects to be governed by puritanism—a vague doctrine belonging to the past history of the race and not in connection with any ethical code directed to the development of goodness through a careful regard to the happiness of man and the satisfaction of his normal human nature. Puritanism, whether affected or real, spreads abroad hypocrisy, deceit, lying; it tends to licentiousness in men and the utter debasement of women."

"Puritanism ignores the sexual needs of the young."

"The healthy functional and emotional life of love and gratified passion is the best preventive of hysteria, chlorosis, love melancholy, and other unhappy ailments to which our young women are cruelly and barbarously exposed, and which I do not hesitate to say make them in many cases feel their youth to be an insufferable mis-

tyrdom. There are no less serious evils which overtake masculine youth."

"The facts of prostitution alone would amply suffice to put puritanism out of court in social reform."

"The number of London prostitutes was estimated at 80,000 in the year 1870."

"Celibacy is a restraint commended and advised by Mr. Francis Galton. Scientific meliorism deliberately rejects it, for celibacy is a vital evil, destroying individual happiness and tending obviously to social disorder. Wherever love in its highest form exists, between two individuals, union is eminently desirable; but if either or both be afflicted by disease or hereditary taint, the sacrifice demanded of them is to carefully abstain from giving birth to children."

"The evils that infect and corrupt our social life, and that man must deliberately uproot and eliminate before general happiness becomes possible, are: poverty, i. e., a lifelong struggle to obtain food, shelter, clothing; the birth of individuals weak and unfit; disease, premature death; enforced celibacy; late marriage; drunkenness; disorganization of family life; prostitution; war; industrial competition; social injustice and inequality; individual tyranny; crime; barbarous treatment of criminals; disrespect of natural function and consequent injury to health; conventional folly; social repression of innocent enjoyment; religious bigotry; feebleness of religious guidance and confusion of religious thought."

For the practical remedies proposed for the cure of these evils—and the book abounds with a wealth of profitable and sagacious suggestions of methods of reform—we must refer the reader to Miss Clapperton's pages, with the assurance that their perusal will yield an ample measure of pleasure and instruction.

F. W.

CART AND HORSE—WHICH IS WHICH?

The state secretary of the Socialist party in Florida thinks, "as a Socialist," that LUCIFER, in advocating women's freedom without reference to industrial issues, has got the cart before the horse. If this official utterance be mistaken, it is seriously; for the cart will not draw the horse—except, perhaps, down hill—and the practical purpose of social reform requires us to strike at the taproot of abuses rather than the branches, which have often been ranker for a little pruning. There is no other country, with elective legislators, which would stand as much executive lawlessness as does America.

It is now a hundred and eight years since Malthus published his thousand-times "refuted" and always unrefuted "Essay on Population." He showed that where conditions were most favorable to increase, population doubled, by geometric, every twenty-five years. He observed that the conditions producing this rapid multiplication were, by hypothesis, less favorable than those of Godwin's Utopia, where all were to be guaranteed a living by the State. He proved, irrefragably, as any one who can use a logarithmic table may convince himself in five minutes, that no advances in agricultural methods would make the continuation of such an increase practicable; that, not in geologic eons, as some writers who know nothing about it suppose, but in less time than has passed since the Western Roman Empire went to pieces, it would, if its continuance were practicable, which, therefore, it is not, have stocked the globe beyond all possibility of finding food or even space. The tendency thus rushing towards an unattainable result, of course encounters checks; nor is there any difficulty about seeing what they are. War, with its sequels, such as slavery, landlordism and other tyrannies, is the chief. It is but necessary to remove that, without removing the original cause of mischief, as has been done in India and Ireland, in order to substitute pestilence and famine. But to all these checks (the positive) there is an alternative (the preventive). If a people can be taught the necessity of restraining the propagative instinct, that nation's progress is possible. If not, there is nothing ahead but decline. Godwin's mistake was in not recognizing this. That our State Socialists make exactly the same mistake is evident when they say that LUCIFER puts the cart before the horse. And because the common sense of worldly people does not recognize the impossibility of providing for indefinite increase, State Socialism, where most successful, as in France and Germany, succeeds only in demonstrating its own impracticable character. Instead of introducing a Fool's Paradise, where the soul that sinneth shall not die, it degenerates into a mere political party, pattering over initiatives and referenda, and ages of consent, and pensions, and other makeshifts, while things in general remain as they were.

But though Godwin did not see the necessity which Malthus saw, he did see that, on other grounds, the emancipation of women was demanded by our best interests. And those who have learned,

not from him or Malthus alone, but from the fact that the emancipation of women solves the problem, that peace, order, and prosperity should coincide, it is necessary that women should be restrained. Men cannot be expected to restrain it of their own accord—smart and ambitious men will, but not the kind of men whom they enslave. But emancipated women will restrain it for them. Since the bourgeois system partially emancipated women by giving them remunerative work, this has been done to an extent which alarms Roosevelt. A radicalism which would throw them out of productive occupations and have the State provide for children, is a delusion and a snare. To Anarchistic Socialism, of the American type, the Malthusian theory, as John Stuart Mill predicted, is not an objection, but the most powerful of weapons. C. L. JAMES.

HOME LOVE—FREE LOVE

Our interest in Moses Harman, who is now serving a term in the Illinois penitentiary for expressing his views too plainly in print on the sex question, seems to cause one of our friends to think that we indorsed every conclusion that he advanced. This is a mistake. If a member of one of the political parties was put in jail for expressing his views on a political subject, would it necessarily follow that the persons who desired his release indorsed those views which got him into trouble?

The sex question has been shrouded in vulgar mystery about long enough. The public are demanding, and must have, knowledge on this subject. Moses Harman was trying to supply this knowledge to the best of his ability. The critical friend of ours alluded to, says that Harman advocated too much freedom; that such views would eliminate marriage, and thus destroy home and home life. I do not believe that such results would be possible. I believe that education on this question would, in every case, make the home ties stronger. And why, too, so much talk about free love? I am sure that no one wants that kind of love that can be bought. It must be free, or it is not worth having. That is the only kind of love that ever has made and ever will make a home permanently happy. Those perverts who advocate promiscuity under the name of free love are breaking every law of God or Nature and fully deserve the degeneracy that quickly takes their kind into oblivion. But we should remember that it is the enslavement of love, so-called; it is the turning of this human emotion into a marketable value, that has resulted in so much misery and general deterioration physically, mentally and morally.

Any man who advocates theories which strike at the home, is a public enemy of the worst sort. All normal boys and girls look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the time when they will have a home of their own. The home instinct is very strong in many species of birds and animals. The desire for a home, or the desire to mate, is an instinct. Our present educational methods are devoted largely to the elimination of this instinct, and as a result, the more education, so-called, the fewer homes you find.

The home should be the heaven of our earthly existence. It should be the ultimate outcome of every normal human life. Within its sphere should be realized all the exquisite outcome of every normal human life. Within its sphere should be realized all the exquisite anticipations of our early dreams. It must be admitted that the hard, cold, stern realism of the average home life does not fulfill our anticipations. These results have come about because of prudery, because men blindly enter the realms of home life. Consequence is to blame for marital unhappiness. It is this vicious nastiness that has allowed men and women to mate in ignorance of all the laws appertaining to this relation. Moses Harman, now seventy-five years of age, shows by his features and fine head of white hair that his life has been clean and wholesome, and whatever his theories may be or have been, I do not believe they will do otherwise than make the home ties stronger and more permanent. It is to be hoped that his imprisonment will help to call the attention of the public to the need of a mighty reform relative to these vastly important subjects.—Physical Culture.

Tendency to disease and tendency to vice are of similar origin, and neither can be cured by punishment, vengeance or imprisonment; but all tendency to disease, peculiarities, fears, weaknesses and vices in young or old can be cured or modified by favorable environment, suggestive therapeutics, massage and physical culture.—Medical Brief.

Do not talk about disgrace from a thing being known when the disgrace is that the thing should exist.—Falconer.

TWO ANTIQUARIAN DOCUMENTS OF INTEREST.

When considering the matter of Adella Queenie I happened to see the following in a magazine, which I will call

EXHIBIT I.

"The following letter was written by Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather in 1681. The original is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society:

"To the Agent and Beloved John Higginson:

"There is now at sea a ship (for our friend Elias Holcroft of London did write me by the last packet that it would be some time in August) called the *Welcome*, which has aboard it a hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with William Penn the scoundrel at the head of them. The General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Haest of the brig *Porpoise* to waylay said *Welcome* as near the end of God as may be and make captives of the Penn and his ugly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worshippers of those people. Much spoil may be made by selling the whole lot to Barbados, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but shall make great gains [gain], for his ministers and people. Yours in the bonds of Christ.

COTTON MATHER."

Exhibit II brings us into the future, 250 years hence, say A. D. 2155. It is not hard to imagine some one idly turning the leaves of a periodical and noticing something like the following:

EXHIBIT II.

"Below is given an extract from a legal document written A. D. 1905 by one of the officials of the old American republic. The official was a person named Higginson, and it appears that under the curious forms of government that existed in those days one man could sometimes override the wishes of a state or nation. The original document is preserved in the archives of the Historical Society of Kankakee, and its authenticity is unquestioned. The document in part reads as follows:

"GOVERNOR HIGGINSON'S VETO.

"This bill presents an astonishing proposition, but the most astonishing thing about it is that it passed both houses unnoticed and without opposition or discussion.

"It is an insult to every faithful wife and to womanhood itself. The bill recites that Adella Queenie is the illegitimate infant child of Charles Bell Barker and Adella Gertrude Stringer, and enacts that the child is thereby made the legitimate child of its said parents in all respects, the same as if said child had been born in lawful wedlock.

"The father at the time of the birth of the child had and now has a lawful wife living. He and the child's mother, with brazen impudence and utter disregard of the rights of the lawful wife and the rules of morality, unite in a petition to the legislature to legitimize the issue of their lawless love.

"If this bill should be approved, a legal status would be given to a semi-polygamous relation, and concubinage would become an honorable estate."

65 Bowen Avenue.

ELMER ELLSWORTH CARY.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY'S VOTE.

An incident in the life of the late Susan B. Anthony, to which she delighted to refer, and which seems to have received but passing notice in the newspaper sketches of her life, was her arrest and trial on the charge of illegal voting. The Rochester "Post-Express" thus relates the incident:

The trial began in the United States Circuit Court at Canandaigua, June 17, 1873, upon an indictment charging her with having "knowingly, wrongfully, and unlawfully" voted for a representative in Congress in the eighth ward of Rochester "without having a lawful right to vote in said election district, the said Susan B. Anthony being then and there a person of the female sex as she, the said Susan B. Anthony, then and there well knew." Justice Ward Hunt presided; the prosecution was conducted by Richard Crowley, United States district attorney, and the defense by Henry R. Selden, of this city, formerly lieutenant-governor of the state and a member of the Court of Appeals. He was one of the ablest lawyers that ever practiced at the Rochester bar. Mr. Selden was assisted by John Van Voorhis. The trial was short; it proved conclusively that Miss Anthony had voted. Then a very elaborate argument was made by Mr. Selden. He attempted to show that she had a right to vote under the constitution of the United States, and then argued that she was guilty of no crime, even if she had no right to vote, because she thought she had a right, and had been so advised by counsel.

Then a remarkable thing occurred. Although a judge is not presumed to make up his mind until counsel has been heard, no sooner had Mr. Selden concluded than Justice Hunt drew from his breast pocket an elaborate written opinion, which he proceeded to read. He held that Miss Anthony had no right to vote, and was not to be excused by the plea of ignorance; but he then declared that there

was no question for the consideration of the jury; he refused to allow Miss Anthony's counsel to address the jury and he directed the jury to return a verdict of guilty. Mr. Selden insisted that his direction was one "which no court had a right to give in a criminal case," but the clerk, under the direction of the judge, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, listen to your verdict as the court hath recorded it: You say you find the defendant guilty of the offense charged; so say you all." No answer was made by any of them; neither by word nor sign did a single jurymen indicate his concurrence. Mr. Selden asked that the jury be polled. "That cannot be allowed," said the court, and added: "Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged," whereupon the jurymen left the box. Miss Anthony then made a speech, which the court endeavored to interrupt and prevent, and then sentenced her to "pay a fine of \$100 and costs of the prosecution." Then Miss Anthony replied: "I shall never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty." Justice Hunt amiably remarked: "Madam, the court will not order you committed until your fine is paid." There were a great many things that Justice Hunt did not know, but among the things that he did know was this, that if he committed Miss Anthony for failure to pay her fine, her counsel would procure a writ of habeas corpus and bring before another court the lawfulness of a conviction without a jury.

Miss Anthony, of course, never paid either the fine or the costs of prosecution, and no appeal was ever taken.

A MENACE TO THE REPUBLIC.

The air of the great republic of America has been purified by its postoffice clerks in Chicago and Washington. Moses Harman, 75 years and six months old, is imprisoned at Joliet, Ill., for one year at hard labor, for publishing in his paper, *LUCIFER*, discussions by men and women, eminent in letters and science, on race degeneracy—its causes and cures. Contemplating the rapid multiplication of prisons, almshouses, asylums for imbeciles and lunatics, of the increasing weight of burdens upon the right-minded and strong-bodied, the editor of *Lucifer* considers the question to be one of first importance.

Very few will disagree with Mr. Harman's premises, while very many will disagree with his theories and conclusions. But by no law under heaven has any man in the United States of America the shadow of a right to say Mr. Harman shall not express his opinion, without molestation. The spirit of the American people is dead within them if they submit to such an outrage. Then any opinion on any subject that a mail clerk doesn't know the alphabet about may be suppressed according to his limited knowledge of obscenity or heresy. It was mere heresy in Mr. Harman's case. The mail-bag censor said to him: "Your ideas would overturn society," therefore you shall be shut up in a prison cell for one year, and the department acquiesced.

The ridiculousness of the contention has been fully shown. "The Public," published in Harman's own city, made full exposure, at the time, actually driving the Washington authorities into a corner, where they hid behind a cowardly and discourteous refusal to answer reasonable and legitimate questions.

The Boston "Woman's Journal," although not in accord with *Lucifer's* views, reprinted every line of the interdicted matter to show how poeetic was the accusation.

But the point is, Shall a man, guiltless of any crime, be railroaded to the penitentiary, by government clerks acting as censors? The air of the dictatorship that vitiates Washington is poison to liberty and democracy. A storm of protest should be raised that will shake the walls of the capitol, if this be necessary, to restore one falsely imprisoned man to freedom.

The menace of graft and greed is not so threatening to the safety of the republic as this exercise of arbitrary and unwarranted power.

Mr. Harman's daughter was permitted a short visit with her father, in his cell, on the 26th of March. She found him suffering in health. He had been compelled to undergo vaccination and was ill from its effects. His cell-mate coughs continually as if from consumption. He has no employment, and paper and pencil are forbidden. Even his reading matter is censored. Some of his letters are not delivered because they speak words of praise and comfort. Says the daughter: "Write him, addressing his letters care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill."

We say: Do more than that. Moses Harman is fighting *Free-dome's* fight—a fight for womanhood and manhood. Help him and his holy cause, not only with "words of praise and comfort," but in deeds. Help by giving according to your means, to a grand old man who, in *prudence* vile, cannot help himself.—*The Star* (San Francisco.)



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

As the proposed story of the prosecutions of LUCIFER will monopolize the space in one issue of LUCIFER, we are postponing its publication to No. 1006. It is thought best to republish the "Petition" in this issue. The first attempt to suppress this paper was made twenty years ago, and has continued intermittently ever since. A full history would make interesting reading and it will be written some time in the future. At present we can give only a brief sketch. It will, perhaps, be published in a small pamphlet, similar to the Wakeman Letter. We would be glad to hear from friends who would take copies for distribution, either in LUCIFER or the pamphlet form.

TIDINGS FROM FRIENDS IN CALIFORNIA.

Many of our friends lived in San Francisco and other California towns which suffered from the earthquake. We are anxiously awaiting news of their safety. Among the few from whom we have heard are H. B. Kerr, who spent the winter in Oakland, and Mrs. E. H. Russell, of San Jose. Mr. Kerr says:

"I have got your letter of the 25th. The earthquake was not very serious here, though it sent us out to the street in our nightgowns and brought down all the chimneys. The only San Francisco Luciferies we have seen since the quake and fire are the Spradings. They were burnt out and are going to Los Angeles whenever they get their insurance money. They had seen the Cooks, who were also burnt out, and are now having a delightful holiday, camping in Golden Gate Park, and eating free meals at Uncle Sam's expense. Lydia Todd is no doubt all right, as she lives very far out. Mrs. Wermouth and Nielsen must have been burnt out, and I should think also Mrs. S. C. Smith. About the rest I can say nothing.

"We had a narrow escape of being in the thick of everything. We had decided to leave here on the day on which the earthquake occurred, and to spend the previous night with the Spradings; so that we should have been right in the midst of both quake and fire. (The quake was at 5:15 a. m.) Fortunately, God, who always watches over

me in such matters, made me insist on putting out to a later day, much against Dora's will."

Of course thousands of the survivors sincerely believe that a special Providence saved them; successfully conscious of the fact that if he could and did save them, he could have saved those whom he allowed to perish.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Russell, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, is one of LUCIFER's oldest friends, and is known and loved by many of our readers. Almost ninety years of age, she has demonstrated the possibility of "growing old beautifully," in every sense of the term. The following words are strongly and clearly penned:

"I am suffering with nervous prostration, the result of the dreadful experience I have passed through in the midst of the earthquake. I expected our new cottage (by the shaking it got) would fall about our ears, but it is not a great deal damaged. How and I felt after reading your interview with your father. I sent him a letter yesterday. Dear Lillian, you are indeed doing splendidly in the manner you are getting up LUCIFER. What cruelty, that your father is not allowed to see it! Will nothing be done, I wonder, to shorten his time in prison?"

We hope our other friends will let us hear from them as soon as possible.

★ ★ ★

Just as I am sending the foregoing to the printers the following letter is received:

"SAN FRANCISCO, April 26, E. M. 506.

"On Wednesday morning, April 18, at 4:45, I heard an awful rumbling sound. At that same time my little house seemed to rattle up and quiver, quake, snap, crack, and there seemed to be a splitting sound, too. I got up on my feet, but could not stand—the house seemed to squirm. I fell to my knees, but made another effort, and by holding on to window casings I finally got out of the house, out into the yard. The ground seemed to squirm like a bunch of snakes. I held onto the fence and looked around. By that time my neighbors were up, and as I only had on my nightgown I went in, brought my clothes to the door and dressed. Oh, now began the terror! No sooner had the roar of the quake subsided, when the city started to burn. The red glow stained the sky, all on the other side of the hill from our part of the city. From that moment until now I have done nothing but try to help those who were going to pieces. Day and night, through hunger and cold, terror and anguish, I have worked. My house is full of fire refugees. It has hardly a cup of plate left unbroken. Everything piled into the middle of the door and had to be straightened out and put in its place. We had to live without fire, light or food for a long time. The city under martial law. Soldiers shooting down people that were going on errands of mercy. They love to shoot. One has enough to contend with; then we have to see those legalized murderers shoot down our friends and neighbors. What a shame! All done in the name of God and government. We are now out of water. It was shut off yesterday—said only for about twenty-four hours, but the people are afraid the water has given out. Just now a man came in and says they found a man in the reservoir; he looked as though he had been in a long time. The water smelled so badly that I could not wash my face in it, but did not know why. Oh, these awful times will surely do me. I am almost dead on my feet.

"LYDIA E. TODD, 248 Rutwell.

"P. S.—My little house is still standing, but has been dreadfully shaken."

The little home which was so nearly wrecked was the result of many days of the hardest labor performed by the hands of its owner, Lydia E. Todd. I believe she even did a part of the carpenter work herself, and a short time ago she wrote that it was almost complete, and she expected to have a house of her own and a place in which to entertain her friends. She is always ready to help others to the best of her ability, and I am sure that anything sent to her will be put to good use.

★ ★ ★

The plant of the San Francisco "Star," and all the property of its noble editor, James H. Barry, was destroyed. It is to be hoped that he will be able to resume publication, for the "Star" cannot be spared. A copy of the last number issued, dated April 14, reached us on the morning after the earthquake. The first words I read were an appeal for help for the sufferers from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. "Those who have read Bulwer Lytton's graphic description of 'The Last Days of Pompeii,'" he says, "will form some idea of the horrors of it all, and their hearts will beat in sympathy for the dead and their purse-strings be loosened to give what aid they can to the living, terror-stricken sufferers."

When the "Star" is released it will surely receive the welcome which it so abundantly deserves.

L. H.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 6 months and 28 days old. He has served 73 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor. His task at present is breaking stone.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

LUCIFER No. 1042, June 22, 1905—a double number—was accepted, weighed and the money for postage received at the Chicago postoffice. The edition was then confiscated and sent to the dealer office at Washington, to be destroyed. No notice was given the publisher, and not until he received complaints of non-receipt by subscribers was he aware of the fact that their papers had not been sent to them. On being questioned, the superintendent of second-class mails at Chicago said he had been instructed by his superiors at Washington to read a copy of every issue of LUCIFER and confiscate all which were, in his opinion, unavailable.

LUCIFER Nos. 1043, 1045, 1046 and 1050 were held to be unavailable by Mr. Hull, the aforesaid superintendent, and copies deposited for mailing were destroyed. The higher officials in Washington concurred in the decision in regard to these numbers.

Nos. 1053 and 1056 were held to be unavailable, but the department at Washington instructed the local officials that hereafter copies

of "unavailable" issues should not be destroyed, but should be returned to the publisher.

No. 1053 was "unavailable" in the estimation of Mr. Hull, but it was a case of "when doctors disagree," for the Washington officials overruled his decision.

It should not be necessary to point out the dangers to the freedom of the press and the liberties of the people which are involved in thus making one man prosecuting attorney, judge and jury, with the power to deny the right of transmission to any publication which in his opinion is of a mistaken tendency.

And what are we going to do about it? Continue the publication of LUCIFER.

And what are YOU going to do about it? Shall we have your assistance?

LILLIAN HARMAN.

MOSES HARMAN'S MISSION.

Not as a writer nor as an author will Moses Harman be remembered in history, although he has won enviable fame as both; but as a liberator will he be known to future generations.

In his prison cell at Joliet he is today the most powerful advocate of sexual purity and the freedom of the press. His enemies are doing infinitely more for his cause than he could possibly do without their opposition.

Such men as Harman, born to serve, must go to jail, to the rack and the scaffold. This has always been so and always will, as long as a large majority of mankind are subject to the will of a small minority—as long as the world is ruled by ignorance and superstition.

To shed light has always been a crime, for the simple reason that light is a menace to the rule of darkness. If Moses Harman had shed as much blood as he has light he would be honored as some great conqueror, and instead of lying in a prison pen in the sunset of his life he would be feted as a popular idol and his statue would adorn the parks of the cities. Better a thousand times this pure man in the stripes of a felon than an apostate in purple and fine linen.

It is the very irony of fate that this apostle of purity should be punished for alleged impurity; that the gross and sensual in our sex life and social relations, so abhorrent to his refined and sensitive nature, and against which he has waged unceasing war, should have sufficient power to so distort his features as to have him appear the author of their being. The vulgar, ignorant censurers of Moses Harman have no conception of his real mission; he is as great as they are small, and is destined to live as nobly as they are doomed to perish ignominiously.

From Jesus Christ to Moses Harman the fate of all true men has been the same; from Calvary to Joliet not one has escaped.

Not lightly are men considered who essay to serve humanity. The severest tests are applied to them and the extreme penalties imposed upon them, but the Moses Harman no more shrink from the one or the other than if they were approaching their crowning festival.

In his prison garb today our elder brother is a powerful instrumentality in setting the dead hearts of the people to beating and opening their eyes to what is going on in the world. Every hour of his sentence will hasten by a year the end of mental and moral despotism.

Such freaks as Anthony Comstock are the products of a perverted social order and an abnormal civilization. Freedom will finally be achieved in spite of all the insects that light upon the chariot wheels of progress.

The capitalist system, based upon the private ownership by the few of the earth and the fulness thereof, is the prolific parent of ignorance and all the ills that ignorance entails, and when this is overthrown, as it certainly will be, such monstrous crimes as Moses Harman is now the victim of will be unknown.

EUGENE V. DEER.

A special number, devoted to Moses Harman, is promised by the editor of "Soundview," at an early date—probably in June or July. Special articles and a portrait will appear. Mr. Rader will divide receipts with LUCIFER on all orders which mention this notice. Price, 10 cents a copy, \$1 a dozen, \$7 a hundred. Contents and further particulars will be given in an early issue. Address L. E. Rader, Otalia, Wash.

The best brought up children are those who have seen their parents as they are. Hypocrisy is not the parents' first duty.—G. B. Shaw.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

FLAVIUS J. VAN VOORHIS, Indianapolis, Ind.—Will you send me two or three copies of petition for signatures? It does seem such an outrage against right reason and common sense that it is hard to be patient with such injustice administered in the name of justice.

HERMAN KUKHN.—Please send me a couple of copies containing the Parkhurst letter. I am getting some letters from people who seem to think that it was all in dead earnest, and I've forgotten what I said that could have given rise to that impression. Perhaps I'm not a success as an "ironicalist."

S. E.—I shall be able to send in a few names on the petition. I think the petition one of the best missionary documents and hope you will keep it standing. Better still, if you could manage to run your father's photo on reverse side. Please send me a few copies of last issue if available, and give my compliments to your father with best wishes.

LAURA H. EARLE, Mary Esther, Fla.—I enclose \$1, to be used in any way that seems best to you, and I wish it were not so little. I did not believe that it would actually come to the point of your father's being put behind the bars. I suppose scarcely anybody did. Each new outrage of an irresponsible government is a fresh surprise. I have been glad to have your father's picture in the paper, never having seen it before. The face seems to express the man. I shall write to your father, although the cares and labor of my present life—that of a pioneer on virgin soil—gives me hardly time to write.

W. N. FERRIS, Big Rapids, Mich.—To my sorrow I have read of the trial and conviction of Moses Harman. I do not hesitate about signing the petition. I am in favor of free speech and I am certainly in favor of discussing sex questions just as frankly as I would discuss political questions. It is our only salvation. I can name publications that from the government standpoint ought to have been prohibited years ago. Had they been prohibited they would have been no less worthy of consideration. I have read numbers of LUCIFER. Since Mr. Harman's imprisonment I have contemplated becoming a subscriber. I sincerely trust that the specimens copies you speak of in your letter will arrive. They are not here yet. I can assure you that I feel deeply for Mr. Harman. Will send petition as soon as I can.

H. F. EMMES, Casadero, Cal.—I enclose \$1 to pay on my subscription. I have cut out the petition printed in the "Truth Seeker." Will try to get people to sign it. If you can spare some of No. 1058 or any other printed matter to give to people that sign the petition, then please send them to me.

[We will gladly send, on application, copies of LUCIFER and of the Wakeman Letter and Post pamphlet to friends who can use them when asking for signatures to the petition. In this way many who have never even thought of the questions at issue will have their interest aroused. Of course money is needed to pay expenses of publication and distribution, but as long as the literature is on hand and we have stamps for postage, no applicant will be denied merely because unable to contribute toward the expenses.]

C. B. HOFFMAN, Enterprise, Kan.—I have so much to say—more than can be said in a letter—of your imprisonment. Let that go for shame to our country, our people, our authorities, our laws and our creeds. With the press literally rocking with disgusting sensualism unrebuked by Comstock or McAfee, the postal department tries to destroy the work of a Harman, Craddock, Berrien, Walsbrocker, Heywood, Wilmasse, Whitman, Jesus. But it cannot, it shall not. The people are being stirred with a vital influx as never before. Everywhere limitations are breaking down before the spirit of brotherhood, companionship, love. The age of reconciliation is dawning. What if you are imprisoned? What if they confiscate our LUCIFER, robbing you of your production, me of my paper, for which I paid? These are but petty imitations of the fierce persecutors of the

past. . . . You, dear friend, have made a "shaking record." I am proud of knowing you, of having helped in a small way the good cause, of having been a party to the starting and maintenance of LUCIFER. You have done and are doing more good. Humanity is better for your work, your devotion, your wisdom.

E. L. CLEVELAND, Ohio.—I take a sincere interest in the paper and the cause it stands for, and I appreciate Adeline Champney's thought that "Moses Harman is suffering imprisonment for me!" I cannot tell you how very earnestly I wish for the advancement of knowledge on the sex question. All the world is suffering through ignorance of it, but the torch-light of truth is still too strong for the eyes of the many—that is why Mr. Harman is in prison today. But many hearts are throbbing with pain and indignation because of it, and I feel and hope that a great good may come of it. I come in touch with but few people, and most of them conservative, but they are all and all express surprise and regret that such a thing can be true. If Comstock must suppress obscene literature, I wonder why he does not begin with the daily newspapers of any large city.

WALTER BRENN, Omaha, Neb.—I enclose my subscription to LUCIFER for the next year and trust that you will experience the same success in managing LUCIFER for the next ten months as you had some years ago, when Moses Harman put the management of the paper in your hands. This subscription makes me a constant subscriber from the fall of 1894. Under another cover I mail last week's issue of the "Truth Seeker," with Captain French's poem on "Miss Cleopatra Cornstalk," and if same is not too long would suggest that all or part find its way into your columns. Anthony Comstock is the real enemy; it is he who has caused the theatrical managers, booksellers and McFadden et al. all the trouble, and such a poem is cutting and can be readily recalled to mind. I do not know if you have any subscribers in this vicinity, but hope you have. I have never destroyed a copy of LUCIFER or "Truth Seeker," or, for that matter, any reform journal, but have always scattered the seed here, there and everywhere.

KNOWLEDGE IS THE BASIS OF TRUE MODESTY.

I have conversed, as man with man, with medical men on anatomical subjects, and compared the proportions of the human body with artists—yet such modesty did I meet with that I was never reminded by word or look of my sex, of the absurd rules which make modesty a pharisaical cloak of weakness. And I am persuaded that in the pursuit of knowledge, women would never be insulted by sensible men, and rarely by men of any description, if they did not by mock modesty remind them that they were women; actuated by the same spirit as the Portuguese ladies who would think their charms insulted if, when left alone with a man, he did not at least attempt to be grossly familiar with their persons. Men are not always men in the company of women, nor would women always remember that they were women if they were allowed to acquire more understanding. As a sex, women are more chaste than men; and as modesty is the effect of chastity, they may deserve to have this virtue ascribed to them in rather an appropriate sense; yet I must be allowed to add a hesitating *if*, for I doubt whether chastity will produce modesty, though it may propriety of conduct, when it is merely a respect for the opinion of the world, and when coquetry and love-lorn tales of novelists employ the thoughts. Nay, from experience and reason I should be led to expect to meet with more modesty among men than women, simply because men exercise their understandings more than women.—Mary Wollstonecraft.

Wherever bibliolatry has prevailed, bigotry and cruelty have accompanied it. It lies at the root of the deep-seated, sometimes disguised, but never absent, antagonism of all the varieties of ecclesiasticism to the freedom of thought and to the spirit of scientific investigation. To those who look upon ignorance as one of the chief sources of evil, and hold veracity, not merely in act, but in thought, to be the one condition of true progress, whether moral or intellectual, it is clear that the biblical idol must go the way of all other idols. Of infallibility in all shapes, lay or clerical (as to sexual ethics or otherwise), it is needful to iterate with more than Cato's pertinacity, "Delenda est."—Thomas Hurley.

Full opportunity for full development is the inalienable right of all. He who denies it is a tyrant; he who does not demand it is a coward; he who is indifferent to it is a slave; he who does not desire it is dead.—Debs.

A PETITION FOR PARDON OF MOSES HARMAN.

To the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States:

Moses Harman, editor, of Chicago, is now serving a sentence of one year in the prison at Joliet, Ill., imposed by Judge Landis in the United States District Court of the Northern District of Illinois, on June 29, 1905. Mr. Harman was convicted June 16, 1905, on the charge of mailing obscene literature, and the sentence affirmed on appeal. The prisoner began to serve his sentence March 1, 1906.

We, the undersigned, now ask for speedy pardon for the following reasons:

1. Mr. Harman, now 75 years of age, is illy fitted to bear unnecessary and undue punishment, and it is a hardship that will probably sacrifice his life. His sentence is excessive, or far exceeds any possible injury done by the prisoner to the postal service or any human being.
2. He is a natural born reformer; he has been a teacher, preacher, editor and reformer for fifty years, and proved himself an earnest, honest, steadfast, brave and unflinching Garrison type of man; and he is manifestly suffering now, as hundreds have before him, "for opinion's sake." We think it is time for a "free country" to cease making martyrs for a free press.
3. Mr. Harman has never catered to salacious tastes or to morbid minds in search of obscenity; his publications are of great value and appeal only to the few serious, thoughtful people who are students of important and unsolved problems in sociology.
4. No evidence has been offered of any actual harm done to man, woman or child by Mr. Harman's publications; the alleged evil is all fictitious or problematical.
5. Mr. Harman has been treated as an obstinate, unrepentant criminal; whereas he is simply firm in the conviction that he stands for an important right and duty, as did George Washington and Harman's own contemporaries, such as William Lloyd Garrison and Susan B. Anthony, and many others.
6. Mr. Harman believes in applying scientific methods in stirpiculture, for the improvement of the human race, and in so doing gives no more real cause for offense than do the publications of the United States department of agriculture offered to stock breeders and daily sent by mail. It is an unfair and unjust discrimination that throws Mr. Harman's paper out of the mail and puts him into the jail for reprinting United States official documents, while the United States officials go right on mailing the same, though they are "condemned" as obscene by the postoffice department.
7. No man should ever be punished under a law that is so uncertain that guilt depends upon the speculative opinion of a jury as to a psychological tendency, and that is the substance of the judicial test of obscenity. No man can know from reading the statute whether a given publication is criminal, because the law does not inform us what will be the jury's opinion of the psychological tendency, nor furnish either the public or the jury with a standard of judgment.
8. Such convictions as that of Mr. Harman do much to undermine respect for the administration of justice, and the pardon asked should be granted as promptly and for the same reasons as moved President McKinley to pardon Charles C. Moore, editor of the "Blue Grass Blade," who was convicted in Cincinnati on a similar pretense of "obscenity" under very similar conditions, and for the same reasons which also moved President McKinley to pardon Leroy Berrier, likewise convicted in Minneapolis.
9. The imprisonment of this aged reformer is a misapplication of the law, a disgrace to our republic and its main purpose, "the preservation of liberty." We therefore respectfully ask the President to bring this disgrace to an end with the least possible delay.

NAME.

POSTOFFICE ADDRESS.

Fill out and return soon as possible— not later than June 1st—to The Free Speech League, 175 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Who Is the Enemy: Anthony Comstock or You?

BY E. C. WALKER.

CONTENTS.

THE "MORAL" CENSORSHIP.—The Inspiration of the Censor: A "Protection" that Betrays; Utter Lack of Discrimination; Vain Denial of Facts; A Greater Wrong to the Child; Some Officers' Zeal; Imagined "Facts"; The Law as Administered; The Vicious Law of Obscene Libel; Obscene Libel and Expert Testimony; Judge and Jury and "the Facts"; Some Criticisms Answered; The Common Law Yesterday and Today; Wrong Principles of Action; The Censorship and the Bible; Manservant D. Conway on Censors; Where Lies Responsibility—on Censor or on You? The Cause of Slow Advance; Sex a Mistake—Somebody Blundered; Suppression Not Seriously Crippled; The Worship of Death and Decay; Characteristic Epitaphs of Sex Fancie.

THE "MORAL" OR "MORAL" CENSORSHIP.—Remarkable Deliverance by Judge Thumby; The Courts and the Constitution; The Persecution of "Freedom"; Grateful for Injuries Received.

THE CENSORSHIP OF SECOND-CLASS MATTER.—The Department's Rules of Exclusion; Statistics of Official Financiers; Two Arguments About Government Socialism.

Price, 20 cents.

Our Advancing Postal Censorship.

BY LOUIS F. POST.

An extremely powerful review of the administrative process, which is rapidly Russifying the United States. Contains a correspondence with the postal department in reference to the attempted suppression of LUCIFER, and Mr. Post's conclusions therefrom.

The continuation by postal clerks of any publication, for any cause, without specific charges, without opportunity to the publisher to be heard, without the verdict of a jury, without appeal, without any of the ordinary safeguards of personal rights and private property, and consequently without any assurance of guilt, is an odious fact. No matter how objectionable or even dangerous a paper's teachings may seem to the censors, no matter how offensive its language in their estimation, so palpable an invasion of the commonest rights of citizenship is a direct menace to the independent press of the country.

Price, 30 cents; 50¢ a dozen.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

The Naturopath and Herald of Health.

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A magazine devoted to everything that tends to Nature. It stands for freedom of thought and speech in everything that is of vital importance for the development and perfection of the human race. Send for sample copy.

Our other publications: "The Keelap Cure," 50¢; cloth, \$1. "Baby's Keelap Cure," 60¢; cloth, \$1. "Return to Nature," vol. 1, \$1.50; cloth, \$2. "The Philosophy of Fasting," \$1. "The Natural Methods of Healing," in 2 vols., 2,000 pages, 500 illustrations, cloth, \$5. "The Abuse of the Marriage Relation," 25¢. "Insomniacs," 25¢. "The Abuse of the Marriage Relation," 25¢ for a three month trial subscription and we will also send you our literature.

B. LUST, N. D., 124 East 50th street, New York.

Woman's Source of Power.

LOVE ATTRACTION, THE FEMININE PRINCIPLE, is the builder of all living forms. LOVE IS THE CREATOR.

In the inception of human life the first step is destructive of a previous condition. But when the work is given into the hands of the Creator, the action is reversed, becomes constructive; from then on till growth ceases the feminine is the predominating power. Here is where the principle which can continue youth should begin its work.

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Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

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BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

One of the best short works on the subject. A charming little gift book.

"Love is doubtless the last and most difficult lesson that humanity has to learn; in a sense it underlies all the others. Perhaps the time has come for the modern nations when, ceasing to be children, they may even try to learn it."

Definitely printed, Prepaid, 25¢.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

Free America.

BY BOLTON HALL.

Dedicated "To Those Who Are Poor and Wish to Become Rich, or Who Are Rich and Wish to Become Richer."

The book shows, in an interesting and amusing way, the evils from which we suffer as individuals and as a society, the causes of them and their cure—which is liberty. The illustrations are by Ian Beard. Two hundred and fifteen pages, 18mo. Price, postpaid: Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

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Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State.

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BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Administrative Process of the Postal Department.

A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT, BY HARRISON BUSH WALKMAN.

This is a most effective "misleading document" relative to the attempted suppression of free speech by the postal censorship. It contains half-tone portraits of the author and of Messrs. Harman. We want this letter distributed as widely and as effectively as possible, and as soon as possible to set a price on it. Let each not hesitate to order any quantity desired, even though unable to send money. For those who can afford to help bear the expense of publication, the price is 5 cents a copy, or 25 cents a dozen.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

The Strike of a Sex.

A NOVEL, BY GEORGE N. MILLER.

FOURTEENTH THOUSAND.

"The Strike of a Sex" is a fascinating novel bearing upon the sexual relations. It is a bold protest against the customary life of most married people, and at the same time a prophesy of happier conditions between man and wife. Prepaid, 25¢.

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BY MARGARET GRANT.

The life history of a girl who comes into the world marked by the Minister of Love Out of Wedlock, and who makes a brave fight for existence without seeking any favors from the world because of her sex. Some of life's problems are brought home to her and she is compelled to try to solve them.

Which is Nobler, Motherhood in Love or Legal Prostitution? Must a Girl be a Weaving Girl because she is a Girl? Is a Man a Woman? Natural Beauty, or Her Natural Friend? Must a Woman Trade in Her Body in Order to Live?

These and other questions come into her life, as they come into the lives of all women; and bravely, nobly, she tries to solve them; bravely and nobly she tries to live.

Her story is a romance, full of temptation, trial, danger. Born in a workhouse in New England, of a union unacknowledged by the law, she is left an orphan at a tender age and puts on boy's clothing in order that she may earn a living.

A sea voyage and a shipwreck take her into old Japan before the days of its modern civilization. There startling ideas of NURTURE, MARRIAGE, DIVORCE are brought to her attention; and she is taught to see that many of the ideas prevalent in her own land lead to impurity instead of purity.

Finally, filled with notions which are in direct variance with those of her own country, she goes to Europe for education. Griefs and sorrows and sorrow with that beauty which is considered the lovely girl's curse in our land of boasted civilization.

But she is well equipped for the struggle. She is physically as strong as a boy, so that if need be she can give blow for blow. Love MAY LIVE, but she walks through dangers with a firm step, guided by a LEADER or KNOWLEDGE. Sex has no mystery for her; she is pure and strong because she KNOWS.

Three young men, fighting like herself for life, become her companions. She shocks them. They live alone without a chaperon. They try to force their moral system on her; she teaches them hers. Moral History contends with MORAL DISHONOR.

The adventures of little Margaret to old Japan, being authentic, hold the reader enthralled. It is a strange and new story that tells of the startling ways of a race which within twenty-five years has leaped from world obscurity to a first place in the ranks of world power. She found herself in a land where all the men were gentlemen, all the women ladies; where marriage and divorce were private affairs; where children were never struck in anger; where sex matters were no more mysteries than food matters.

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THE LIGHT-BEARER.

ENTERED AT THE CHICAGO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL-MATTER.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CHICAGO, MAY 24, E. M. 2006 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1066

BRIEF HISTORY OF LATEST ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS ALL FREE AND FAIR DISCUSSION OF RACE IMPROVEMENT.

POSTAL INQUISITION SECURES THE CONVICTION AND IMPRISONMENT OF MOSES HARMAN, PHILOSOPHER, SOCIOLOGIST AND REFORMER, ON THE FALSE AND MALICIOUS CHARGE OF PUBLISH- ING OBSCENE LITERATURE.

To the shame of America be it said that one of the purest-minded men the world has ever known is today serving, in the penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois, a sentence of one year's imprisonment at hard labor for the circulation of literature held by a detective, a prosecuting attorney, a judge and twelve jurymen to be "obscene, lewd and indecent."

Those who know Moses Harman, the venerable editor of *LUCIFER THE LIGHT-BEARER*, know that his mind is incapable of harboring an impure or lewd thought. The writer of these lines has known Mr. Harman intimately for the last ten years and has talked with him on almost every conceivable subject of interest to humanity, including race culture and the relations of the sexes. In all that time never have I heard him tell a lewd story, or utter any word commonly regarded as vulgar or indecent.

To the mind of Moses Harman sex is too holy, too important, too significant to be discussed flippantly. In his mind there is nothing bolder or more worthy of reverence than maternity. To see his own words, his battle which he has waged for more than a quarter of a century in behalf of coming generations is for "the right to be born well."

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WORD

LUCIFER.

He has waged this battle for more than twenty-five years in his paper called *LUCIFER*. It is my personal opinion that much of the persecution to which he has been subjected is due to the Latin name of his paper, the name *Lucifer* in the mind of the average reader connoting Satan, the scriptural devil. With this interpretation of the name, the shallow-minded jump to the conclusion not only that the paper is a vicious publication but that the publisher admits it by defiantly calling it by the "devil's name."

This question has been threshed over time and again in these columns, the editor contending correctly that the word *Lucifer* literally means the Light Bearer. In the issue of his paper of July 13, 1901, the editor said concerning a proposition to change the paper's name:

"For this issue it is sufficient, perhaps, to refer our readers to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, edition of 1886, page 792. There the reader will find why and how it is that this most beautiful and suggestive, perhaps, of all the scientific names adopted from the Latin tongue, came to be used by the church as the synonym for the theologic concept of the 'Arch enemy of God and man.' The definitions there given of *Lucifer* and its cognate words, *Lucid*, *Lucifer*, *Luciferous*, *Luciferine*, etc., closing with this comment, make the best answer to our critics:

"The application of this passage to Isaiah [referring to *Lucifer*] to Satan and to the fall of the apostate angels, is one of those

gross perversions of sacred writ which so extensively obtain, and which are to be traced to a proneness to seek for more in a given passage than it really contains—a disposition to be influenced by sound rather than sense, and an implicit faith in received interpretations."

Those who got beyond their first alarm at the paper's name and gave it a careful reading soon became convinced of the absolute sincerity of its editor and of his lofty impulse to free woman from the sex slavery to which she is doomed by unjust marriage laws.

It is a common charge made by those who do not understand the teachings of Moses Harman that he seeks to destroy marriage and the home. Nothing could be more false—because it is a half-truth. He does seek to destroy any marriage which makes woman the mere chattel of man and deprives her of the control of her own person. He does seek to destroy miserable, unhappy homes, in which it is inhuman to bring up children, and to substitute for them homes founded on mutual love, in which only desired and welcome children are born.

ATTEMPTS TO SUPPRESS LUCIFER.

February 26, 1903. For more than a year prior to his conviction he was harassed by the postoffice department, which resorted to various means to stop the publication of his paper. For a time Assistant Postmaster General Madden deprived it of its legal right to admission to the mails as second-class matter. This bureaucratic ruling was made on the plea that the paper was published merely to advertise books which its publisher had for sale. Mr. Madden was asked to state just what proportion of advertising of other persons than its publisher a paper must carry to entitle it to admission at second-class postage rates. But he declined to give a definite answer.

For many weeks the editor was compelled to pay 1 cent postage on each copy of *LUCIFER* sent to subscribers, but the fight against this manifestly unjust discrimination was carried to Washington and Madden was forced to revoke his ruling and readmit the paper at second-class rates.

Then followed a campaign of censoring the paper at the Chicago postoffice. Several issues were confiscated and destroyed on the charge that they contained obscene matter. One of the articles so declared obscene by Paul Hall, superintendent of second-class mail in the Chicago postoffice, was an editorial reprinted from the "Woman's Journal," published in Washington, D. C., by Alice Stone Blackwell. Naturally the charge that this editorial was obscene aroused the indignation of Mrs. Blackwell, and her paper vigorously denounced the hypocrisy of the attempt to suppress *LUCIFER* by false charges that the articles it published were obscene.

Another article condemned as obscene was a brief extract from a report of the United States bureau of animal industry, which is issued by authority of congress and distributed by mail throughout the country by the thousands. But "the king can do no wrong"; therefore Mr.

UNRELENTING OPPONENT OF SEXUAL SLAVERY.

The offense for which Moses Harman is now in prison was the publication of two articles, both written by contributors, one of them as far back as

GOVERNMENT REPORT DECLARED OBSCENE.

Hull held that, although the government has the right to circulate obscene literature to farmers to guide them in the breeding of live stock, Moses Harman has no right to discuss in *LUCIFER* the important subject of the improvement of the human race. Among other articles declared obscene by Mr. Hull were various contributions by refined and intelligent men and women which discussed prenatal culture and sex ethics in manner removed the farthest possible from pornographic suggestion.

When repeated protests were made against this unrighteous censorship the declaration was made by one of the officials of the post-office department that any discussion of the sex relations in a publication of general circulation is obscene. Appeals against Mr. Hull's refusal to admit the paper to the mails were made repeatedly, and at last the postoffice department, discovering that Mr. Harman was determined never to abandon his fight for justice, reversed one of Mr. Hull's rulings and declared that one of the articles which he had called obscene was not obscene. That practically ended the postoffice censorship. Of course, every issue of the paper still is read carefully before it is admitted to the mail, but no issue has been rejected since Mr. Hull's action was overruled.

As a matter of justice to Mr. Hull, it must be stated that when he received word that his ruling had been reversed by the department he said:

"Well, I am glad of it. It takes the responsibility off my shoulders. I acted according to my best judgment, and now that my ruling has been reversed it is up to the higher officials to pass on the admissibility of the paper."

* * *

INDICTED BY THE FEDERAL GRAND JURY.

Moses Harman was indicted by the federal grand jury for the northern district of Illinois on May 15, 1905, on a charge of publishing certain articles in violation of section 3593 of the Revised Statutes, which declares that "every obscene, lewd, or lascivious book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter, print, or other publication of an indecent character" is unmailable matter, and that "any person who shall knowingly deposit or cause to be deposited for mailing or delivery anything declared by this section to be unmailable * * * shall for each and every offense be fined, upon conviction thereof, not more than \$5,000, or imprisoned at hard labor not more than five years, or both, at the discretion of the court."

Two articles published in *LUCIFER* were complained of. One, entitled "The Fatherhood Question," was published February 26, 1903, over the signature "T. U. A." The object of this article was "to demonstrate that by a rational interpretation of the phenomena of sexual reproduction every prospective mother has the right, in the interest of her child," to select the best possible conditions for its production.

Of course, it is advisable for the farmer to provide the best possible conditions for breeding live stock; it is eminently fitting that the artisan should secure the best possible conditions for the production of his masterpieces. But to suggest that a woman, in the interest of the future of humanity, should demand the best possible conditions for the production of her child, according to the verdict of the jury which convicted Moses Harman, is a crime deserving of penitentiary sentence.

The entire article published over the initials T. U. A. was couched in inoffensive language and discussed the subject much as it is discussed by Darwin in his "Descent of Man." Had the article been submitted to any metropolitan daily for publication in the Sunday issue it probably would have been accepted and published as a matter of vital interest to humanity, and no one would have dreamed that there was the least suggestion of obscenity in it. The temptation to cite articles of this kind which have been published in the great newspapers and magazines of the country is strong, but I must resist it because of the limitations of space.

* * *

Nevertheless, I will take this one chance of being sent to the penitentiary myself. Remember the law makes it a penitentiary offense even to tell where obscene literature can be obtained. So I have already laid myself liable, according to Mr. Hull's ruling, by telling the readers of *LUCIFER* that the United States bureau of animal industry is circulating a book containing matter so obscene that its publication in *LUCIFER* caused that issue of the paper to be excluded from the mails.

NOTED WOMAN
SOCIOLOGIST
AN OFFENDER.

I do not know that the publisher of the "Woman's Journal" would send through the mail the copy of that paper which contained the editorial which, when reproduced in *LUCIFER*, was condemned by Mr. Hull as obscene. But if any discussion of the sex relations in a publication is obscene, I wish to call the attention of Mr. McAfee (Cumstock's Chicago agent), to the fact that the "American Journal of Sociology," March, 1904, contains an article by Elsie Clews Parsons, professor of sociology in Barnard college, which must come under the same condemnation.

This magazine is published by the University of Chicago Press, backed by Rockefeller's millions. Will Mr. McAfee please prosecute it in the interest of public morality?

The writer of the article is the most noted woman sociologist in America and is connected with the woman's branch of the great Princeton university. If the reading of Moses Harman's little paper of small circulation would, in the language of Judge Landis, "have a tendency to corrupt the minds of those in whose hands the publication might fall, whose minds are open to such immoral influences," what must be the effect on the girls of Barnard college of reading the article on "The Religious Dedication of Women," written by their respected teacher of sociology and published in the "American Journal of Sociology"?

Personally I do not consider Professor Elsie Clews Parsons' obscene than the articles which Moses Harman was sent to the penitentiary for publishing. It contains nothing that possibly could deprave any mind, and, like the articles which caused Mr. Harman's conviction, could be regarded as obscene only by a person of unclean mind. Yet if *LUCIFER*'s articles were obscene Professor Parsons' contribution must come under the same condemnation.

In order to prove his sincerity and to rebuke the woman whose obscene contributions to the "American Journal of Sociology" are likely to corrupt the minds of the girls of Barnard college, as well as others who read that magazine, I call on Postoffice Inspector McAfee to secure the indictment of the publisher of the "American Journal of Sociology." Will he dare do it?

* * *

ANOTHER SAMPLE OF ALLEGED OBSCENITY.

The other article specified in the indictment under which Mr. Harman was last convicted was written by Sara Crist Campbell, formerly of Illinois, but now living in Oklahoma. Mrs. Campbell is nearly seventy years old. She had reared a large family and through her own experience she knew what women suffer through ignorance of the sexual functions. "More Thoughts on Sexology" is the title of the article written by her, which was printed in *LUCIFER* on December 8, 1904. That the article was written by a sane, healthy-minded woman who had the good of humanity at heart and no thought of impurity is proved by the following passage from it which was cited in the indictment:

"The wrongs that have grown out of misuse of the sex nature, more than anything else, cause me to believe that there is no intelligent power higher than man and woman. No intelligent power would make a humanity and endow it with a sex nature and let it use that nature to create the idiot, the insane, the murderer, the thief, the deaf, dumb and blind, the deformed and all the other human failures.

"There is no intelligent power above man. But evolution, that irresistible force in nature, of which humanity is a part, will in time create a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; and humanity, now endowed with reason, must be free to solve all the problems of life."

* * *

Exception may be taken to Mrs. LONG BATTLE Campbell's conclusion that "there is BY LUCIFER no intelligent power above man," but FOR HUMANITY. the charge against her is not hereby,

but obscenity. The importance of a more general study of sexology, to which *LUCIFER* is almost exclusively devoted, is shown in Mrs. Campbell's declaration: "The wrongs that have grown out of misuse of the sex nature, more than anything else, cause me to believe that there is no intelligent power higher than man and woman."

For more than a quarter of a century *LUCIFER* has been a continuous protest against the misuse of the sex nature. Can anything be more immoral, even from a conventional viewpoint, than misuse of the sex nature? Naturally one would suppose there could not.

Yet the whole machinery of the federal courts is put in operation by Comstock and his agents to crush out of existence the man and the paper that have done more than any other agency to correct this misuse by intelligent discussion of the sexual relations.

THE AMERICAN
JOURNAL OF
SOCIOLOGY.

It must not be imagined that LUCIFER is the only paper that discusses this all-important sex problem. Watch the Sunday issues of the great metropolitan dailies and you will see that it is a subject of serious discussion by some of the most eminent men and women in the world. In Vol. X, No. 1, of the "American Journal of Sociology," is an extremely interesting article on this subject by the eminent physiologist Francis Galton, who has given the name "eugenics" to the science of race improvement, which is now beginning to command universal attention, although one of its pioneers and most strenuous champions—Moses Harman—to the everlasting shame of the twentieth century, occupies a prison cell because a callow Comstocker is unable to distinguish the difference between the scientific discussion of race improvement and mere pornographic literature. In another issue of the same magazine many pages are devoted to a discussion of Galton's theories by men and women eminent in sociologic research.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that the "American Journal of Sociology" carries a quarter-page advertisement of "A History of Matrimonial Institutions," by George Eliot Howard, which is said to touch "every problem involved in marriage and divorce." This book, openly advertised, contains valuable and interesting information of the relations of the sexes which, if republished literally in LUCIFER, would make LUCIFER's editor liable to another indictment and conviction for the publication of "obscene" literature. And yet—

I wonder if Paul Hall, superintendent of second-class mail in the Chicago postoffice, reads the "American Journal of Sociology" as carefully as he reads LUCIFER?

I wonder if Mr. Comstock-Medfee ever heard of the "American Journal of Sociology"? I wonder if he would not be moved to seek another indictment against LUCIFER if LUCIFER should republish Professor Elsie Clews Parsons' article on "The Religious Dedication of Women"—notes and all—as it appears in the "American Journal of Sociology" for March, 1907?

Moses Harman was arraigned on MAY 22, 1905, in the United States district court for trial before Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. When asked to plead to the charges made in the indictment he said:

"I am not guilty. I admit the publication of the articles as charged, but deny that they are obscene."

Upon this admission of publication the prosecution closed its case and Mr. Harman, the defendant, testified in his own behalf, as follows:

"My name is Moses Harman. I reside at 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Illinois. I was born seventy-four years ago in West Virginia, Pendleton county. I am the publisher of the papers in question. I have devoted a great deal of my time to the subject of what, for a better name, is termed Sexology. I do not regard the articles in question as lewd, lascivious or indecent."

On cross-examination he said he published LUCIFER in Kansas from 1880 to 1896; that he was convicted in that state for publishing articles which were deemed obscene, and that he was in the penitentiary at Lansing four months and in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth five months. He came to Chicago in 1896 and since then has published LUCIFER in Chicago. Continuing, he said:

"I have received complaints from a few private individuals—it is impossible to say the number—there were not many; I think not more than two. I am on record as objecting to the law against what is called obscenity, from the difficulty of defining what obscenity is. Every man has a standard of his own, and I doubt very much if there can be such a thing as a consensus of opinion on that subject. There are certain words used in certain connections and certain sights that I might call obscene, but only in particular connections; but for an investigator who is trying to find out all that may be known in regard to any subject, I doubt whether any word is obscene—I doubt if any word is obscene. I am inclined to take the opposite view. There is no such thing as obscenity in the investigation."

PURPOSE OF
LUCIFER'S
PUBLICATION.

the defendant answered:

"Not particularly—not particularly out of defiance—but I will say that incidentally one of the objects of the paper was the bringing about of a condition of absolute freedom of speech and the educating of the human race on higher and better lines than those commonly taught by what is called church and state—or what is called respectable—that is not just the word I want, either—by society—such as in the public schools, for instance. I found that the teaching was very defective in regard to human physiology and hygiene. The sex question was left out."

"I protested against this, believing that sexual hygiene and sexual physiology were really the most important, inasmuch as they had most to do with the welfare of the human being. The educational work of the paper was first and foremost; incidentally the securing of the repeal of the laws against obscenity, which I regard as a survival of the old laws against witchcraft and blasphemy."

The court refused to allow reputable men and women physicians to testify that the indicted articles were not obscene, but that on the contrary they were valuable discussions of the important subject of sexual hygiene. Although the court held that it was the jury's province to determine whether or not the articles were obscene he plainly intimated in his instructions that the court considered them obscene. The defendant was declared guilty and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

In another place in this paper the trial of the case and the instructions of the court to the jury are reviewed by a lawyer who has been familiar with the prosecution of LUCIFER from its beginning.
JONATHAN MAYO CHANE.

VARIOUS VOICES.

MAY ELMORE BENROD, Los Angeles, Cal.—I inclose my letter for your father to you, trusting to your wisdom whether it will pass the censorship of the prison officials. Having touched the hand and felt the heart of your revered father, while in Los Angeles, I can say with my dear ones, Alida Snow and Katherine Fry, that our deepest sympathy is with you and our heartfelt sorrow is his. No doubt he will be glad to know that some of the members, women only, of our one-time Lucifer Club meet again at my home the first and third Tuesdays of the month, at 1:30 p. m.; meet early to have a long afternoon. We have a few who were not with us in our former meeting, and not all of the old membership. Gradually, wisely, we hope to grow.

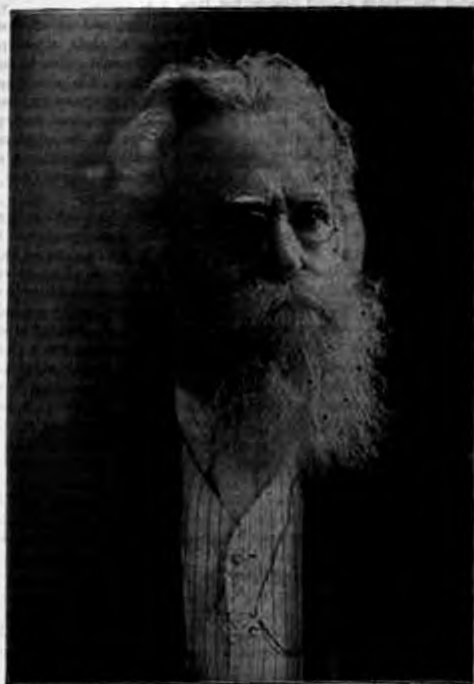
ABELINE CHAMPNEY, Cleveland, Ohio.—We wish to ask you about the petition for a pardon for our dear Moses—does he know of the effort, and does he approve? From what I know of the nature of the man I have wondered if he would wish to ask for or to have his friends ask for a pardon for an offense of which he is not guilty. So, while we would gladly do anything in our power to help the dear old man, the brave old man, we hesitate about signing the petition until we know that he himself knows about it and desires it, for it seems to us a case in which his own wishes should be regarded. As we have seen nothing in LUCIFER to show whether or not he is aware of this effort, will you kindly send us just a line, so that we may understand the matter? I am very busy, but my heart is with you in your work, and with your father in his endurance, which is also good work for the cause. My heart—yes, and my head, too.

[Yes, my father knows that the "petition for pardon" is being circulated. Copies have been sent to him, but he may not have been permitted to see them. Of course none of his friends believe him to be guilty, and therefore the word "pardon" is a misnomer, but it must be used in order to comply with the necessary formalities. He does not ask his friends to sign the petition, but appreciates the efforts of those who do so, as well as the cooperation of all who help in any other way. I know that many have refrained from circulating the petition because they feel, with Mrs. Champney, that such action is not only humiliating but useless. I am sure, however, that the educational effect is good, even should the term of imprisonment not be shortened thereby.—L. H.]

The latest photographs of the editor of LUCIFER, taken alone, and also photographs taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 7 months and 12 days old. He has served 87 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor. His task at present is breaking stone.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

HARMAN CASE REVIEWED BY A NEW YORK LAWYER.

[The following review of the trial and conviction of Moses Harman in the federal court of the northern district of Illinois, before Judge Keneaw Mountain Landis, was written by a New York lawyer, who had no connection with the trial, but who has been a reader of LUCIFER for more than twenty years and is thoroughly familiar with the persecution of the editor from its beginning in Kansas:]

In July, 1895, Mr. Harman was transferred from Lansing to the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, whence he was released after the service of his sentence of one year, less two months allowed for good behavior. One might think, from all the foul abuse that had been heaped upon Mr. Harman, that he was incapable of good behavior, but here at least he got credit for it.

Soon after Mr. Harman's release from this imprisonment he re-

moved the publication office of LUCIFER to Chicago, where he continued his work without molestation (except that several issues of his paper were stolen by the postal officials) until May 15, 1905, when an indictment against him was prepared by C. R. Morrison, federal district attorney at Chicago, and a federal grand jury was honey-fugled into approving the same.

CHARGES IN THE INDICTMENT.

This modest instrument set forth that the issue of LUCIFER dated December 8, 1904, and numbered 1025, contained matters too obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent to be described, and, as if this were not of itself a sufficiently blood-curdling crime, the district attorney inserted as a makeweight a similar accusation as to No. 958 of LUCIFER, which was published as far away back as February 26, 1903.

This indictment, which contributed so much to the purity of nations, came up before the court and a pretended trial was had June 15, 1905, in which the prejudices of the jurors were so aroused that they delivered the old man up to his mercenary tormentors.

RIGHT OF PRETEXT DENIED BY COURT.

The record made up by the district attorney alleges that in imposing sentence upon Mr. Harman Judge Landis asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. Mr. Harman denies this and says this little ceremony was omitted and that he was prepared to state very cogent reasons why he should not be sentenced.

Mr. Harman being a man absolutely worthy of belief, the conclusion must be that the judge, fully conscious of the iniquity of the part he was playing, sought to avoid giving Mr. Harman any opportunity to justify himself. The sentence this time was a year's imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois.

The record shows other things, foremost among which is the picture of a kindly old humanitarian eager to be courteous, even under the most aggravating circumstances, toward the prosecutor, who misrepresented and maligned him and tried to prejudice the jury with the notion that former convictions had some bearing upon the case then at bar.

Even the judge, seemingly, tried to inspire the jury with the idea that "a man of his (Mr. Harman's) years should know better"—just as if it were a foregone conclusion that Mr. Harman had done something wrong. It should be stated here that Mr. Harman was over 76 years old, and had reached a time of life when an attempt to attribute puerility to him is simply absurd.

FEATURES OF THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

Two features of the judge's charge in this case attract especial notice as indicating his animus.

First: "I charge you that you need not concern yourself in this case whether a time may come when a verdict of guilty here may result in the exclusion of the Holy Bible from the mail. The court will take care of that question when it arrives. Nor the exclusion of the works of Paine, Ingersoll or Shakespeare. These questions are not before this jury for determination."

The Bible, Paine, Ingersoll and Shakespeare were referred to by Mr. Harman's counsel, not to put any imputation upon those works, but to enlighten the jury as to what might and what might not properly be classified as obscene, and to show that the same plainness of speech which was the merit and glory of Mr. Harman's publications is to be found freely in our best literature and no one thinks evil of it, any more than they would of LUCIFER, if their ignorant prejudices were not aroused by designing trickery.

AS TO THE QUESTION OF INTENT.

Again: In one part of his charge the judge tells the jury that they "have a right to consider the fact that this man has heretofore been convicted of the same offense—that is to say, of violating the same statute—in determining the question of intent"; while subsequently in his charge he says:

"I charge you as a matter of law that the motive of this defendant is not to be considered by you in determining whether or not the articles published in these papers are lewd," etc.

It has been iniquitously held in some similar cases that the jury may not consider the motive or intent of a defendant, and had Judge Landis given such instruction he might have exonerated himself on the ground that he was blindly following a bad precedent, but no judge, up to this case, so far as I am aware, has gone to the extent of charging the jury that they may consider intent adversely, but not favorably, to an accused. Such, however, is the clear implication from this charge.

An appeal was taken, with as good results as might have been expected in early New England times in a case of witchcraft, and Mr. Harman is now in the state penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois.

REVIEW OF THE PROSECUTION IN KANSAS.

[The following review of the first arrest, prosecution and conviction of LUCIFER's editor on the false charge of publishing obscene literature was published in the "Advertiser's Guide" (Stanley Day, editor) of July, 1895:]

THE PROSECUTION OF MOSES HARMAN.

"When the innocent is convicted the court is condemned."

In these days, when vital questions are probed to their very foundations, no honest man will shrink from any fact that analysis of his introspection into his physical, mental and moral nature reveals. The civilized world is networked with currents of investigation which a few years ago would have been smothered abjectly in faith. It is realized that between opposite extremes truth is found at the just *middle*, and an effort by the partisans of an extreme theory to suppress the publication of an opposing theory by force is as mischievous and wicked as it is lawless and dishonest. Error will always be exposed when truth is left free to combat it. And while the broad-minded investigator will go to both extremes and examine all sides of a question before settling down to a conviction, it is certain that, as long as men are free to choose whether they will investigate or not, no one has a right to complain that inquiries prosecuted by others are offensive to him. The forcible suppression of any sentiment however stultified or infatuated or of any language however harsh or offensive is so contrary to inherent American notions of freedom, fair play and justice that any attempt thereof calls forth prompt and indignant resentment.

The purpose of this writing is to show by a simple statement of facts some of the grotesque inconsistencies of an attempt to enforce in this country the suppressive methods of an inquisitorial censorship.

In 1881 the publication of a radical newspaper, LUCIFER, was commenced at Valley Falls, Kansas, the purpose being to provide a medium for the exchange and dissemination of radical thought and to stimulate progressive ideas in the social, economic, theological and philosophical fields of investigation. The merit of this unpretentious little paper lay in its fidelity to truth, and in extending hospitality to new ideas, and in candidly examining the value of their claims. No editors were ever more hearty, free or sincere than Moses Harman and his son George, and Edwin C. Walker.

While these men were quietly minding their own business and issuing LUCIFER weekly they were arrested February 23, 1887, on a charge of violating the Comstock postal law, and taken before United States Commissioner Wilson at Topeka, who held them to await the action of the grand jury, and upon executing bonds of \$500 each to appear at the April term of court, they were allowed to go home.

Attending at the April term, they were told that nothing could be done with their case "on account of lack of appropriations," and again executing bonds to appear the following July, they went home.

At the July term they were told that the district attorney had decided not to present the charges to the grand jury "on account of the extreme heat," and for other frivolous reasons. Giving bonds to appear at the October term, they again went home.

This being forced to travel long distances fruitlessly, and to attend many terms of court accompanied by attorneys and bondsmen at considerable expense, was not the least oppressive of the many devices by which the prosecution exhibited its disposition to pester and annoy the defendants. Throughout the whole eight years of this outrageous persecution Mr. Harman has been compelled to give bonds a dozen or more times, a requirement as brutal as it was malicious, for one bond would have answered all reasonable requirement of the law. As the length of this narrative compels us to economize space, we cannot again refer in detail to each case in which a bond was required.

In October they again took the journey to court and were informed that they might return home and that they would be sent for if wanted.

A week after this adjournment it was discovered that they were wanted and they were accordingly sent for to come again to Topeka, where they were confronted with the most marvelous indictments ever incubated by a grand jury. These indictments, joint and several, charged the defendants with mailing a copy of each of five issues of their paper, to each of nine individuals, contrary to the statute. Ringing the changes and variations upon this theme amplified the indictments until they swelled up to 370 counts. The district attorney, like the drowning sailors, believing that some sort of

ceremonial function was imperative at this juncture, required the defendants to execute another bond, which they did, and went home to unravel the intricacies of these complicated indictments.

Now, the purpose of an indictment is to inform the defendant what the charge against him is, but these indictments were drawn with the intention of concealing that information, and so effectual was the concealment that neither the defendants, their attorneys, the judge, nor even the district attorney himself could point to any one of the 370 counts which contained any intelligible accusation whatever against the defendants. So these indictments were quashed.

This would have been a good place for the prosecution to have stopped, but notwithstanding a remonstrance against the continuation of this farce, signed by one hundred of the best citizens of Valley Falls, the district attorney procured new indictments from a subservient grand jury.

By these new indictments, in 216 counts, the defendants were informed, for the first time, what articles they had published in LUCIFER that had set the indictment mill going and produced such a plethora of counts, 486 in all, whereby so much filing of bail bonds was exacted. The articles which it was now pretended were so shocking as to require the prosecution of the publishers were only four in number. As, subsequently, upon the trial, the district attorney admitted that he and the grand jury were mistaken as to two of these articles, and withdrew the charges relating to them, it will only be necessary for us to concern ourselves with the remaining two as to which the charge was pressed. These were (1) The now celebrated "Markland letter." (2) A letter written by Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead.

These letters are too lengthy to be reproduced in our present limited space. Readers who are unfamiliar with them will find fair counterparts of the Markland letter in a "Special Report on Diseases of the Horse," published and gratuitously circulated by the United States department of agriculture, and in a little pamphlet entitled "Our Suffering Sisters," issued by the International Medical Missionary Society. The Whitehead letter is an argument rather in favor of the law prohibiting contraception than otherwise.

The usual annoyance of arrest and bond filing followed.

Thus it will be seen that although charged with an indictable offense, it was two years after the pretended committing of the offense, and over a year after their first arrest, and then only by fighting for it, that the defendants could find out from the prosecution what the charge against them really was, and when they did find out they learned that the original indictments embraced some pretended offense which it was not deemed prudent to include in the second indictments.

In May, 1888, the defendants George Harman and Edwin C. Walker withdrew from the management of LUCIFER, and Moses Harman continued as sole editor. By reason of this withdrawal proceedings against the junior editors were *solle pressed* on the trial. From this point, therefore, our narrative will concern itself solely with the conduct and fate of Moses Harman.

As soon as the charges took definite shape, LUCIFER's friends clamored to know what it was all about, and on June 22 Mr. Harman reprinted the Markland letter in parallel columns with the 38th chapter of Genesis. This was done so that no one should be ignorant of the charge itself, nor of its frivolousness, that secrecy should not be added to the other disadvantages he would have to contend with, that it might be shown logically that, judged by the same tools which condemned the Markland letter, the Bible must necessarily be considered obscene, and furthermore, that something practical might be done to abolish such conditions as made possible the facts told in the Markland letter concerning the violation of a wife by a scoundrel husband before her recovery from childbirth.

The other three indicted articles were republished July 20, August 3 and September 14, 1888, respectively, in especially large editions, thus demonstrating how difficult it is in this country to suppress thought, even though unprincipled men may be temporarily invested with power to hamper the press.

At the autumn term, 1888, the trial was put off until spring, because everybody was so interested in politics that the administration of justice in court was set aside as a matter of secondary importance.

Meanwhile discussion of the indicted articles had been growing very active, whereby the frivolities of the charges became more and more palpable, and sympathy with the persecuted editor more and more earnest and general, and moral and financial support was advanced for his relief.

At the spring term, 1889, defendant demurred to the indictment, and while this demurrer was pending Mr. Harman boldly advertised to send LUCIFER for one year with "Irene" for \$1.75. The point of this lies in the fact that the author of "Irene," Mrs. Fowler, had just been indicted under the flimsy pretense that her book was obscene. The indictment against Mrs. Fowler was never brought to trial.

On May 21, 1889, Judge Foster rendered an opinion overruling the demurrer, in which he criticized the prosecution with merited severity, saying: "I have but little patience with those self-constituted guardians and censors of public morals who are always on the alert to find something to be shocked at, who explore the wide domains of art, science and literature to find something immodest and who attribute impurity where none is intended." On the other hand, he went so far aside from the real issues, and so far violated judicial impartiality, as to make a gratuitous and premature statement, implying that the Markland letter and the Whitehead letter excited impure thoughts in his mind, and so were really "obscene."

Mrs. Whitehead, long, well and widely known among progressive people as a woman of sterling character, was naturally indignant at the judge's imputation that she had written an obscene letter, and clipping her own and the Markland letter from LUCIFER, she mailed them to the judge with the request that he mark the parts in them which seemed to him indecent and return them to her. It might appear that, as the gravamen of the offense Mr. Harman was charged with was mailing these very articles, Mrs. Whitehead acted rashly in exposing herself to prosecution and inviting the judge to do likewise, but when we consider that all the obscenity there really was in the case lay in the prurient fancy of the judge and the prosecution, her act assumes a dignity far beyond any mere act of defiance.

Then followed a flood of criticism, and LUCIFER and other radical papers were filled with opinions from many as competent to write opinions as Judge Foster himself, even though not clothed with authority, and the judge and district attorney were overwhelmed with letters from all parts of the country. There was no doubt a strong sentiment throughout the country that Mr. Harman would not be honestly dealt with. This sentiment came from observation of the inconsistencies of the prosecution, as well as from a recollection of the outrage upon good old D. M. Bennett in a similar case. Under these criticisms the moral attitude of the prosecution became so contemptible that in the autumn the district attorney washed his hands of the business by continuing the case to April, 1890, before which time his term of office would expire.

The attempt at suppression had resulted in widespread notoriety for the indicted articles. They had been distributed by Mr. Harman and his friends until they were well known and thoroughly discussed by all the well-informed radicals in the country. Some thought that not merely were the articles not detrimental to public morals, but that to amend public morals their publication was an eminently meritorious act. Some maintained that while the constitution guaranteed freedom of speech, and liberty of sentiment, with no restraint as to form of expression, it was still injudicious to print articles which might be objectionable to good taste. But while all censured officials so false to their obligations as to persecute Mr. Harman for printing matter of his own selection in his own paper for those who wanted to read it, there were some who considered such a publication unnecessary, on the ground that insanities like that described in the Markland letter were so rare that it was not worth while to combat them as it might be if they were more frequent. For the enlightenment of this latter class, and to meet their objection, many instances like that narrated in the Markland letter were detailed by LUCIFER's contributors, and among such contributions was a letter from Dr. O'Neill, describing a number of similar perversions.

Another arrest followed, February 15, 1890, on the O'Neill letter. Marshal Dillard, who had the warrant, was ordered to put Mr. Harman in jail in Valley Falls, and again in Topeka, but having no malice towards him, and full of confidence in him, he allowed him to go, unattended, on his promise to accompany him to Topeka next morning, but on arriving at Topeka the commissioner, to prevent his escaping, fixed bail at \$1,000, and another bond was given.

On March 11 LUCIFER contained a letter from Mrs. Walsbrook quite similar to the O'Neill letter. Of this the prosecution, with its usual consistency, took no notice.

On April 17 a pretended trial took place, of a character grossly discreditable even to the system of jurisprudence under which such an outrage is possible. Of this farce the following are some of the main features: The new district attorney, Mr. Ady, had assured Mr. Harman that he should have sufficient notice of trial to enable him to prepare properly. This assurance he deliberately violated,

hastening on the trial at a time when Mr. Harman was unprepared, and showing thereby an entire lack of any honest intention to try the issue in the case with fairness. On the day in question Mr. Harman's counsel, Mr. Overmyer, was in the deepest family affliction. His wife was not expected to live throughout the day and his child was dangerously ill. He was in no condition to try such a case. Other counsel was on the way from New York, intending in good faith to try the case upon its merits. These facts were fully detailed in affidavits on a motion to adjourn the case for one day, but while the prosecution had loitered along for four years, it now insisted that one day was too long a time for such an aggravated case of "obscenity" to go unattended to. No fair judge would have denied such an application for an adjournment. The application was, however, sneeringly denied by Judge Foster, who said to Mr. Harman: "If you had been as diligent in looking up counsel as you have been in instructing me in my duties you would not now be unprepared." Thus Judge Foster got square for some fancied slight to his ineffable dignity. No one has ever been able to tell with certainty what it was that piqued the judge and led him to take this mean revenge. Possibly something may have been written to him by some of Mr. Harman's friends which excited his spleen. Possibly it was the fact that just before the trial Mr. Harman had printed in LUCIFER the oath of office taken by the judge. If it was this latter act that the judge resented he would better have deliberated long enough to realize that from the mere printing of the oath there was no implication that the oath was likely to be violated, but on the contrary, all the presumptions were that the judge would live up to his oath. The judge directed the trial to proceed at once, and assigned as counsel a lawyer entirely unfamiliar with the numerous details of the case, who, instead of setting up a proper defense and arguing on the law and the substantial merits, interposed the preposterous plea of insanity. Against this course Mr. Harman protested with earnest vigor, but his protest was treated as if it were mere contumacious disorder, and the judge presided over this hideous, wicked farce with as much gravity as if he were honestly trying the case.

It must have been gratifying to the judge that the conviction which ensued was upon just those articles which he had gratuitously characterized as obscene in his opinion a year before, but the obscenity of which he had omitted to explain to Mrs. Whitehead. As it was, the verdict was a compromise, three of the jurors being disposed to acquit.

Judge Foster imposed the most brutal sentence ever known in a case of this kind, five years' imprisonment and a fine of \$300, and in doing so again manifested a pique and malignity which showed him entirely unfit to fulfill judicial functions. This manifestation of pique was accentuated by the fact that at the same term of court another defendant confessedly guilty of an offense of the same nature was allowed to go on payment of the minimum fine.

No stay was allowed, and Mr. Harman was at once committed to prison. His letters at this time are models of dignified protest against wrong. He remained in prison until August 30, when by virtue of a writ of error he was released, after seventeen weeks' imprisonment. A new bond was required.

On October 16, 1890, a curious proceeding was had before Judge Phillips, somewhat in the nature of a trial, on the O'Neill letter, yet without a jury. The defendant was examined before the judge for about an hour and adjournments were then had to December 29, when the law of the case was argued by counsel and submitted.

The appeal in the Markland letter case was adjourned at this time to the spring term of 1891.

January 15, 1891, Judge Phillips brought in a verdict of guilty against Mr. Harman, and without his being present in court sentenced him to one year's imprisonment. Comparing the Markland and the Whitehead letters on one hand with the O'Neill letter on the other hand it will be seen that the present case showed an improvement in judicial moderation. Another improvement was manifested, for, an appeal being taken, the monotonous formality of giving bonds was omitted, the marshal saying: "Go about your business as usual—when I want you I know where to find you."

In March, 1891, a writ of error as to the O'Neill letter case was allowed by Judge Caldwell, and another bond was required.

On June 1 Mr. Harman attended in court with counsel to argue the appeals, but adjournment was had to the latter part of November, when both cases were submitted to Judge Caldwell.

On April 15, 1892, while these appeals were yet undecided, a high-handed trick was played upon Mr. Harman. A whole edition of his paper was stopped in the postoffice at Topeka. This was the second

time Mr. Harman's enemies had recourse to this rascally trick, the first time being in October, 1890.

Early in June, 1892, Judge Caldwell filed his decision, setting aside Judge Foster's sentence in the Markland letter case. Thus it appears, while Judge Foster was so eager for conviction that he could not wait one day for the purpose of having a fair trial, that after six years of atrocious outrage, scoundrel persecution, hideous perversion of justice, and contemptible trickery, the case stood just where it did in the outset, in June, 1886, when the Markland letter was first published.

June 13 Judge Caldwell filed a decision sustaining the conviction by Judge Phillips on the O'Neill letter and confirming the sentence, and a few days thereafter, to the eternal disgrace of our American judiciary, Moses Harman began a term of a year's imprisonment for exercising the American birthright of free speech.

On February, 16, 1893, on a petition for habeas corpus, Mr. Harman was discharged from imprisonment in the O'Neill letter case, upon the ground that the sentence of four months on each of three counts must either be held void for uncertainty, or else it must be held to mean that the sentences on all three counts run concurrently, in which latter case the prisoner had more than served his term.

This left Mr. Harman with the old Markland letter case hanging over him—the case that was reversed and remanded "to be dealt with according to law."

After three years of inactivity and when everybody was in hopes this preposterous nonsense was so dead as to be incapable of resurrection, District Attorney Perry, who, with the change of administration, had been disappointed to succeed Mr. Ady, moved before Judge Phillips to correct the sentence and that an amended sentence be passed. This was very clearly inflicting two punishments for the same offense, but the district attorney seems to have had no shame and no moral sense to restrain him from making the contention that the previous proceedings were unlawful. The very proceeding that he instituted so dishonorably had not turned out as he expected, and so he declared it unlawful. The unlawfulness of the whole business was just what Mr. Harman and his friends had insisted upon from the outset. Had the case been "dealt with according to law" Mr. Harman would have been free from annoyance six years ago.

On June 1, 1890, Judge Phillips, the same judge who showed his incapacity for dealing with such cases "according to law" by his mislaid sentence in the O'Neill letter case, undertook to correct the sentence inflicted by Judge Foster in the Markland letter case by the infliction of a new sentence, under which Mr. Harman was again arrested and at the present writing is lodged in the Kansas state prison at Lansing.

This is the history to date of one of the most flagrant violations of citizen rights ever perpetrated in this country. On a prosecution entirely groundless and unjustifiable an estimable old man, after being harassed unmercifully for eight years, has been swindled out of his liberty by a series of alleged trials which are a disgrace to our jurisprudence, and at last is in prison for having done an act for which humanity will long revere his memory.

That the publication of the Markland letter has resulted in great good to one who knows the facts can deny. But it ought not to be necessary in our civilization to make a martyr in order to take an advance step in the world's progress.

Mr. Harman in his persecution has the sympathy of all good men, and all to whom these presents may come are urged to respond in some form, spreading the light he has kindled, strengthening his hands for further conflict and helping to uplift humanity as he has done.

A special number, devoted to Moses Harman, is promised by the editor of "Soundview," at an early date—probably in June or July. Special articles and a portrait will appear. Mr. Rader will divide receipts with LUCIFER on all orders which mention this notice. Price, 10 cents a copy, \$1 a dozen, \$7 a hundred. Contents and further particulars will be given in an early issue. Address L. E. Rader, Olalia, Wash.

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VOICE OF PROGRESS.

By Heaven! it is a shameful thing
That, in this age of deepening night,
There live so few whose souls dare cling
Forever to the right!
By Heaven! it is a crying sin
That, in this hour of ripening thought,
Where so much greatness lies within,
So little is outwrought.

The world is full of pining fools
Who prate of love in sickening rhymes,
Or bring stale tones of rusty rules
To curb the chafing times;
But where be they whose prophet souls,
Outlooking on life's ocean waves,
Do warn us of the rocks and shoals
Which else become our graves?

What care we for our fathers' creed?
What rock we of the ancient themes?
Is Truth less true in newer deeds
Than in decrepit dramas?
All honor to our brave old sires—
The unforgotten, worthy dead;
Yet shall our loftier desires
Be on their dulness fed!

Give us new Truth altho' it break
Upon us with the lightning's flash!
Give us new Truth! The nations quake
Beneath the shifting crash.
Give us new Truth! Our souls despise
This blinding rush of deadly strife.
Past forms of Truth are present lies
Which canker all our life.

Therefore, new Truth! And let it burst
Like red-hot thunderbolts on those
In whom this fair world stands accurst
With such a hell of woes!
New Truth! Which evermore shall right
Earth's wronged and patient multitude;
And robe us all in rare delight
Of deep and earnest good.

—Richard Realf.

COMSTOCK AND HIS METHODS.

An interesting case was tried in the United States district court in Milwaukee February 1. At the closing of the case, so goes the newspaper report, "C. N. Caspar, a Milwaukee bookseller, had pleaded guilty to sending objectionable literature through the mail and stood ready to receive his sentence. The case against him was worked up by Anthony Comstock, who wrote to Caspar, under an assumed name, from Chimney Point, Vt. The correspondence covered a period of several months.

"Comstock at first requested that some rare old books be sent to him. Caspar filled the order and the correspondence continued. Comstock gradually worming himself into the bookseller's confidence. Finally some highly colored pictures were asked for and received. These were sent by express. This, however, did not suit Comstock, as, of course, the United States laws [at that time] had nothing to do with a transmittal of that nature.

"Accordingly he wrote to Caspar for more pictures, and said

that the nearest express office was at Port Henry, N. Y., on the opposite shore of Lake Champlain. It put him to great trouble and expense to obtain packages from there, and he asked Caspar to send the matter by mail. Caspar fell into the trap and Comstock caused his arrest."

During the trial Mr. Comstock's conduct in leading Mr. Caspar into the commission of an illegal act was severely commented on by the attorney for the defense, Mr. E. P. Vilas, a brother of Senator Vilas, and before sentencing Caspar to pay a fine of \$500 Judge Jenkins said:

"There are some offenses worse than the circulation of obscene literature. One of them is the practice of fraud and lying of which Anthony Comstock has apparently been guilty. Mr. Comstock may be able to reconcile his conduct with the laws of God and morality, but this court cannot do so. I cannot approve the conduct of the government officer who has lured the defendant into the commission of a crime. I am aware that such methods are often pursued in dealing with alleged criminals, but I am not willing to lend my assent to such doctrine. If government officers cannot detect criminals and enforce laws without resorting to dishonest practices, they had better resign their positions.

"Mr. Comstock is known as a very zealous agent in preventing the spread of obscene literature; but, in this case, instead of appealing to state law, which is ample for the emergency, he has seen fit to assume the name of another and lure the defendant into crime."

It is unnecessary to add anything to the words of Judge Jenkins, for the utterance of which many persons will feel thankful. At the same time it is well to remember that Anthony Comstock is not to be regarded as if he were alone in this matter. He is merely one of thousands of detectives who employ the same method—that of luring persons into crime for the sake of punishing them; he is merely a representative of a system which has the approval of a majority of the people—the spy system—a system of lying and treachery in the interests of morality. The people approve this system; they believe in it; they believe that society can be purified by the aid of spies and liars. It is a strange belief, but it is popular.

Once a year Mr. Comstock holds a meeting in New York city, which is attended by large numbers of our most respectable citizens, who listen to Mr. Comstock's reports of his work and applaud him to the echo for what he has done during the preceding year. Surely Mr. Comstock cannot be alone judged for doing what so many respectable and influential persons wish him to do and praise him for doing.

He is a meddler with other people's affairs, but he is encouraged in this meddling by probably ninety persons out of every one hundred, who profoundly believe in the wisdom of minding other people's business. He is a regulator of morals; but most persons believe that morals can and should be regulated by laws, detectives and policemen. Mr. Comstock is a creature of public opinion; he could not do what he does if public opinion were not behind him. Throughout the churches he is regarded as a veritable saint, and not many persons will approve of Judge Jenkins' criticism of him. Nor will Judge Jenkins' remarks injure him in the country at large, for he is far more powerful than any judge.

This is a Comstock age, a Comstock civilization. Anthony Comstock is the creation and embodiment of public opinion on the subject of compelling persons other than one's self to be good by law. Each person knows that he cannot be made good by law,

but almost every one believes in trying to make others good by law. It cannot be done, but it will be a long time before people learn that. Meantime spies, detectives, sneaks and liars, providing they do their hateful work in the interests of morality, are praised and petted by the majority.

It is a merry old world, but it does the best it can under the circumstances.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

The above article, originally printed in the "Twentieth Century," February 11, 1892—fourteen years ago—is republished because it is as true and as timely now as it was then. How prophetic have Mr. Pentecost's opinions of fourteen years ago proved to be concerning the security of Comstock's position as official fifth funder: "Nor will Judge Jenkins' remarks injure him in the country at large. He is far more powerful than any judge."

THE TRAINING OF THE HUMAN PLANT.

Under the above title a very remarkable article by Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, appears in the May "Century." This article should be read studiously by the LUCIFER family. It reaffirms in amplified form the principles announced years ago by Noyes in the founding of the Oneida Community, and sets us to wondering what results Noyes might not have achieved if his aspirations had not been extinguished by the overwhelming clamor of lewd and ignorant prejudice.

Mr. Burbank's successes in plant development have impressed him with the similarity between the organization and development of plant life and the lives of human beings, and he asserts that upon the wisely directed crossing of species by a rigid selection of the best and a rigid exclusion of the poorest rests the hope of all progress in human as well as in plant development, and he goes on to emphasize the chance now presented in the United States for observing and, if we are wise, aiding in what he considers the grandest opportunity ever presented of developing the finest race the world has ever known out of the vast mingling of races brought here by immigration. This noble aspiration is what led to the undoing of Noyes, to the condemnation of Heywood by a lewd judge, and to the present imprisonment of Moses Harman; but let us still hope that Mr. Burbank's work may meet more worthy consideration from a somewhat more enlightened public sentiment.

As the plant breeder finds among descendants a plant likely to be stronger than either ancestor, so may we notice constant changes and breaks and modifications going on about us in this vast combination of races, and so may we hope for a far stronger race if right principles are followed—a magnificent race, superior to any preceding. And Mr. Burbank points to the wealth of material from which combinations looking toward this result may be drawn, but the work of man's head and hands has not yet been summoned to pre-empt a development of the race. So far a preconceived and mapped-out crossing of bloods finds no place in the making of people and nations. An unconscious tribute to Moses Harman is in these words:

"It is only when some one breaks absolutely away from all precedent and rule and carves out a new place in the world that any substantial progress is ever made."

"The wave of public dishonesty which seems to be sweeping over this country is chiefly due to a lack of proper training—breeding, if you will—in the formative years of life. Be dishonest with a child, whether your child or some other person's child—dishonest in word or look or deed—and you have started a grafter. . . . Nor can you be dishonest with your child in thought. The child reads your motives as no other human being reads them. The child is the purest, truest thing in the world."

And so on. He treats of the marriage of the physically unfit and denounces the silly notion of predestination, and urges, as Moses Harman has for years urged, the best possible conditions for that mysterious prenatal period in which the work of elevation should begin—"Throwing around the mothers of the race every possible loving, helpful and ennobling influence, for in the doubly sacred time before the birth of a child lies, far more than we can possibly know, the hope of the future of this ideal race which is coming upon this earth if we and our descendants will it so to be."

Mr. Burbank's article is too long and too prolific of thought to be fully treated within the compass of this brief notice, but I commend the article itself to the readers of LUCIFER as marking a new advance step in our work. Get it and read it at length.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

FREE DISCUSSION IN EUROPE AND IN AMERICA.

There seems to be more freedom in the continent of Europe than in the continent of America to discuss the problems of sex. In the best bookeller's shop in Vevey, Switzerland—a shop devoted solely to the sale of high-class literature, not a general store—I noticed prominently displayed the following work, recently issued, "La Question Sexuelle," by Auguste Fovel, professor of psychiatry at the University of Zurich—a book of 612 pages, with engravings. The nineteen chapters deal with all phases of sexual life in a calm, scientific way. This book, by an eminent scientist, is sold freely, no one being shocked at the idea that such a question has considerable interest to thoughtful persons. It does not seem to corrupt the Swiss, this freedom to think and speak. I see no signs of degeneration or decadence.

On my way out here I bought at a railway bookstore in France a paper-covered volume, just published, "L'Avance (literally, the damage), a Study of Social Hygiene," by Dr. H. Mireux, member of the French Society for Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis. This book is an outspoken study of and an eloquent plea for social and sexual hygiene in regard to a widespread curse of civilization, a loathsome disease, which I need not further specify—one of those plagues which poisons the fount of life and annually destroys the health and happiness of millions, and which could be extirpated within two or three generations quite easily if the accursed demon of puritanical fear and superstition did not keep us, socially speaking, in the thick darkness of ignorance.

In Germany, Scandinavia, France, Switzerland, Italy, many students and thinkers work on these problems, and they are free to carry on the war against moral and physical disease and death. Why is it that the forces of ignorance and superstition seem to be so much more powerful in the English-speaking countries?

F. W.

IMMORALITY IN LITERATURE.

The suppression of Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," by the police of New York and the discussion of Shaw's dramas by the critics bring to the front once more the old question of what is moral and immoral in literature. No one will deny that things have been written too disgusting for human beings to read. Books have been written for the sole purpose of appealing to the libidinous. The motive of their writers has been pecuniary gain and nothing more, and the observation of the Apostle Paul that "the love of money lies at the root of all evil," finds a pertinent illustration from these men.

But, on the other hand, books written from an entirely different motive have been classed as immoral, and it would be safe to hazard the assertion that there are few great works of literature that have not been denounced as immoral. The word "immoral" comes from the Latin word "mores," a word which means customs. The morals of a community, when we reduce the word to lowest terms, are the customs of the community. Now, when a man attacks the customs of a community he may be called immoral. The book that attacks the customs of a community may be called immoral. But it does not follow that the attack upon these customs is due to any evil intent on the part of the author. On the contrary, his motive may be of the highest, his protest against the customs or morals of the community being based on what appears to him a higher conception of morals than the one that now obtains credence. This is probably the case with Bernard Shaw. We are not saying that he is in the right, but all of his antecedents are testimony that his work is not intended to appeal to the depraved in man, but is intended to start a higher current of feeling than that which prevails today. . . .

The human race must acquire "the philosophic mind" that Wordsworth tells us comes with the years. With a philosophic mind Bernard Shaw and all other writers with new ideas would be quite safe. The great works of literature could then be read with profit and their "immorality" would be the antechamber to a higher morality. As it is, books once pronounced immoral have a striking habit of becoming moral in time, while the sinner of yesterday is the saint of today.—*Denver Republican*.

"Surely the individual who devotes his time to fearless and unrestricted inquiry into the grand questions arising out of our moral nature ought rather to receive the patronage than encounter the vengeance of an enlightened legislation."—Percy B. Shelley.

"He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; he that dares not reason is a slave."—Sir Wm. Drummond.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN AND HOME LIFE.

The business woman of today stands out in bold relief, and forms a strong contrast to her sisters who have preceded her. She believes in personal freedom and self-support, and refuses to be a mere appendage to some man; and if she marries she marries as an equal, and not as a dependent.

The question of feminine support must be answered in one of two ways. Either the woman must gain her own livelihood or become the beneficiary of man. Father and mother cannot last forever, and eventually support must come outside the ancestral home.

The maiden of past centuries tried to solve the problem by trying deliberately to capture a husband and make him pay the bills. When she succeeded she practically gave up her liberty, and too often she became the slave of man, for money is might. If she failed in her quest, she often felt as if her life was a failure and trembled lest she should be called an "old maid." During the long, dark centuries of the past, woman has, generally speaking, been subservient to man, and her condition has been anything but enjoyable. Man has been the unit and woman the cipher. Behind as in barbarism, where woman has been the drudge of man. Even today in Tunis and Algiers a wife can be bought for the price of a mule, and in India the laws of Menu declare that the wife may be the slave of her husband, and the widow the slave of her eldest son.

Woman has often sighed for freedom, but not until this stage in human evolution has woman been able to secure it. She is not so anxious to marry as she was formerly, and she certainly will not marry unless assured of considerate treatment. She will not "give up an \$800 job for a \$600 man" unless he is kind and she is very much in love. This bachelor maid is proud of her ability to support herself, and refuses to be unequally yoked to any man. Under these circumstances we must expect fewer marriages in proportion to the population.

The industrial woman, leaping into the ranks of open competition, tends to reduce the wages of the men, and so far forth incapacitates them for marriage. This will reduce the number of homes, leaving camps of unmarried men on one side and spinsters on the other. But, although the weddings will be fewer, those couples who do marry will be happier, because they stand on the same footing, and mutual affinity will be the basis of marriage in place of mercenary motive. The business woman will know the value of a dollar and be able to sympathize with her husband in his daily toil. Should her husband attempt to mistreat her she has courage enough to separate from him and return to self-support. Being fearless and decided, she will be respected and well treated. The broader outlook she has acquired in the business world will make her a superior wife and a more capable mother. The era of feminine imbecility and cowardice is fast passing away, and in its place we find the new age of well-rounded, exalted womanhood.—*The Rev. John L. Scudder, First Congregational Church, Jersey City.*

DIVORCE HER ONLY RELEASE FROM TORTURE.

Preaching at the Normal Park Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, N. Y., the last Sunday in April, on "The Foundation of the Home," with special reference to the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, which the speaker said, by a majority of one, "illegitimizes thousands of innocent children, and carries grief and consternation into many of the most prominent homes in the land," the Rev. Dr. F. J. Chase said:

"A Christian marriage presupposes a marriage of both soul and body, from which there can be no divorce. But the sad fact remains that a very large percentage of marriages are not Christian in the exalted sense in which Christ spoke. In order to remedy the evils arising from unhappy marriages the church has attacked the symptoms, and resorted to the law, instead of going to the seat of the trouble. It is not better divorce laws, but better marriage laws, that we need most. The church often acts in a very unchristian way in dealing with the divorce problem. To deny the communion to a woman who has made an unfortunate marriage, and secured a divorce; to attempt to deprive her of domestic happiness, and brand her as unclean and curse her in the name of God, is almost unthinkable. It ignores the fact that many marriages God never had anything to do with, nor never will, except to curse if perpetuated.

"When an innocent or foolish woman is swindled into matrimony by an unprincipled man, the quicker the legal tie is shattered the better after she finds it out. It is a crime against nature to make her heartache and heartbreak lifelong. The laws of nature existed before the laws of church or state.

"If every couple loved each other truly there would be no need of divorce laws. Divorce laws are for the adjustment of wrongs and the maintenance of the standard of morality. Were no deceptions practiced, no hasty and ill-advised marriages, no surprising revelations after marriage, no delinquency, no crimes, no unimpeachable wrongs done, this were a simple problem.

"The minister and the doctor best of all know of the domestic sadness and marriage that are only in name. I have known scores of young women who, too late, have found themselves tied to vile restraints whom they hate down deep in their hearts with a perfect hatred. The doom to health and happiness is written over the doors of their homes. Every room and piece of furniture, and every picture on the wall cry out against the wrongs of the innocent victim. If in desperation she flees from that hell called a home, the finger of scorn is pointed at her. If she would seek adjustment of her wrongs in court, the law says she must show black and blue spots on her body produced by the man who promised to protect, love, or cherish her, and even then the adjustment is only partial. It's worse to pound the soul than the body. If she would have absolute freedom she must have eye-witnesses to facts very common, but almost beyond her ability to prove. The outraged woman has the worst of it all around.

"It is a fact that a majority of the guests at the average wedding regard matrimony as a sort of a joke. The average minister will marry all who comply with the legal conditions, and with few questions. Yet if it proves to be an unhappy marriage he shows little sympathy for their pain, and condemns them as criminal if they try to escape from the limbo into which they have thoughtlessly fallen.

"The very atmosphere around the average wedding is laden with the trivial and insincere. The way our young people as a whole view matrimony beforehand is in striking contrast with facts afterward.

"I am marrying one man, while my heart belongs to another," sobbed a young woman to the maid who dressed her hair for the marriage to a millionaire six months ago, who today is suing for a divorce in a Newark court.

"But it may be said, 'She should have looked out for that.' Yes, indeed! And George Eliot, too, and William Shakespeare, and John Wesley, and Bishop Hurst and thousands of others. There are many things that cannot be foreseen.

"If either one of the parties has been insincere, the ceremony and relation in the sight of God is void. Shall they, then, be kept tied together by law and forced to fight each other to death in the name of God? A woman who has been swindled and had her heart broken by a wretch is to be pitied. The state has no moral right to make her agony lifelong, nor the church to try to make it eternal, if she breaks the unholy bonds and asserts the rights of her nature."

REAL RACE SUICIDE.

Dr. Harold N. Meyer, of Chicago, speaking at a dinner of the Physicians' Club, had the courage to ease his mind on the subject of race suicide in a manner to win applause from many who have felt themselves unable to cope with our enthusiastic president and his optimistic supporters. "The sociologists who coined the phrase 'race suicide,'" observed Dr. Meyer, "have mistaken a healthful symptom for a social disease. At the beginning of the last century this country had 4,000,000. At the beginning of this century we had 80,000,000. In another hundred years we shall be jammed together, 360,000,000 souls, all struggling for a livelihood."

One of the causes of sorrow in the world is the too rapid increase of the human race. Those white-faced women who relied to the English government offices, intoxicated with anger, despair, hunger and maternal pity, carried children in their arms, had little ones hanging to their skirts, and left a restless brood at home. They had brought them into the world knowing they could not provide for them, and that the little ones must grow up, as their parents had before them, with want waiting at their doors, with vice for their companions, and with a pauper's grave offering them rest at the end. If they, and their fathers before them, even unto the tenth generation, had shown a more sincere compassion for posterity, there would not be this hungry army of the rejected beating with futile hands upon the doors of destiny.—*Leary's Chain.*

"Better a thousand fold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and extorts the hope of the race."—Bradlaugh.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

To speak of the difficulties under which LUCIFER is issued is not pleasant to me. To do so could so easily be construed by the reader into an attempted apology for deficiencies, or an appeal for sympathy. When it became necessary for me to take up the work of my father, I already had the greater part of my time occupied in caring for home and children, but have been able to carry on the publication of LUCIFER thus far fairly satisfactorily to myself. Now, however, the correspondence has fallen so behind that an explanation seems absolutely necessary. Our children are remarkably strong and healthy, but are now suffering from a "visitation of Providence" in the form of whooping cough. My work on LUCIFER has heretofore been done principally at night, as our baby sleeps from 7 till 6, and this is his first illness in his eight months' experience of life. But now I am able to do little work at night, because of his illness. I hope that I will soon be able to have more help, and in the meantime must ask our friends to have patience. Nearly all of LUCIFER's subscribers are our personal friends, and I am sure they will not condemn me for giving first thought and care where the need is the greatest.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

ARE MORE LAWS NEEDED?

Relle Goodwin Fitch, describing "Ideal Marriage," in LUCIFER, No. 1064, suggests that more laws are needed to gain the ideal.

"Why not make a law which all can respect? . . . As the majority of men are selfish, we would have to make laws to protect the wife and children at parting of parents."

Marriage has always been more or less an ideal to those directly concerned. If it has dwindled to a low-down, worn-out and disgraceful condition, it is because man, in his ignorance, has made scores of laws to protect it, and this very protection was the poison

that has wrought the dismal results. The few standard of the whole present system of society can to a great extent be traced to the innumerable laws made by innumerable lawmakers, ignorant of natural laws and development. Thus, no idea or ideal can be protected, preserved or elevated by mere laws. What we need are laws, the less the better, and still better if intelligence will aim at none whatever.

To "make a law which all can respect" is an impossibility, and even if it were possible there would be absolutely no need for it, for a thing we all can respect does not need to be fenced in with a law. If you cannot protect your own ideal, a law will surely never do it. Liberals and radicals, who more than anybody else have to suffer under the laws, ought to stop yelling for more.

CARL NOED.

TRUTH NEEDS NOT FALSEHOOD'S SUPPORT.

As human intelligence advances it sees the absurdity of basing ethical belief and rules of conduct on mythical legends of the past. Truth needs not the support of falsehood, and it was somewhat of a shock to me to see in LUCIFER No. 1065 a communication from Elmer Ellsworth Carey, reproducing an alleged "historical document" which went the rounds of the press fifteen or twenty years ago, and after investigation was declared by the "Twentieth Century" and the "Truth Seeker" to be a clumsy forgery.

Mr. Carey found the document reproduced in a magazine, with this introduction: "The following letter was written by Rev. Cotton Mather in 1681. The original is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

Persons who have made inquiry declare no such document is "in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society." It evidently is a deliberate forgery, and as such, whether it represents the known spirit of Cotton Mather or not, is unworthy of citation by any lover of truth.

SIDNEY HOLMES.

LUCIFER'S SUSTAINING FUND.

Mrs. L. E. Griffin, \$1; Laura H. Earle, \$1; a Peoria friend, \$1; R. N. Douglass, 25 cents; C. P. H., \$1; Amy Odell, 75 cents; David Hoyle, \$1; George Bedborough, \$2.50; M. Cornelia Forward, 25 cents; Susan Reichert, \$1; Economic Educational League, Washington, D. C., \$2; J. G. Hunter, \$5; Ed Secrest, \$1; J. B. Billard, \$10; Mrs. Frankel, 50 cents; H. H. Cady, \$1; Elsie Crawford, \$5; T. B. Chandler, 50 cents; A. Wickmann, \$1; Albina L. Washburn, \$1; Annie B. Fish, 50 cents; Miss Lothringer, \$5; Social Science League, \$5.

PREJUDICE EXTINGUISHES PSYCHOLOGY.

The aberrations of the sexual instinct are, to a great extent, unknown, even to psychologists, because it is very rarely that an author is found who has the courage to undertake the elucidation of forms of mental disease, the symptomatic details of which are repulsive to the moral sense; and, moreover, the hesitancy of authors to touch the subject is increased by the fact that, in dealing with it, they come to be associated in the public mind with traders in obscenity. . . . From a juridical point of view, an appreciation of this is of great importance, and we may say that at present prejudice usually extinguishes psychology, and the aberrations of sexuality are universally regarded, not as the outcome of mental disease and the object of medical treatment, but as heinous crimes, to be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.—Medical Press and Circular (London), Aug. 17, 1898.

"HUSH!" DOES NOT END THE MATTER.

From age to age the established guardians of public morals have held that it is not safe to impart knowledge on the subject of generation, about which knowledge is so much needed and desired. When the wondering child comes to father or mother with curious questions he is at once silenced with a commanding "Hush!" and goes away wondering and questioning still more. The child grows to youth, and stealthily obtains some snatches of knowledge which only sharpen its appetite for more. And that appetite leads him to swallow with avidity whatever information he may obtain on this subject, however foul it may be, with merely sensual, profane and degrading associations. If the obscene-book vendor finds here a market for his wares it is because we have unlawfully withheld knowledge which it is the lawful right of every human being to possess.—Loring Moody, in "Heredity."

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 7 months and 26 days old. He has served 101 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor. His task at present is breaking stone.

His crime was the admission into *Lucifer* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *Lucifer* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

LUCIFER, No. 1042, June 22, 1905—a double number—was accepted, weighed and the money for postage received at the Chicago postoffice. The edition was then confiscated and sent to the postmaster at Washington, to be destroyed. No notice was given the publisher, and not until he received complaints of non-receipt by subscribers was he aware of the fact that their papers had not been sent to them. On being questioned, the superintendent of second-class mails at Chicago said he had been instructed by his superiors at Washington to read a copy of every issue of *Lucifer* and confiscate all which were, in his opinion, unmailable.

LUCIFER, Nos. 1042, 1045, 1046 and 1050 were held to be unmailable by Mr. Hall, the aforesaid superintendent, and copies deposited for mailing were destroyed. The higher officials in Washington concurred in the decisions in regard to these numbers.

Nos. 1053 and 1056 were held to be unmailable, but the department at Washington instructed the local officials that hereafter copies

of "unmailable" issues should not be destroyed, but should be returned to the publisher.

No. 1055 was "unmailable" in the estimation of Mr. Hall, but it was a case of "when doctors disagree," for the Washington officials overruled his decision.

It should not be necessary to point out the dangers to the freedom of the press and the liberties of the people which are involved in thus making one man prosecuting attorney, judge and jury, with the power to deny the right of transmission to any publication which in his opinion is of a mistaken tendency.

And what are we going to do about it? Continue the publication of *LUCIFER*.

And what are YOU going to do about it? Shall we have your assistance?

LILLIAN HARMAN.

G. B. Chicago.—Your agitation has our full endorsement. Send us all the material you have and can obtain. We will translate it for the "Packet." Also send a cut of Mr. Harman. It must be of interest to every thinking and feeling human being to see a picture of one who, for love of truth and for his fearless and open expression of his opinions, suffers punishment at the hands of a stupid and prejudicial court.—*Quarant Box* in "Arbeiter Zeitung" (Chicago).

The infamous prostitution of official power by the postal authorities in aiding Camstock to puritanize America and blot out human liberty is doing more to spread anarchy than all the propaganda by the anarchists themselves.—S. E. Shepherd.

POSTOFFICE PATERNALISM.

The incarceration of Moses Harman in a federal penitentiary, serving a year's sentence for sending objectionable matter through the mails, is one of the obscure martyrdoms which occasionally disgrace our boasted freedom. One of the articles for which he was sentenced was a reprint from the "Woman's Journal," and was an editorial written by Alice Stone Blackwell. This fact alone should show the utterly unwarranted character of the charge. The other article condemned was written by a woman of 70. Both these articles aimed to point out the cruelties and immoralities possible under the supposed license of legal family relations.

It is altogether outrageous that a fine old grandfather should be serving a prison sentence for printing in his paper the words of honorable women which he believes to be needed for the uplifting of human conditions. The general ideas advocated in the paper published by Mr. Harman are not under discussion. It was not for his philosophical or governmental theories he was condemned. No laws prevent a man from airing impracticable and erratic notions. He was condemned for giving publicity to most important educational discussion upon subjects that affect the very foundation of human welfare. To say that such discussion is always, and however expressed, a crime, is an insult to the intelligence of all earnest citizens.

The wrongs committed under the cloak of the postal laws are growing more numerous and glaring. A censorship which makes it a crime to enlighten the people on matters which pure-minded and thoughtful people regard as crucially important is an outrage not to be tolerated under forms of law among a free people.—*Dexter Times*.

SALUTARY KNOWLEDGE IS SUREST RESTRAINT.

There are not a few who are averse to having the subject (of prostitution) so much as mooted among those whose purity and virtue are the objects of their concern. The very title of such a book they would, if it were in their power, keep from meeting the eye of any member of their domestic circle. Such attempts at entire concealment, however, can, in few instances, in a world and a city like ours, prove successful; and in some cases there is reason to fear, where there is most the appearance of success, the failure is really the greatest; the very eagerness to conceal, on the one side, giving rise to the greater secrecy and reserve on the other. I say this for the purpose, not of reproaching prudent vigilance, but of modifying overstrained and morbid apprehensiveness, which, instead of accomplishing the desired ignorance, may hinder the restraint of a salutary knowledge.—*Ralph Warshaw, D. D.*

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOSES HARMAN.

The latest photographs of the editor of *LUCIFER*, taken alone, and also photographs taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.

THE INSTINCTIVE YEARNING FOR FREEDOM.

Chief among my well beloved is a dainty little maiden three years old. Wishing to give her a present the other day, I said to her:

"Elizabeth, if you could have the thing you most desired in the world, what would you ask for?"

"I would walk around the block by myself, without anybody holding my hand," she instantly replied.

Truly, thought I, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings proceedeth wisdom. Without knowing it the child had solved one of the great problems of her age and sex.

Why do children show so little filial affection? Why are boys and girls so anxious to get away from home?

Why are women, as a sex, so dissatisfied with their lot?

Sages and moralists have philosophized about it in vain, but this little child had divined the truth out of her own unconscious and instinctive yearning for freedom and liberty.

As far as her own personal experience went, she was born with the traditional golden spoon in her mouth. She had the most devoted of parents; the most competent of nurses; every luxury that money and love could procure; but she lacked the one thing in the world that is the ultimate passion of the human heart—freedom, freedom, the sense of standing alone, the right to walk around the block without anybody holding her hand.

And in voicing this desire she spoke for all children, and all women.

It is one of the idiosyncrasies of love that the more we love, the more tyrannical we are, and the more devoted and conscientious a child's parents are, the more the unfortunate little creature is kept a close prisoner.

Nothing arouses our sympathy so keenly as the sight of the little homeless street Arab, jumping off and on cars, and hawking papers far into the night, but he is really often not so much pitted as the petted darling of a fond mother, who never lets him out from under her eyes, and who keeps him under as ceaseless surveillance as if he were a Russian political suspect.

Practically all the conflicts between parents and children arise out of the child's longing for liberty, and the parents' determination not to grant it.

There is not one child in a thousand among well-to-do people, who are able to give what they consider sufficient care to their children, who is ever permitted the slightest independence of action or thought.

This is what makes poverty a blessing to children, and the reason that so many of our most famous men and women, and our most daring and original thinkers, have sprang from the humblest ranks in life.

The parents were so hard worked and so busy that they didn't have time to bow all originality out of their children.

The little ones were allowed to walk around the block without anybody holding their hands; they were allowed to develop their own individuality, and grow up into what God intended them to be, instead of what their mother and father tried to make them.

Of course, it is necessary for a child's immature judgment to be guided in many ways by the older experience of its parents, but when it is not a question of actual principle, it is better to give the girl and boy liberty to do as they prefer.

If they make mistakes they will learn from them.

Any way, it hurts less to fall and bruise yourself when walking alone than it does to fret because somebody is holding your hand, and certainly it puts the parent in a more attractive attitude to be regarded as a counselor and friend, than as the warden of a penitentiary that one has determined to escape from as soon as possible.

If you'll get deep enough into a child's confidence you'll find that its one burning desire—the one dream of what it intends to do when it gets grown—is to get away from mamma and papa, and do some perfectly simple thing that it is not allowed to do at home.

It is merely a break for liberty, and it does look as if parents ought to have enough common sense to make home so free that the girls and boys will want to stay in it.—Dorothy Dix, in Boston American.

"All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both."—Max Muller.

"Men in earnest have no time to waste in patching fig leaves for the naked truth."—Lowell.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

Mrs. H. M. J., Temple, Ind.—I inclose to you a dollar that I regret very much has not been paid sooner, and I would be very glad to multiply it by a thousand. I was so glad to see your picture in "To-Morrow." I shall have it framed. I am not in sympathy with your views on the sex question, but very much in sympathy with the result to which your life work will lead, and I know you as a conscientious and honest man.

Mrs. O. E. L., Park City, Utah.—"Sex Radicalism" is great—the best I have read, as it begins at the root instead of lopping off branches. I would like to get something suitable in touching children, as I am very poor in expression. Could you suggest anything? We have sent in about twenty-five names on the petition for your dear father's release to the Free Speech League and sincerely hope it will have a good effect.

W. O. MARKLAND, Chatterbox, Tenn.—Herewith I send you a petition for the president's waste-basket; also \$1 for your bread-basket. In your father's case, no one can do it justice. There are infamies that defy expression. I sometimes feel that "the hemlock" would taste best if drunk in silence, for silences do break sometimes—I refer to petitions. It's had enough to ask and be refused. It is a fearful thing to ask and receive with an implied bond attached, yet I may be in error.

W. C. BEHLEN, Cleveland, O.—How a blind world misjudges freedom! Ignorance, cruelty and invasion are always the essence of the state. The state cannot logically do otherwise, for its own preservation depends upon the suppression of the individual. It may imprison Moses Harman's body, but it cannot chain his great mind; it may force him to break stone, but it cannot force him to be false to his convictions. . . . Environment is the mother of heredity. Heredity and environment make us what we are. They are correlative factors in the law of evolution.

Mrs. C. H. S., Utica, N. Y.—While south this winter I saw several copies of your LUCIFER and I am much pleased with them. I did not know there was such a paper printed before. I am highly pleased with it. Will you kindly send me some samples, so I can give some to my friends? And if you have some back numbers and can spare them, I will be grateful to you. I hope shortly to subscribe for the same, and many of your books I must have. Why, I am just starving for such good, sound reading, and wish I had heard of you years ago, but I hope to make up for lost time in the future. May heaven give you all the power possible to continue your good work for many years to come.

J. W. WATKINS, Quenemo, Kan.—It has been a long time since I heard from you. Was sorry to know of your father's trouble again. I do hope he will come out all right and in good health, so he can fight more battles in the cause of human freedom, and especially for the emancipation of women. The cause of human progress in all lines never had a better outlook than at the present moment; the sun of intelligence is rising higher and the clouds of ignorance are melting before its onward march to liberty. Tell your father I have not forgotten him, nor while life lasts will I ever forget the noble fight he has made and is making for all mankind. I am inclosing you \$1 to oil LUCIFER'S machinery and keep it running while the grand old captain is serving an unjust sentence in prison for teaching the truth. I hope you are in good health and that you will so remain to keep the old banner aloft.

J. B. BILLARD, North Topeka, Kan.—Inclosed find a few names on petition for pardon of your father. Have signed it very reluctantly, for I feel it is humiliating to ask for the pardon of a person who has done no wrong. We should ask for justice and not pardon. Am satisfied several thousand names could be obtained in Topeka to the petition if a few good workers would canvass the town and I thought of hiring a man myself for a week to do so, but may feel as I do and do not think the petition would do any good any way, and think the money will be better spent in helping you sustain

the paper. However, I here inclose \$10 for sustaining fund. When you publish the sketch of the prosecution, either in *LUCIFER* or pamphlet, send me about fifty copies and I will distribute them as far as I can. Accept my sincere sympathy for your father and my sincere wish that his physical strength will endure the hardships of his unjust imprisonment.

W. F. JAMISON, Pontwater, Mich.—Abuses of power by men in office in the postoffice department have steadily, stealthily grown. One year ago this very day I was in court to be tried for "preaching" a printed "sermon." I did not trouble Freethought papers with my incarceration in a lovely jail. I was so good and pure that the sheriff let me out (on \$200 bonds) after three-fourths of a day in his parlor. I was treated like a prince. I had told the justice to his face that I had not one word to take back; that I told the truth in that sermon; that a fine of \$100 and a term in jail had no terrors for me. The jury stood two to one against me, after a two days' trial, but my persecutors gave it up. Why should I be free and Moses Harman in prison? The remembrance of wife's mental torture of five hours' duration, while the jury were "deliberating" on my fate, can never be forgotten by me. "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." So I pass around the petition for Moses Harman's pardon and send it to you.

ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON, Wellesley, Mass.—I must assure you that while I have shared your anxiety, your vexation, your indignation throughout this unjust treatment, I have rejoiced in the even temper your father has maintained, and in the clear conception which had so characterized his discussion of this, one of the fundamental problems of our time, and one which will no doubt vex the race through many generations to come. But, really, is there not a more widespread recognition, in these later years, of the fact that woman must have an opportunity for higher culture and a more noble life than formerly, if the race is to be improved? It seems so to me. Of course I mean not here and there a woman, but woman as distinguished from man. Please give my sympathetic regards to your father and tell him that in my heart I thank him for attempting the great work he has so far succeeded in doing so well. But, I think, we cannot have him kept in prison, and no government can afford to keep such a man there. Surely some one must arise who will be able to shock the nation into a sense of its stupid blundering in this case as in so many others.

VIRGINIE D. HYDE-VOGEL, Denver, Colo.—I have just sent off a belated petition, hoping that the main one has been a bit delayed and can catch these last few names. I have worked good and hard for this, partly out of my regard for your father's character as a reformer, partly because my own literary work rests under such disabilities because of the "tone" (as the publishers call it) of it, due to the heaven of new thought. I have distributed the petitions you sent me, and also got a number from New York. I have distributed altogether about a dozen (of course you can't just always tell how those turn out which get out of your hands), and have "personally conducted" three or four. I sent one to Spokane, one to St. Louis I think, two back to New York, had one sent to Boulder and one to Grand Junction. . . . The editorial I enclose was from the "Times" (the afternoon edition of the "News") and was written by Milla Tupper Maynard (probably you know her), a very prominent Socialist, who is also an editor on that paper. She signed one of my petitions and the editorial was the result. I wish you all good fortune in the matter.

P. E. STUBBS, East Pasadena, Cal.—A sample copy of *LUCIFER* containing the petition for the pardon of your father, Moses Harman, has just come to my hand. Please accept my thanks for the paper and my heartiest sympathy for yourself and father. I will secure all the names I can on the petition and forward the same to New York as quick as possible. . . . For nearly a year I have been trying to aid in an effort to get Dr. Sennarsine, of Colorado Springs, Colo., formerly editor of "The Pink Leonoclast," out of prison. You undoubtedly are familiar with all the particulars of his incarceration. Have contributed to Freethought magazines and endeavored in other ways to arouse interest among Socialists and Freethinkers, hoping that it would hasten either a pardon or a rehearing of the case before another court. I believe that, like your father, Dr. Sennarsine is a noble man, striving for the betterment of his fellows, and that he was innocent of the crime charged to him—that it was a parallel to Bennett, Heywood, Moore, Berrier and last, but not least among many such persecutions, your own

father. A few days since I received a pathetic letter from Mrs. York, 323 Church street, San Francisco, the wife of the veteran Freethought lecturer, Dr. J. L. York, in which she writes that the doctor is very sick; that they have had to move from their former home (presumably because of the earthquake and fire) and are in dire distress. She has been in poor health several years and both are above 70 years of age. Can you not mention the case in next issue of *LUCIFER*?

CHARLES CARRINGTON, Paris, France.—I am profoundly moved at the idea of your father being in prison. For a man to live to his ripe age, all his days alive with intellectual activity, and then to be cast, like another Apostle Paul, into prison for the chaste expression of new doctrines, is a piece of work that will one day make the cheek of thoughtful Americans tingle with shame. It is true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," of any church, of any doctrine or creed, but Chicago should not require martyrs at this time of day, and such a martyr! I have seen nothing for my part in *LUCIFER* that could compete by a long way for sheer indecency with certain passages in the "Holy Bible." No doubt this latter is a fine model of pure English, if regarded as mere literature, but some of its morality is detestable, if morality be preached by examples. In the quiet of my French garden I read over again a few Sundays ago the story of David and his lover, and it struck me as one of the most erotic stories that has come under my notice, and quite on a level with the floweriest Gallie fiction. Why are not the traders in these old-world Hebrew stories prosecuted, if American legislators be fair and just? I send my greetings to your father.

ED SECKERT, Randolph, Kan.—I sent up a petition yesterday to the "Great White Throne," Washington, D. C., asking freedom for your noble father. What it lacked in quantity was more than made up in quality—the best men and women in this part of Kansas—readers, thinkers, students, people who dare to call their souls their own. Another petition will follow from this little place. . . . You have no idea how those efforts to righten a grievous wrong done an innocent, honest, earnest, brave old man are eagerly taken up, inquired into and promptly and cheerfully signed by people who probably had never heard the sad history of the case, or even the name of your father. . . . Now, I want to send a line to the aged martyr; just a ray of light through the barred window of his cell. But how to word that friendly message confronts me with a hard puzzle. . . . I was glad to see a sign of life in last number of our mutual, highly esteemed, grand old nonagenarian friend, Mrs. E. H. Russell, of San Jose, Cal. I recall at this moment with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness the many happy hours she, along with your father, spent under our cozy cottage roof tree, and how earnest and candid your father talked while munching apples. Will you kindly send me Mrs. Russell's present number and street! Since the earthquake especially I have been anxious to drop her a line, but have been unable to locate her street, since several of her letters to my lamented wife and to myself have been mislaid.

WHERE THE HARM LIES.

The light of knowledge may be painful to those unaccustomed to it, as unmodified sunlight is to the eyes, and many prefer to spend their days in boudoirs with latticed windows and colored lights; but science, to which we owe such far-reaching material and intellectual advancement, the glory of our generation, cannot stop on their account, and no demand of this sort has any prospect of winning general approval. What is it, then, that makes the result of modern investigation appear dangerous in the eyes of so many men? Can the truth as such be harmful, and therefore objectionable, supposing that we had the truth, and that it opposed all tradition? The answer will be, no; but the remark will be added that the truth is so stuff for halting souls, and that dazed eyes cannot endure it. Consequently the harm lies not in scientific knowledge, but in the weakness of souls and eyes. Here, then, is where the mistake lies, and where relief must be administered. It is not new truth which threatens danger, but the old error, in which the human mind has been kept so long, and which some would like to retain longer. The danger is that all our institutions, home, school, church, public life, social order, and systems of government, being based on and adapted to these old errors, should fail to perceive that it is their business gradually to adapt themselves to the better knowledge. Only on condition that they do this can the widening of the chasm and the violent collapse of what has become antiquated be avoided.—Dr. Ernst Krause, in *Open Court*.

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Finally, filled with notions which are in direct variance with those of her own country, she returns home to fight for her existence, friendless and endowed with that beauty which is considered the lonely girl's curse in our land of boasted civilization.

But she is well equipped for the struggle. She is physically as strong as a boy, so that if need be she can give blow for blow. Love MAX LUM, but she walks through dangers with a firm step, guided by a LOUIS OF KNOWLEDGE. Sex has no mystery for her; she is pure and strong because she knows.


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WHOLE NO. 1068

TO AN UNBORN PAUPER CHILD.

Breathe not, hid Heart: cease silently,
And though thy birth-hour beckons thee,
Sleep the long sleep:
The Doomsters heap
Travails and tears around us here,
And Time-wraiths turn our songings to fear.

Hark, how the people surge and sigh,
And laughter fails, and greetings die;
Hopes dwindle; yea,
Faiths waste away,
Affections and enthusiasms numb;
Thou canst not mend these things if thou dost come.

Had I the ear of womb'd souls
Ere their terrestrial chart unrolls,
And thou wert free
To come, or be,
Then would I tell thee all I know,
And put it to thee: Wilt thou take Life so?

Vain vow! No hint of mine may hence
To theeward fly: to thy locked sense
Explains none can
Life's pending plan:
Thou wilt thy ignorant entry make
Though skies spout fire and blood and nations quake.

Pain would I, dear, find some shut plot
Of earth's wide world for thee, where not
One tear, one quail,
Should break the calm.
But I am weak as thou and bare;
No man can change the common lot to rare.

Must come and hide. And such are we—
Unreasoning, sanguine, visionary—
That I can hope
Health, love, friends, scope
In full for thee; can dream thou'lt find
Joys seldom yet attained by human kind.
—Thomas Hardy.

THE NEED OF KNOWLEDGE ABOUT SEX.

Under this title Grace Potter writes in "Physical Culture" of the formation of a society in New York which advocates teaching sexual questions in public schools. It is an encouraging sign when educators are seen awaking to the necessity of enlightenment in regard to these vital facts, even though their first thought is that instruction must be law-injected. Superstition in church and state has fostered ignorance, and now we are asked to look to church and state for enlightenment! Consistency, however, is the trait least to be expected in human nature. When the desire for knowledge has grown sufficiently strong many conditions will be altered to make way for the satisfaction of this desire. If the official declaration that "any and all discussion of questions of sex is unaimable" should be applied to all publications, the postal department would surely be kept busy throwing out an ever-increasing number of publications. Fortunately, there is no possibility that any number of officials hostile to education can suppress the demand for knowledge.

This is the article by Grace Potter, as it appears in "Physical Culture" for June:

To those who can read the signs of the times it is becoming more and more apparent that, in this country at least, communities are becoming divided into two camps regarding many of the questions that

are of importance to us as a race. Especially is this so in the case of those which have to do with the functions of sex and the side issues which spring from it, either directly or indirectly.

So it is that on the one hand we find ignorance and its mate, prudery, working hand in hand to the end of keeping lawful knowledge regarding sex from the people, and thereby causing the latter to suffer the countless ills which arise from lack of comprehension of this most vital of matters. Anthony Comstock is an embodiment of this alliance of ignorance and hypocritical affectation.

On the other hand we have those sincere and intelligent souls who believe that the truth never works harm, but instead infinite good, and especially that truth which applies to the science of sex. Such are individuals like Felix Adler, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Prof. Bart Wilder, of Cornell College, and many others. On the one side and as exponents of the gospel of darkness we have one or two viciously prominent individuals and a number of purblind nobodies. On the other we have men who are leaders in the world of religion and science, and the vast army of those who are in a state of permanent revolt against the tyranny of prudery.

This condition, as far as the intelligent are concerned, is crystallizing into a number of organizations which have for their end the extinguishing of Comstockery and its spawn, vice and bigotry, and the enlightenment of the world in general in regard to those subjects to which allusion has been made and which are of such vital importance to it. A case in point is that of an organization that has recently come into being in New York City, named the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis—which means the society for the prevention of disease by sanitary and moral measures. The efforts of the society are directed exclusively against those diseases which have their origin in the social evil. Its members are proposing to do some radical work. They have a standing committee on education, which studies ways and means of educating the public on subjects which, thanks to prudery, are usually tabooed. There is a committee which aims to study the underlying as well as the auxiliary or contributing causes of the social evil. And last but not least, there is a committee on legislation, composed of seven lawyers, which is to frame such legal measures as shall be found necessary to promote the objects of the society. At a recent meeting of the organization some of its leading members made brief speeches which embodied their aims and purposes. Dr. Prince Morrow, the president, said:

"Men and women all over the United States are being aroused to the fact that there are a large number of their fellow-beings who are a menace to the community, because suffering with certain infectious diseases. Agitation of this fact has resulted in the establishment of many branches to this society, whose aim is to limit these diseases. At the last meeting of the Detroit branch there was a public discussion of a long and varied nature. Twelve months ago such a meeting would not have been possible. At present, however, representative men and women, college presidents, doctors, lawyers, educators and ministers of the church dare to break away from traditions of the past and publicly identify themselves with the movement."

Dr. Bulkley, another of the speakers said:

"We have a gilded Tenderloin district on the west side in New York, an immense red-light section on the east side, and the unspeakably bad resorts along the water front. This society would fall far short of its duty did it not give consideration to the submerged tenth. Besides the dangers which those run who frequent the places mentioned, there are to be considered also the dangers to their

innocent associates. There are thousands and thousands who contract these diseases as innocently as children contract measles. The most deadly of these diseases is extremely infectious during its first stages. One woman who came under the notice of a specialist had contaminated 300 men in ten months. Statistics show that 50 per cent of the married females suffering from it get it from their husbands during the first few months of married life. Children inherit it. It may be given by kissing. A wet-nurse may take it from the baby she nurses, who in turn caught it from its mother before birth. A person with even so small a cut on his finger may catch it if he touches a handkerchief or towel used by a syphilitic. In Russia, in some of the small villages, one-fourth of the whole population is infected.

"Gonorrhea also has a frightful history. Twenty per cent of all the blindness in the United States comes from gonorrheal infection. Eighty per cent of all deaths among women from pelvic diseases arise from the same malady."

Rev. Father Wynne thought that there should be both collective and individual instruction to deter young men from contracting sexual vices, and to assist them in ridding themselves of those already learned. The craving for enlightenment among young men and boys makes it imperative that clean-minded, well-informed and accurate teachers go over the matter with them in a friendly way. This could be done without shock to either listener or teacher if neither one has transgressed the laws of sex. Shame is one of the penalties and deterrents of the obliquities which result from ignorance of or the perverted use of the sex function.

Dr. David Blaustein, of the Educational Alliance, declared that the teaching should not be individual but collective. "It might be given in Bible classes. But in looking over the lessons for the coming year I see that the book in the Bible which contains more important lessons than any other is absolutely neglected, as it usually has been in years past. I refer to Leviticus, which contains much valuable information in regard to cleanliness and temperance in reference to sexual questions."

Dr. Margaret Cleeves spoke on the question of instruction to young women of the working classes. "It is a mistake," she said, "to think that ignorance and innocence are one and the same. Among the working classes there is more likely to be instruction given by the mother to her daughter than in higher life. This, the tenement-house mother sees, is a necessity. The crowded rooms in which they live makes it imperative that a girl be told the facts of life very young. And so, as best she may, the tenement mother teaches her daughter what a society woman would shrink from mentioning. The working girl does not always have a mother to do this, however, and when she does there is always supplementary information needed to be given by some one with a thorough knowledge of physiology and hygiene. Preliminary instruction in sexual physiology would well be given in the public schools. The law requires children to attend school until fourteen years old and they are then of an age to need and receive instruction of this kind. The large department stores employ a physician, while some of them have both a man and woman doctor who could well give personal instruction to the young women under their care. The professional philanthropist is not a good person to rely upon for teaching of this kind, as he or she always approaches the subject with so much mawkish sentimentality that a perverted impression of the subject is created upon the untrained mind."

Another physician said that women should be instructed about procreation and the common diseases of the procreative organs. "It is a point of the greatest delicacy with a physician," he declared, "that he does not reveal to an afflicted wife the cause and character of a trouble if it arises from her husband. But she ought to have such a knowledge of such matters that she would know without her doctor telling her. Naturally he does not want the responsibility of breaking up the home."

"Ninety per cent of all the patients admitted to insane asylums during the past two years are there on account of venereal disease," stated Mr. Edward Devine, of the Charities Society.

Theodore Schroeder, author of "The Evolution of Marriage Ideals," said that fully one-half of the men and women of New York do not accept from any priest, minister or church a ready-made code of morals in sexual questions any more than in religious questions. Those who do not get one from the church must formulate one for themselves according to the facts in nature. There was no book, so far as he knew, which attempted to evolve from natural law a code of morals applying to married and unmarried life. "For the purpose of 'protecting the morals' of the medical profession as well as the laity," added Mr. Schroeder, "the valuable

psychological studies of sex made by Havelock Ellis are denied the privilege of the mails. According to Anthony Comstock, the authority whom we allow to dictate to us in such matters here in the United States, any chapter on sexual science in any text book of physiology is obscene literature. In order that prints of this kind may not inflict ignorance upon us in regard to sex subjects some legislation is necessary."

To which last remark we add a hearty "Amen."

MENACE TO SOCIALISM IN POSTAL LAWS.

An open foe can be faced, but a secret one may destroy you before you are aware. And a very insidious foe is now undermining socialism, using that word in its broad sense.

In Chicago the federal courts have lately convicted two people, a woman and a man, of the "crime" of circulating "obscene" literature. Who are these people—are they pimps and panders, retailers of foul photographs, prints and shameless tales? Not at all. I know them both and can speak from actual acquaintance. Dr. Alice H. Stockham is a woman advanced in years, a noted physician, author, publisher, of unspotted personal life, deeply religious, a leader in the great new-thought movement, perhaps beloved by more actual and prospective mothers than any woman in the United States. For years Dr. Stockham has devoted herself to teaching in the most careful, conscientious and considerate manner the truths of their own bodies to young girls, wives and mothers. I know from actual conversations I have had with her, from advice she has asked of me, how painstaking her efforts have been to teach all necessary facts in a manner so delicate as to offend no dictum of good taste, no law of court or convention. Far too careful I have always felt her to be. But her success has been great. Her book "Tokology" has sold to the number of half a million copies, been translated in foreign tongues, and is a household treasure throughout the world. Her book "Karezza" has brought happiness to uncounted homes, and her book on "Toilet" (whom she visited in Russia) is one of the best pictures of the home life of that great man ever drawn. This pure-minded, motherly woman, this scientist and philanthropist, has been indicted by the grand jury of Chicago, tried, convicted, and, together with her manager, fined a sum which, including costs, amounts to over \$1,000—and for what? For sending out through the mails (although she was arrested for violation of the postal laws and on complaint of a postal inspector), but by express, not a printed book or paper, but a typewritten essay of medical advice to prospective brides and bridegrooms on the important functions they were about to assume, sent under sealed cover and only to those needing and requesting it.

Near the same time Moses Harman, 74 years old, whose personal character has never been assailed, was arrested for sending through the mails an essay on "Sex Radicalism," a scientific discussion of the subject by Dora Forster Kerr, wife of one of the active western socialists. A work able, strong and clean. He was tried by jury, but was refused the privilege of addressing them and sentence was passed for one year's imprisonment at hard labor, without permitting him to speak at all in his own defense. Protesting against this in a double number of his paper, the periodical was held up in the post-office, decided by the postal authorities obscene, sent to Washington and destroyed, all without notice to him, trial, or redress, or even restitution of postage paid. It was decided to be obscene because of two articles—both by women. I have read both. The language is exceptionally clean, as might be expected from refined ladies, and both are an appeal to the moral conscience to lessen sex-indulgence and consider sex more holy. Is this obscenity?

Has it come to such a pass, then, that in this country physicians are forbidden to send sealed letters of medical advice to patients if the subject be sex, that high-minded scientists, authors, editors are forbidden the discussion of sex, even when they are working for self-restraint and what they consider higher, holier standards? That is exactly it. The Postal Inquisition has passed the stage of attacking words and now attacks ideas. The judge in the court convicting Dr. Stockham is said to have given it as his opinion that all discussion of sex, public or private, was improper, and decisions and opinions of judges quickly become precedents and fixed in law.

Now what is the cause of this extraordinary persecution and what is it moving to accomplish? Is this thing what it appears to be on the surface? For a long time the capitalistic class in this country has been in a state of alarm over the growing restlessness of the proletariat and the spread of socialistic feeling of various kinds. Not lacking acumen, this class has perceived that the only way to

stop this was to suppress free speech, free press and the organization of workmen. But to do this instantly was impossible. It had to be done gradually, but it had to be done, or the social revolution was sure. Little by little this work has gone steadily on. All workmen know how free speech has been prevented, wherever possible, how police and military have been increased and strengthened and granted larger and more arbitrary powers, and they see how employers' unions, and courts by their injunctions, are working to crush the labor organizations. All passions, all prejudices, are appealed to, and now the law, the mob, are tools. But few see the steady motion to suppress free press. Partly this is being done by bribing and buying up and otherwise controlling the great papers. But the smaller papers are more refractory—their editors are free lances and come-outers. To suppress these the law concerning second-class matter is fitted and has been applied almost exclusively in muzzling them. All socialists know how "Wilshire's Magazine" was driven to Canada by a most arbitrary application of this law, and the number of smaller papers wiped out has been very large. The "Comstock" law against sending obscene matter through the mail was another tool. These statute legislators were not slow in seeing that all sex-reformers soon came to see that no advance could be made under present conditions—that equal rights for women, the economic independence of women and in general liberty, equality and cooperation were essential absolutely to better sex conditions; and that all socialists soon had to consider sexual evils of today as imperative points of reform. Therefore to suppress *sexologists*, *sex-reformers*, *sex-students* was to suppress socialists. That is the real motive and spirit back of all this. By commencing indirectly, by vague laws against obscenity, and to protect and regulate the mails, the authorities are gradually gaining and closing a grip that will finally enable them to suppress any book or paper dangerous to their interests and to establish a complete and vigorous censorship. A law forbidding the sending of anarchistic matter through the mails, interpreted as the law against obscenity now is, would enable the postal authorities to suppress and destroy, without notice, trial, or redress, any issue of any socialist paper they pleased, if not to arrest and imprison the editors. It is to this end the whole thing is clearly working. There is nothing the ruling classes, the world over, fear like free speech and free press. And all socialists the world over, realizing this, should demand and work for absolute free speech and free press. It will not do to admit any exception, or that exception will at once be seized and utilized to nullify the rest.

There is in New York City an organization, the Free Speech League, which exists for this end. Let every reader of this become a member. The yearly dues are \$1. Address Edwin C. Walker, 244 West One Hundred and Forty-third street, New York City. Remember, this is the foundation.—J. William Lloyd, in "The Ariel" for April.

[When M. Harman was arrested he was charged with sending copies of LUCIFER, containing the essay on "Sex Radicalism," through the mail; but this charge was dropped. The indictment was based on two other articles, as most of our readers know.]

SPURIOUS MODESTY HARMFUL

Among refined people, at least, the matters involved [in "Ethics of Marriage"] are reserved for private investigation and reflection. In as much as the sources of knowledge and methods of research are not open and familiar to many, and silence is preserved concerning them, they fail to be considered, and the results are error, vice and often crime, and consequent injury and misery. Among men of intellectual culture it is commonly supposed to be a mark of delicacy not to refer to the topics of this treatise without special occasion and serious reason; among women of the same kind and degree of culture it is deemed to be a mark of true modesty. Between men and women of this class they are never mooted. To such persons it may be said, there is occasion and there are many serious reasons for a candid, careful and complete consideration of these matters always, and especially at the present time. The reasons are such as to require a surrender of reserve and the breach of reticence. And this need not impair the purity of a true refinement nor the delicacy of a true modesty. . . .

It is worth while, however, to inquire how it has come to be true that matters which are so central in our physical life, so essential in their relation to the condition, character, career and destiny of every individual, so fundamental and vital to every institution and interest of society, cannot be "even so much as named among us." This fact alone is one of the most significant among the

many indications that human nature has been strangely inverted and foully corrupted. Veil these matters from our eyes as we may, they stare upon us in their manifest consequences. . . .

To a very large number of those who commonly make objection to works of this order or public addresses on these topics as indecent if not impure, it is not important to make an explanation, much less an apology. They are too often moved by prejudice and sentiment, the latter as irrational as the former. Every thorough teacher of righteousness who has been pained by a conviction of duty to refer with severe caution to these topics in public assemblies has learned of expressions of opinion and feeling not complimentary to his judgment and taste. Yet he has been able to discover that among his least lenient judges are men who do not always obey the precept, "Let no filthy communication proceed out of your mouth"; women who are familiar with a certain sort of French romances, men and women who sit together before the stage, on which the actresses appear certainly not "clothed" if they be "in their right mind." They are forced to think that there may be a form of modesty which is really spurious and that fault-finding may be retaliation for fault found and set forth to the wounding of the heart through the conscience.

All profound moralists affirm that it is not only a privilege but the duty of a man who knows what others do not know, yet need to know, to teach them; who sees the wrong they do not see, and yet commit, to correct them; who perceives the peril they do not discern, yet rush upon, to warn them; who anticipates the ruin they do not foresee, yet surely go to meet, to save them. 'Woe to him if he shuns the duty!' In the end the sting of a just conscience, the condemnation of just men and the judgment of a just God will find him.—Rev. J. T. Dwyer, in "The Ethics of Marriage."

THOUSANDS HURRIED TO PREMATURE GRAVES.

Years back, when I was first impressed with the importance of a widespread knowledge of sexual subjects, and was surprised at the deplorable ignorance of the people, and the silence and narrow-minded prejudices of the medical profession, I determined to devote a great portion of my time to the delivery of popular lectures upon these and kindred subjects. . . . I expect to receive from some narrow-minded people, as heretofore, only opprobrium for my efforts, but I have become familiar with this, and it passes by me as the "idle wind which I regard not." I have the gratifying reflection that the noble-minded and true of both sexes continue to send me words of encouragement and urge me on in the same course I have hitherto pursued. . . . Notwithstanding the acknowledged fact that there never was a period in the world's history when knowledge was so generally diffused among the people, and within the reach of all classes, as at the present time, yet it is a deplorable fact that a knowledge of the laws of life—of the formation and functions of the generative organs—upon which health so greatly depends, knowledge so crude, is so little understood, except by the favored few, that hundreds of thousands are, through ignorance, hurried to premature graves that might have lived to old age, had they possessed a true knowledge of the physiological and organic laws, observance of which are so essential to sound health and longevity.—Theodore E. Kinget, M. D.

NO REAL SAFETY IN IGNORANCE.

The author is aware that many individuals disapprove altogether of any publication of this kind (on "Prostitution"), on the ground that the disclosures necessary to be made are apt to minister to an already vitiated taste, or to familiarize the minds of the young and inexperienced with subjects that have a tendency to mislead or deprave them. Suppose this ground were admitted to have some force, what, it may be asked, is to be done with a system so debasing in its nature and so ruinous in its results? Is it better to suffer it to go on perpetuating itself and contentedly to behold it carrying down its thousands to a gloomy grave and into a still gloomier eternity, than to make a determined effort to resist its progress, simply because such an effort may perhaps minister to a vitiated appetite or exert a deceitful influence upon the mind of some thoughtless youth? Even on the assumption that some hopeful youth may have his moral principle shaken, still the evil to be remedied is of so gigantic a nature that its arrestment would not be too dearly purchased were the supposed consequences necessarily connected with it. But it may, after all, be a question whether such an idea be not visionary.—William Tait, Surgeon.

Man has a right to think all things, speak all things, write all things, but not to impose his opinions.—Machiavel.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money, orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

J. ALLEN EVANS IN PRISON.

A correspondent of Mr. Evans' sends me a portion of a letter from him, in which he says: "I want you to write to Lillian Harman and urge her to appeal to comrades through the Light-Bearer for some slight assistance. I am sure that some of them will lend a helping hand. I have been a supporter of our cause for thirty years, and a subscriber to the Light-Bearer since its birth. I was convicted on the charge of violating the Comstock laws."

I wrote to our friends in Denver, asking them to call on Mr. Evans, and have received the following reply from J. Warner Mills, of that city:

"DENVER, COLO., June 12, 1906.

"I received your recent letter telling me of the trouble that had come to J. Allen Evans. I called upon him, as you requested, and found him doing time in the county jail for a period of 100 days. He seemed glad to see me, but the only service, outside of a little friendly chat, he seemed to think I could perform was to give him some substantial reading matter and get him permission to use a clean razor, so that he would not be obliged to shave himself with the razor that is used by all the other inmates of the prison. He appears to be a very enthusiastic old gentleman, and it is a pity that he should have to find himself behind the bars at his age of life.

"I know nothing about the offense charged against him except that the statute under which he was sentenced is the notorious Comstock law. I was surprised to find him so well read and so deeply interested in current philosophy, politics and industrial matters.

"I got permission of the officials to let him have a clean razor and took the same over the other morning, with the June issue of 'Tom Watson's Magazine' and Mr. Trowbridge's work on 'Bi-Socialism.'"

Mr. Evans is well known to many of the readers of LUCIFER, and they will, no doubt, wish to write to him. His address is County Jail, Denver, Colo. I know nothing of the specific charge against him, but feel sure that he is a sincere, refined, earnest seeker after truth and worker for the well-being of all humanity. L. H.

THE DEATH KNEEL OF FREE PRESS.

The Comstock mail laws, which have been so often abused, misinterpreted and overstretched to cover sex discussions not originally thought of by the makers of the law, have been gradually "strengthened" and fitted for broader and more inclusive and extensive use by numerous little modifications—and the worst feature of all is that part of the law conferring discretion on one postoffice official to decide what publication may be prohibited as "non-mailable."

In the last (1904) report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice (Anthony Comstock, secretary), it is proposed to renew the effort that failed ten or more years ago to have the words "disgusting" and "filthy" added to obscenity; and in this move we shall no doubt see the society backed by the enormous riches of the beef trust, for a bit of news from the Middle West says that the beef packers are already clamoring for the postal authorities to refuse mailing privileges to the magazines that print muck-raking and, therefore, "disgusting" articles about the "filthy" methods of the beef packers.

The third assistant postmaster general would not have to go much beyond the far-reaching steps he has already taken in this direction to accommodate the beef trust and aid them in the repressing of unpleasant facts; but if he waits till congress gives a little more power to his elbow in the way of suppressing freedom of the press it may be only one year more before he will have the "disgusting" literature suppression law—excluding it from mail circulation. There are those who want it that probably have the wherewithal to get what they want.

Elmer Wright, T. B. Wakeman and other old-time opponents of this sort of mail meddling, used to say that there would be no limit to the possibilities of evil along this line; and even in our lifetime their prophecies may come true.

After filthy and disgusting, why not add "treasonable," "an-patriotic," "anarchistic," "socialistic," "defamatory" and the party in power will so fortify itself against criticism and new thought that we shall easily settle down to a stagnation status surpassing that of China. Patrick Henry said: "Give me liberty or give me death." Death is "in the air" oppressively, at present.—Truth Seeker.

SOME MEDICAL STATISTICS.

Thursday, April 12, witnessed the following sudden outbreak on the editorial page of the New York "Sun." Since that date it has shown no further excitement in the same direction. Nobody seems to know what caused the explosion:

"There are diseases of which the general public knows little or nothing which in their results are as disastrous to life, to health and to happiness as is consumption. Plain speech is sometimes necessary. Can one doubt for a moment that, if mankind were aware of the fact that ninety per cent of all cases of locomotor ataxia and most of the paralytic attacks, that eighty per cent of all the deaths from inflammatory diseases peculiar to women, at least fifty per cent of all the operations known in gynecology, as well as thirty per cent of all the blindness in infancy and childhood, were due to those diseases, transmitted by men as a result of immoral sexual association—can one believe for a moment that, with this knowledge in mind, the public would not take steps to lessen the possibilities of these infections?"

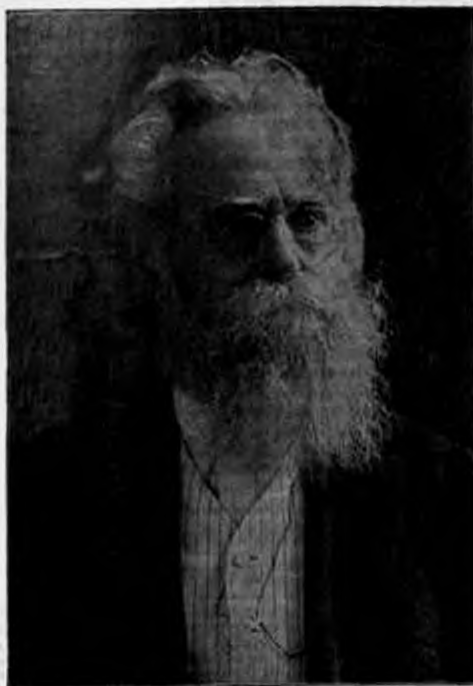
That's what Moses Harman thought. And see where he is now. That's what the "Sun's" great hero, Theodore Roosevelt, doesn't think. And see where he is now. Will the "Sun," fresh from its study of medical statistics, and having told us what percentage of the prevailing mortality proceeds from the transmission of "these diseases" as a result of immoral sexual association, kindly tell us also what percentage of the remaining mortality proceeds from the transmission of "these diseases" as a result of moral sexual association? Or would it have us understand that every priest and magistrate is provided with a certain lymph, which goes with the marriage certificate and renders the moral immune.—Liberty (New York).

The moral regeneration of mankind will only really commence when the most fundamental of the social relations is placed under the rule of equal justice, and when human beings learn to cultivate their strongest sympathy with an equal in rights and in cultivation.—John Stuart Mill.

It is well to consider a little whether in our zeal to suppress one form of immorality we may not be forging chains which may in time be fastened upon the neck of some great but unpopular truth.—Loring Moody.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 8 months and 10 days old. He has served 115 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor. His task at present is breaking stone.

His crime was the admission into *LUCIFER* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *LUCIFER* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, care of Chaplain, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill. All letters pass through the chaplain's hands. Do not expect personal answers, as, according to the rules of the prison, a prisoner may write only one letter a month. However, a list of letters will be kept and published from time to time, so that the writers may know they were received.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR.

The letter dated May 20 was received on June 6, which was after *LUCIFER* No. 1067 was printed. It seems that he was allowed to write it as a special holiday privilege. The second letter is the regular one which he can write at intervals of five weeks, and which is sent out if approved by the prison officials. The first two letters which he wrote were not sent out, because of something to which the officials objected. The prisoner does not know on what the objection was based, as he was very careful to avoid criticism, which is forbidden. However, the opinions of the editor are fairly well known to the readers of *LUCIFER*, and they are especially interested in having reports of his daily life, state of health, etc. If he retains health and strength he will be able, in a few months, to again express his convictions through the columns of *LUCIFER*. I send a

copy of each issue of *LUCIFER* to him, but he has seen only fragments of two copies.

Of the old songs which he desires we can send those marked with an asterisk. If any of our friends have the book, or can tell me where it can be obtained, or can send the words of the songs, the favor will be appreciated.

L. H.

STATE PENITENTIARY, JOLIET, ILL., May 30 (Decoration Day), '06.—My Dear Lillian: Unexpectedly I am permitted to write a letter home. On my return to cell, after witnessing a very interesting stereopticon performance at the chapel, I found this blank sheet on my bunk, and now, having filled the stomach with an excellent Decoration Day dinner, I proceed to write you a pencilled letter.

Received yours of the 24th in due time, telling me of the whooping-cough in family; also that No. 1066 had been published, with reviews of my case by Crane and Chamberlain. Please thank them for me. Glad to know that the paper gets to press regularly and promptly. Hope you are not overworking yourself. Hope money enough comes in to enable you to hire all needful help, especially in the correspondence department—so many letters to be answered. Who is your stenographer now? Did not see No. 1066—nor previous numbers—except two fragments, since I have been in the S. P. Glad to hear that my brief letter to you, dated May 6, was published, containing acknowledgments of receipts of letters. Now I will send you another list of letters received since May 6, and will ask you, if possible, to insert it in next *LUCIFER*. In my name, please return sincerest thanks to the writers and ask them to continue to remember the "prisoner in bonds," though not bound just as he is bound. How I wish I could answer them each and all. Here is the list received since May 6: P. R. Earnshaw, 1; Gertrude Voss, 1; Hilda P. Loomis, 1; George B. Wheeler, 2; T. P. Meade, 1; Ada Morley, 3; Annie E. Parkhurst, 2; Elizabeth H. Rosell, 2; Thomas J. Griffiths, 2; Rachel S. Tenney, M. D., 1; M. Florence Johnson, 9; Josephine K. Henry, 1; W. W. Miller, 1; Dr. E. R. Poole, 1; M. Gifford, 1; Mrs. P. Igrig, 1; Adeline Champney, 1; Ed Seerest, 1; Bettie M. Roberts, 1; Dr. J. R. Price, 1; Ida B. Robinson, 1; Lulu McC. Clarke, 1; William Schenck, 1; Lucinda B. Chandler, 1; George Harman, 1; Katharine R. Fry, 1; Arthur Wastall, 1; Mattie D. and James Haworth, 2; Henry C. Hanson, (Ill.), 1; George and Louis Redborough, 4; D. Edson Smith, 1; Mary D. Jones, 1; Joseph Harman, 1; Lillian Harman, 6. A few of these were cards.

Please say to all friends who have inquired or who may inquire after my health that, all things considered, my health is fairly good; better, in fact, than I could reasonably expect. I am still at work breaking stone "for the state of Illinois." Have worked thus far without shelter, but was officially informed two days ago that we are to have an awning soon to shelter us from sun and rain. We work about eight and a half hours per day, if I mistake not. As is sometimes said of the dervish—that he is not really as "black as he is painted"—so I would say of the "rock pile," the work is not so dreadful as some people imagine it to be. I have often worked harder on the farm than I have done on the rock pile, and yet have made an average hand at the latter-named work.

I hope nothing will prevent your coming to see me on the 17th of June, or earlier if possible. I have so many things to talk about—concerning the pardon business and publishing business. But don't think I am worrying about anything. I trust you and our other friends, fully and unreservedly, in all respects.

Give my best love to all the household. Kiss Virna and Baby George for me. Hope the children will soon be well. Time about up. Good-by, dear daughter, good-by. Write often. Don't overwork. All good things be yours.

M. H.

To the *Editor* or other Officer: Please let me know if there is anything wrong with this letter. It is nearly dark and my pencil worn out.

M. HARMAN.

STATE PENITENTIARY, JOLIET, ILL., June 10, 1906.—My Dear Lillian: Two letters from you last week—one written Sunday eve and the other Tuesday or Wednesday. Glad to know that Virna and George are better of their cough. What you say in regard to your "chief responsibility" is quite correct. I want to see you very much, but can wait till it is altogether safe to bring the babe with you. Hope the warden will let G. O'B. see me tomorrow, and then allow you to come a week or so later. Weather quite warm, but not oppressively hot. Some good showers lately. The worst feature, perhaps, of work on the rock pile is its monotony; hence I would gladly welcome the privilege of singing while pounding stone, just as the ditchers are able to do more and better work on the Panama

canal when permitted to sing. Talking is not allowed to workers in the stone yard, but singing, in low tones, is not contrary to rules, so far as I know. I have a good supply of tunes suitable for use as accompaniment to the strokes of the stone-hammer, but have forgotten most of the words to which these tunes were set. In my younger years I once owned a collection of hymns and songs, called the "Universal Musician," printed with numerals instead of notes, but have not seen the book for many years. It is probably now out of print, but if you could get a copy for me I would greatly appreciate the favor. It was published fifty years or more ago by Benj. Franklin, I think, in Cincinnati—not "Old Ben," of course. It was the best all-around book of the kind I ever saw. If the book itself cannot be had I would sincerely thank you or any one else for the words of some of the songs I learned therein, such as these—designating by first lines:

"Away to the greenwood, away;" "When early morning's rosy light bids man to labor go;" "The morning advancing peeps o'er the hills;" "O, a farmer's boy is a jovial lad;" "Flow gently, sweet Afton;" "Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's Daughter;" "O my soul is full of music;" "Fly away to my native land, sweet dove;" "Highland Mary;" "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon;" the song of the various handicrafts, etc.

Among the library books I read is "People of the Abyss," by Jack London, and can't help contrasting the daily lives of the denizens of the "under world" in the largest and richest city with the daily fare and prospects ahead of the convicts in Joliet S. P.—with their abundant and regular supply of excellent food, their comfortable clothing, clean and warm beds, educational privileges, and, generally speaking, regular and not excessively hard work.

Since my Decoration Day letter was written I have received letters as follows: Ada M. Morley, 2; J. P. Phinney, 1; P. Igrig, 1; Katharine S. Fry, 1; Sadie A. Magoon, 1; Lois Walsbrooker, 1; George Bedford, 1; A. E. K. Parkhurst, 2; J. M. Gilbert, 1; A. B. Fish, 1; Elizabeth H. Russell, 1; Hilda P. Loomis, 1; George R. Wheeler, 1; Henry E. Dewey, 1; Philip G. Peabody, 2; Frank L. Poland, 1; Lucinda B. Chandler, 1; Thirza E. Rathbun, 1; Emma Greene, 1; C. N. Greene, 1; Mattie Day Haworth, 1; William H. Wilgus, 1; William Frets, 1; F. A. De Crane, 1; P. L. Phillips, 1; Sarah Stone Beckhill, 1; Ed. W. Chamberlain, 1; "Frank," 1; Lillian Harman, 3. A few of these are cards. Please thank the writers of these friendly missives for me and ask them to kindly continue to remember the prisoner in bonds. No one can fully appreciate the value of letters until shut up behind prison bars. Also, please remember to thank all who have spent and are spending time, labor and money in efforts to secure my release. Just what shape these efforts are taking I have only a vague general idea, but feel sure that the agitation of the subject will help to make people think, and think seriously, and that the general result will be an advance toward a better understanding of the great fundamental problem of human rights and human wrongs.

Also, please do not forget to thank all societies or clubs that have kindly remembered the prisoner in bonds by resolutions of sympathy and encouragement, especially such clubs or societies as those with whose members I am personally acquainted, such as the Chicago Society of Anthropology. I received in due time the report of the secretary, Dr. C. P. Lewis, stating that I had been thus honored by a unanimous vote of the membership at a regular meeting, but have never yet learned whether a suitable acknowledgment of the honor had been made in my name.

My single sheet is full. Good-by, dear daughter. With love and heartfelt thanks for your faithful and untiring work, ever yours,

M. H.

To the *Usher*: Please let me know if anything is wrong with this letter.

M. HARMAN.

NATIONAL OWNERSHIP OF ALL PROPERTY.

We live under a condition of individual ownership of property. Who knows of any one, rich, medium or poor, who is absolutely contented with economic conditions as they exist—who is not to some extent suffering the spirit of discontent?

Let us study into national ownership of all property as a remedy.

Let us suppose the nation owns everything except the clothes we wear. Money is abolished. Everybody works for the nation. Each draws the same annual salary. Draw pay in form of a ticket. Everybody is a producer in some form a part of the time at least. All products turned over to the nation and placed in storehouses the

property of the nation. We buy everything from the nation and pay by having our ticket punched. Our salary is perpetual from the day of birth to date of death. Our salary is adequate to secure food, raiment and shelter, and also travel and various entertainments. The nation's libraries are at the disposal of all.

What is the nation? It is of the people, by the people and for the people. Officers are chosen upon merit and draw no more salaries than field laborers. All draw same salary, regardless of ability or condition.

How transform from the present condition of individual ownership to a condition of national ownership? By natural growth.

Some people understand and want this change. Others do not understand and do not want any such change.

Very well, then. Let every tub stand on its own bottom. Let those who do not understand or are indifferent to any change, continue as they are. Let those who do understand get together and adopt such plans of life as will tend to gradually bring the condition of life desired.

Here is a suggestion: Farmer A opens his home to those who desire him as a leader (limiting the number) and those he desires as followers. They all work together to build up a large estate and place it in legal form to succeed from generation to generation. B is a manufacturer, and does same. C is a merchant, and does same. So on through all the occupations. Accordingly as these people are happy and prosperous, accordingly will others fall in line, until finally all property will become absorbed and national ownership have come by natural growth.

Discussion is in order and all questions and answers are to be sent direct to *LUCIFER* for publication when accepted.

Yours for truth and the best.

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VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers to this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block west, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

R. THOMAS, JR., Alderson, W. Va.—Please find enclosed \$5 for books, subscription to *LUCIFER* and Brother Harman's latest photograph. I wish I could hire a man to take his place on the rock pile, or I would take his place for a while if they would let him out. This is a shameful outrage.

F. E. LEONARD, Centos, Okla.—Have just finished reading Mr. Crane's "History of Persecution," etc., in No. 1066, and would like to see it in pamphlet form. It is splendid! Will take and distribute \$1 worth or more if so printed. Enclosed find \$2 in redemption of my promise to help pay extra cost of printing Moses Harman's photograph in *LUCIFER*.

ELIZABETH H. RUSSELL, 828 South Seventh street, San Jose, Cal.—Many thanks for the package of *LUCIFER* No. 1065. Will remit later on when I can send for a money order. I am pleased to report that I have obtained thirty-seven signatures for one of the petitions among friends and neighbors, and posted the same to the Free Speech League. I sincerely hope the president will show himself of some use in this case and right the great wrong done your father.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER, Norwood Park, Ill.—Dear Lillian: I was glad to see in last *LUCIFER* that your father had received two letters of mine. I had mailed a third before. Today shall mail the fourth. It's too bad he can't have his cell alone. I think of you often and know your burden is very heavy. I hope and trust you will keep up courage and strength. A benefit was given me last week by Douglas Park Woman's Club, so I can spare a mite to help *LUCIFER*. I wish it could be much more. Best wishes and love.

J. B., Springfield, Mo.—On Saturday, May 5, there was what had been announced as a "Machinists' smoker" by the North Side Lodge, but which proved to be a political trap. At least they furnished liquid refreshments and chin music. Refreshments had but little attraction for me, but I was on hand with a petition for pardon for Comrade Harman, which I had received from the Free Speech League. As soon as Mr. Hamlin, candidate for congress, finished

"soft-souping" the boys I approached him for his signature to the petition. But he "knew Harman; need to go to school to him" here in southern Missouri, I forget the county. (Is that true?) "Did not approve of his views, had read *LUCIFER*, and recently had a personal letter from Harman wanting him to subscribe to his relief fund." (Is that correct?) No, he could not sign it; he "did not think it right for a man to marry one woman and when he got tired of her go off and leave her with a lot of children to take care of. Why, just look! we have men in congress today who keep three or four women." I simply responded that Mr. Harman was not responsible for the existing state of commercial immorality and turned away without casting more pearls before swine, though I felt tempted to tell him that the things he spoke of were the result of present conditions, and wished to ask him if the reason he did not want to disturb them was because he, too, desired the privilege of "keeping three or four women" when he got into congress. Two nuns who heard his protest refused to sign, but I got eighty-seven signatures there that night. Not so bad for a start. I doubt he and his beer getting one-quarter as many votes. I enclose \$1, for which please send me a few copies of Post and Wakeman letters and *LUCIFER* with petition in, and balance, if any, on subscription.

ALBINA L. WAREHURST, San Diego, Cal.—I have been dumb at the actual execution of the absurd and cruel sentence of your dear father, but would have written sooner but for the handicap of lame shoulder and spinal troubles. Under care of osteopath and magnetic doctors for some months. Some better and will not delay longer. Enclosed find \$2-\$1 for extra copies of *LUCIFER* through March and the Burlbank letter number, and on subscription; the other for a copy of "Karezza," which I wish to present to a young pair of friends who are to marry June 20. If you have not "Karezza" in stock send me something else, whatever you think will fit the case of sensible but uninformed orphans. With much loving thought for you and to you and yours.

L. P. E., Morgan City, Utah.—A few days ago I was most agreeably surprised to receive two copies of *LUCIFER*, the reform paper that, among the many I have read, I always held to be far in advance of all of them. My firm faith in the grand principles advanced by your father is, if possible, stronger today than it ever was. My age, soon 81 years, prevents me from taking any active part in this most important movement. Among the many so-called Free-thinkers few are thinking, reading and investigating far enough. There are only few, very few, who possess such indomitable character as your worthy father. And while I deeply sympathize with him in being deprived of liberty and freedom, I am fully convinced that the time shall come when Moses Harman's name will be placed among the foremost saviors of mankind. He is fighting for a principle that will not die even if he shall die in the fight. I send the petition today.

EDWIN F. LEWIS, Secretary Economic Educational League, Washington, D. C.—I enclose \$2, a donation from the Economic Educational League. This is part of the collection taken at our meeting on April 29, when we considered the subject of free speech. A part of the collection was also sent to the Free Speech League. The attendance was very small, owing to threatening weather, but the meeting was on the whole quite successful. One of our members gave an able address on "Our Despotism: Political Censorship," outlining the proceedings against yourself and *LUCIFER* and making a plea for free speech and a free press. Petitions for your pardon were circulated at the meeting, and before and since, and eighty-three names were secured. These, with perhaps a few additional ones, will be forwarded to the Free Speech League in a day or two. We regret the donation is not larger and trust you are holding your own. Cheer up, and go in for victory.

W. P. ROOR, Medina, Ohio.—I have just received a copy of your journal for April, containing an account of Mr. Harman's arrest. While I have not read the matter for which he was arrested I have no doubt it was far from being criminal, and I cannot help feeling that his incarceration is an indication that we are fast getting into troubled water; for when advanced thinkers can thus be confined at the whim of one press censor we might all just as well put our necks into St. Anthony's yoke and lie down to our bondage forever. Books and papers are constantly sent through the mails that are designed to pander to passion, but nothing is said about it, for the word "art" covers it all; but when a vital matter is seriously dis-

cussed by a Harman or by a Dr. A. B. Stockham, who has blessed her sex so greatly by her works, a fine is promptly imposed. Whatever evils may be entailed on us as a people by questionable literature of the "Sapho" order it cannot be compared with the trouble we shall encounter by letting one man interpret true modesty for all the nation, especially when his utility is measured by the "tons of poisoned literature" he destroys annually. Perhaps the time is not far off when it will be a crime to criticize our censors.

JOE THOUNSON, Healdsburg, Cal.—Reading Mr. R. B. Kerr's letter and his evident (to him) favoritism with God, reminded me of a sister equally convicted. One evening about two years ago at her house the conversation turned upon chicken thieves, of which she had no fear, being confident that God would protect her property (he is a watchdog, you see, among his many accomplishments); but at that very moment two "hoboes" were helping themselves to some of her choice Plymouth Rocks. We heard the "pug" barking furiously, but paid no attention. The hoboes were discovered next morning with seven hens in their possession. If Mr. Kerr is acquainted with Mrs. Wermouth he would do well to ask her for an introduction to this God who is so watchful over him. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake had been in the city, but would not allow her husband to remain to complete his business. She felt it coming, but did not claim that God had anything to do with it. Nor did she think it was God when she predicted the Johnston flood and the Galveston horror. The man who taught me more than any one else, W. H. Chaney, foretold the day of his death and that he would be buried in a blizzard, which prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. I have spent many years in San Francisco during the last thirty-two years, have traveled for months by land and sea, but always happen to be in the right place at the right time, so that I have never even seen anything worse than a shipwreck, and was never in one, and so I do not hesitate to say it will go on for the next twenty-five years or so, but God does not tell me so. All this is foreign to the mission of your little paper, yet I feel that many of your readers would be benefited by a little knowledge along these lines. They would learn to leave the gods to the witch-burners, the Comstocks and persecutors generally. All true reformers leave superstition behind. It makes the angels weep when they look back and see what a belief in God has done for humanity. . . . Directly after the "quake" I was to have been sent to England; had everything packed and made *mesadieu*, with the best-laid plans, etc. Here I am still, and penniless. Been waiting for a few dollars to share with you. Now I have several personal friends in distress in San Francisco, among whom is Prof. Haddock, editor of "Human Nature" (I believe you know him). He has lost about everything, is partially paralyzed, but there are hopes of his recovery. . . . By waiting a day or two I expect to get a dollar or two to share with you. I expect to inclose \$2—one for a renewal of the paper and one for the cause. Although your father has my warmest sympathies I have been unable to prove it, much to my chagrin. I was in full sympathy with the sex question thirty-five years ago, and believe I would have endorsed every idea he has expressed on the subject. I regret that so many journals which sympathize with him disclaim a belief in all his opinions. I think such persons are too conservative, not pioneers in the work of reform.

DISINTEGRATION OF THE OLD MARRIAGE.

Having tried the credentials of average marriage champions and found them spurious we are free to take up marriage *de novo* and study it as if no lions of prejudice roared against its fair discussion. We brush aside the middle-class family-worshippers who rave when the family is spoken against, but look on meekly as kitchen menials while the rich thieves wreck it. They cry, "Rescue the family, repair it, deliver us from divorce, or society will perish." As Archbishop Farley describes it, "Our national life is already honeycombed by this insidious evil (divorce). In fact, the walls of society have already begun to totter, if they are not actually falling under its attacks." To all of which we are compelled to reply, Buncombe. You are playing a comedy, the family is merely a verbal fetish with you. Are not you all either coward flunkeys or the rich who are knocking out the props of the family, or hand in glove with them for profit, begging their beset and graft-got gold to build your churches or to nourish Bourbon universities? In fact, the family knights are likewise heated apostles or willing pillars of the industrial system which is sending the family to perdition. Pardon me if I reject the judgment of such minds.

We must therefore probe the family without fear, since race

future is at stake. Without children mankind ends, with poor children it retrogrades, and if the well born are ill reared good birth is defeated, and again we have race retrogression.

Two facts disintegrating marriage are our mode of industrial life and a new intelligence. The industrial formation not only destroys marriage but denies ideal union of the sexes, thus violating intelligence. Intelligence therefore opposes the industrial regime and the marriage system as it is, postulating an industrial form wherein the sexes may unite rationally with a view to personal and race perfection. Present marriage is doomed if the industrial scheme stands and is doomed if it falls, for in the latter event intelligence will replace it with a higher relation.—From "Marriage and Race Death," a new work by Morris J. Swift.

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WHOLE NO. 1069

BE THYSELF.

Be thyself! A nobler poepl
Never in the past has been.
Be thyself; 'tis holy scripture,
Though no Bible-lids between.

Dare to shape in thought and language
That is lying in your brain;
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

Then though coward world may scorn thee,
Friendship fail, and fortune frown,
Earth itself grow dark around thee,
Foes on thee in rage look down.

Heed not; there's a word more potent
Carried in thy manly heart.
Be thyself and do thy duty,
Thou could'st not ask no holier part.

—WILLIAM DENTON.

DIVORCE OR SEPARATION?

Recent public scandals in England have set some of the people thinking about increased facilities for divorce. The law in most American states is probably at variance with British law, which admits as grounds for divorce adultery on the part of a wife and adultery and cruelty on the part of a husband. The chief objections to the British divorce laws are that a divorce suit is too expensive to be within the reach of any but the rich, the grounds for divorce are too restricted, and there is an illogical stipulation that, although the adultery of either party is a reasonable ground, the adultery of both parties, instead of increasing the necessity for a divorce, renders the relief unobtainable.

Poor people in England seldom or never think of divorce. There is a "pro forma pauperis" method of procedure, but it is rarely used, the poor quite accurately gauging the true worthlessness of "cheap law." In recent years it has been made possible for police magistrates to grant "judicial separations," and of those facilities full advantage has been taken. In the year 1904 no fewer than 15,500 married people were separated by police magistrates in London alone.

What does this mean? It means the people are finding out that marriage is a failure as an institution. These people have suffered. They have experienced how little marriage can help them and they ask to be made free. The immensity of the figures recently published show in lurid colors what a ghastly fraud is the alleged protection afforded by marriage.

The journalistic and clerical busybodies are beginning to tremble at the result of orthodox objection to divorce. Columns of our newspapers are being filled with jeremiads inspired by recent statistics. It is startling the conventional dovecotes to find how immensely popular these semi-divorces have become. The awful horror felt by the scribes is not brought forth by the nameless cruelties, the daily and nightly outrages and the direct and indirect robbery which have served as the reasons for magisterial interference. The journalistic indignation is reserved for the noteworthy fact that these separated couples are contented with their separations and do not yearn for remarriage. They have had some "protection" and do not want any more. The following extracts from a widely read

English journal ("Referee," London) are a fair specimen of many current orthodox comments:

"The one plain question it is our duty to put to ourselves is whether the wholesale granting of judicial separations is likely to conduce to the morality of those concerned or not. Magistrates have no opinion in the matter. They can advise patience and self-control, they can express their opinion that there are faults on both sides and that a spirit of mutual forbearance and helpfulness may avert the breach that threatens, but if two married people are seriously bent on returning to the ways of bachelorhood and spinsterhood they can leave their way. They cannot secure permission to remarry, but they can walk out of each other's lives, and, apart from some pecuniary arrangement into which the husband may or may not be forced to enter, they have no longer a concern with or a control over each other. There are many thousands of persons in this condition now, and their numbers are increasing yearly.

"The only possible answer to the plain question just posed is that, human nature being what it is, the moral tone of the community will not on the whole be raised by this condition of affairs. A married woman who is permanently separated from her husband is not hedged about by some of the protecting sanctities which once sheltered her. She may be, and she is often, a woman of spotless character, who has been deeply injured and whose position commands the delicate respect of all good men. But all separated women are not of this kind, nor are all men chivalrous and honorable. At the very best the woman has lost one protecting influence, however poor and ineffective it may have been, and at the worst she is unavoidably exposed to temptations which were not so great nor so frequent in the days of her bondage. And as for the average man who is separated permanently from his wife, and is by law forbidden to find another, the social hypocrisy which pretends to believe that he will grow into a plaster saint may be dismissed at once. The whole system tends towards a degradation of the sexual relationship, and can tend in no other direction. Judicial separation is a half-way house between household misery and divorce. It may afford relief in many cases, but the relief is never as complete as, in the case of a really deserving subject, it ought to be. It entails a lasting disability which no good man or woman ought to suffer, and in many cases—and these most probably the majority—its balance is in favor of loose living."

So long as state interference in sex relations is to be tolerated at all, it seems eminently sensible for the state to protect from a second blunder those who have already made one sad, serious error. But what an answer it is to the plea of the "Referee" and others that women lose their "protecting influence" if they separate from a scoundrel whose behavior has been sufficient to convince even a London magistrate that the marriage is a failure. The happy "victims" do not grumble—it is only our pharisees on the press and in the pulpit who see any hardship in their lot. "The plain question" is not, as put by the "Referee," the question of conducing to monogamic ideals of morality; it is not, in fact, a question of the future morals of the separated couples—it is merely a recognition of the failure of the marriage already accomplished. The magistrate is not asked to consider the future behavior of the couple—that will depend on the characters of the individuals. The reason for the separation is that freedom from a hateful marriage is admittedly preferable to the pretended "sanctity" of a cruel bondage.

GEORGE BRIDGEMAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOSES HARMAN.

The latest photographs of the editor of LUCIFER, taken alone, and also photographs taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.

"THE JUNGLE" AND ITS CRITICS.

The largest industrial center on earth is formed by the Union stock yards and packing houses of Chicago. Other things being equal, we should expect to find here the most perfect type of capitalism, the most perfect hideousness, most widespread misery, the most highly developed exploitation.

Hence it was not fitting that the great novel of capitalism should be built around this industry. Into Packingtown came Comrade Upton Sinclair, writing as fiercely primitive as the savagery of that locality, as keenly complex as the industry upon which that savagery rests.

The real story of the book is the story of concentrated, crushing industrial exploitation. This story is hung upon a group of Lithuanians, who, in any other book, would be called the "principal characters." But in this book the real characters are social classes and industrial conditions. Jurgis is but a sort of personified Packingtown proletariat. All the hideous conditions under which profit producers in the great Chicago meat factories toil is told with a power that brings the name of Zola again and again to mind. In some ways Zola is surpassed. The social philosophy of Zola was the utopian communism of Fourier; the social philosophy of Sinclair is the international socialism of Karl Marx.

The story of human evolution is photographed for us by contrasting Packingtown with Lithuania, from which Jurgis and his family come. Torn out of a social stage centuries older than that of Chicago, this group of Lithuanian peasants, accustomed to mediæval, communal personal relations, based on status and tradition, suddenly find themselves hurled into a social stage whose only bond of cohesion is the possibility of profit, and where human beings prey upon one another as do the wild beasts in an African jungle, and where, worst of all, even their neighbors and fellow workers have lost the social feeling of caste and fellowship that bound together the peasants of far-off Lithuania.

In such an industrial society such individuals could not but be dwarfed into insignificance by the industrial life that swallowed them up.

"It seemed to them impossible of belief that anything so stupendous could have been devised by mortal man. . . . It was a thing as tremendous as the universe—the laws and ways of its working no more than the universe to be questioned or understood. All that a mere man could do, it seemed to Jurgis, was to take a thing like this as he found it, and do as he was told; to be given a place in it and a share in its wonderful activities was a blessing to be grateful for, as one was grateful for the sunshine and the rain."

Then we watch that machine at work. All its coverings are taken off and its fearful, cruel nakedness exposed. We see the helpless fight for life by the workers—the wearing out and tossing aside of the strong—the grinding up of women and children inch by inch—the terrible accidents and insidious poisoning to which the workers were exposed—the hopelessness of resistance,—until at last the whole family is run through the mill as mercilessly and thoroughly as any dumb animal that ever entered the stock yards gates. But through it all, Jurgis, as the typical proletarian, retains enough strength to enable him at last to grasp the philosophy which the whole industry has been preaching to him while it crushed him—the philosophy of socialism.

The whole point and heart of the book centers around the condition of the workers and their struggle for better conditions. Yet it is safe to say that ninety per cent of the critics have spent a majority of their space on the few pages that are devoted to the abuses in the production of meat that affect the consumer.

Nearly half of the words that have been devoted to "The Jungle" in the reviews that have come under my notice have been with reference to about three pages of the book (pp. 113-115). It is these pages which are most frequently quoted as convicting the author of exaggeration or worse. Yet he introduces these with the words "And there were other things stranger than this, according to the gossip of the men." Certainly any one who knows even a little bit about the yards knows that it is just such things as these that make up the gossip of the men.

Nothing could be more illuminative of the character of capitalism than the way in which this attack upon it has been met. "Ignore what he says about the men; deny his assertions about the meat, but investigate a little to save our stomachs, and abuse the writer," has been the programme of the defenders of exploitation.

Roosevelt had to get "strenuous" over the matter and has sent two commissions to Chicago to "investigate." So far as I am able to learn, and I was in a position to know something about what

they were doing, neither found anything they did not want to find. The only strange thing is that any one takes such "investigations" seriously. Capitalism investigating itself would be a roaring farce, were it not, like everything else in capitalism, as close to the terribly tragic.

So far as the facts of "The Jungle" are concerned, I want to bear testimony here that, terrible as is the arraignment, Comrade Sinclair has still fallen far short of the truth. The time which he spent in study was too short to learn the whole truth—indeed it would have taken a lifetime. But a large portion of his facts are notorious. Many of them were published by me six years ago. Since the appearance of "The Jungle" I have taken the trouble to look into those statements made by Comrade Sinclair with which I was not familiar, and I have verified, by men who know whereof they speak, all those which have been challenged, and have learned much more that cannot be told because of the suffering which it would entail upon the workers who are forced to do the sort of work which is denied as existing.

I make this statement after careful consideration of the facts as I know them, and "The Jungle," and its critics, that the person who claims that Sinclair has exaggerated speaks either from mendacity or ignorance—is either a liar or a fool.

The Chicago "Evening Post" sent out a reporter to get opinions on its truthfulness and published several columns of interviews on the subject. Strange as it may seem, the priests, preachers, parkers and philanthropists of the stock yards district all agreed that the book was "overdrawn." On the other hand, conversation directly and indirectly with the only people who know what they are talking about—the workers in the yards—has failed to find a man who does not agree that it is a truthful picture.

To take some of the incidents that have been specifically challenged: I knew the family whose child was drowned in the gutter; I have helped to treat dozens of cases of infection and blood-poisoning of yards workers; I have known men and their families who have fallen into the rendering vats; I have talked with employees who had helped in the dodging of inspection and the marketing of rotten meat; as agent of the stock yards district of the bureau of charities, and a volunteer inspector of the Chicago health department, I have seen things in the lives of the workers in Packingtown more terrible than any depicted in "The Jungle." Best of all, as a socialist, I have seen the growth of socialism in that locality until today it contains the highest percentage of socialist voters of any large industrial center in the world. I give this personal testimony because of the attacks which have been made upon "The Jungle" by ignorant or corrupt book reviewers and by others who are interested in the maintenance of conditions as they are in Packingtown.—J. M. Sinton, in *International Socialist Review*.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND SEX EDUCATION.

The following report of a recent session of the American Medical Association held in Boston is sent to LUCIFER by May Clifford Hurd, of Wellesley, Mass. Commenting on it she says: "Very good, but most people wait till they are 'patients' to learn why they became ill. An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of remedy. Why not allow Moses and Lillian Harman to give some prevention in the shape of knowledge?"

In a symposium on the duty of the profession toward woman-kind, Dr. E. E. Murgers, of Iowa, advocated the establishment of a bureau of publicity in order to teach people how to lead happier and longer lives. He said that in his opinion the medical profession has not done its whole duty until it has educated the whole mass of people so that they can detect fraudulent medical advertisements and protect themselves from quacks. Dr. H. O. Marey, of Boston, said that at present there is too much pretense and fashion in society and that the people should return to the simpler life of their forefathers. Deferred marriages received a rap from Dr. J. Henry Carstens, of Detroit, who accused the women of not being willing to marry a man unless he was making a good deal of money, and that the fair sex also put on too much style. Nearly all the speakers were optimists.

In a paper on the "Protection of the Innocent" Dr. W. Lee Howard, of Westboro, urged a wider dissemination of medical knowledge for the benefit of the general public, and this view was seconded by a number of other speakers. All emphasized the fact that ignorance is not innocence, and that the plainer medical truths are expressed the better. Doctors who see that their patients need to

have such truths explained to them, but who shirk the responsibility, are mutual enemies. Dr. Howard said too much was left to the minister which should properly come in the province of the physician, and that the latter should do his duty by instructing all who needed a fuller knowledge of medical truths. The keynote of the address was that a knowledge of all the functions of the body is necessary to the proper development and right living of both men and women, and that such information rightly imparted is much better than the lessons learned in the costly school of experience.

The morning session was devoted to a discussion of means by which the public may be reached, as it is the opinion of the doctors that all the papers read would be of great interest and benefit to the general public and should not be relegated to the medical libraries.

SELF-RELIANCE.

[At my latest visit to my father—on June 17—he gave me a copy of Emerson's Essays with passages marked, which he desired to reproduce in *LUCIFER*. Here are some of them.—L. H.]

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope. Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint stock company in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world.

No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong is what is against it.

A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he.

I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. . . . I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded life! Sew them up with pack thread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

THE REAL WASHINGTON.

The blistering indictment which the Philadelphia clergyman brought against the memory of George Washington at the Evensong Day exercises, held at Valley Forge, seems not to have scored a success, as the critics of theatrical performances say. The Philadelphia rector announced nothing particularly novel with regard to the life and character of Washington. He said among other things:

"The true Washington was not a churchman. In examining three volumes on his life by Marshall, Lodge and Ford you will not find religion mentioned in his life. Instead, you will find that he was passionately fond of cards, clubs, clothes, dancing, lottery, theaters, gambling, billiards, dogs, dueling, distilleries, fishing, fox hunting, horses, beautiful women, music, matrimony, raffles and tobacco."

We might even add to this that Washington is commonly reported to have sworn mighty oaths on one or two memorable occa-

sions, and the consequence of this profane report has been increased regard and esteem rather than the contrary. The more that the Rev. Mr. Steele and others like him can do to show that the immortal George was a very human sort of man the more profound will be the respect for the lofty eminence that he attained despite his disadvantages.

The Rev. Mr. Steele had many things against Washington. He was not even confirmed in the church. He was poorly educated. He held slaves. He never won a battle. He was one of the least of the ruling spirits in the country in his time. He inherited and married into his fortune, and so on. The speaker said that he was unable to analyze the elements of Washington's character and find in what his greatness consisted, but he concluded with a characteristic clerical non sequitur: "Nevertheless, he was a great man."—*New York Sun*.

FLESH-EATING.

In his famous letter to the London "Times," on the land question in Russia, Tolstoi spoke of several ideas as ripe for discussion and action. He spoke of private property in land as the "nearest and most obvious evil." He held that, besides facing this evil, our civilization must also face the problems of capital punishment, prostitution and militarism. And to this category of ripe problems he added the practice of flesh-eating.

The packing-house exposure is the most effective argument ever made for a vegetarian diet. It will be hard for imaginative people to forget those dead rats and amputated fingers. They will reflect that there is already an army of government meat inspectors. If, with all these inspectors, it took a socialist novel to acquaint the public with conditions, how secure will these imaginative people feel when the government has a few more inspectors?

We used to go to the priests for salvation. Now we go to the state. We fly to the arms of the government inspector. Just as if he had not already been tried and found wanting. "Oh," said a lady, "the government is going to put a label on the meat. It will be all right now." Great is government! With a government label on the sausage, and a rabbit's foot around the neck, may luck be with us! At any rate, we may try eating as Governor Pingree used to vote, holding the nose.

Socialists have capitalized this incident. They have a right to—it was a socialist who started it. So they say, "Let us establish government packing houses." And the one recourse which seems to occur to every one—an increase of the inspectors—is socialistic in its tendency.

There is this difference between socialistic people and socialists: The socialists want the government to stick our pigs for us. The socialistic people want the government to tell the packers how to do it.

But the church as well as the state is under indictment. Has not the church been telling us that the individual problem is everything; that if the individual soul is saved, society will save itself? Are not the packers church members? Is not their gold lifted to God every Sabbath day? Do not their pastors encourage them in the idea that their souls are already saved? Has the church lost its effectiveness, or is its philosophy wrong? But while we are waiting for the church to convert the packers, or for socialism to convert the packing business, why not turn vegetarians?

There are weary arguments for and against this course. But "don't argue—try it." This is the time to make the experiment. Perhaps meat-eating is not at all a necessity, as is thought, but only a habit.

We are not responsible for the tooth and claw struggle of the universe. That is the saddest of mysteries. But we remember the words of the prophet: "They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountains." Those words were born in man's soul. Is it not his destiny to give them reality?—*Herbert S. Bigelow, in The Public*.

Charles the Fifth, they say, repented of having persecuted the Lutherans. He said to himself, I have thirty watchmen on my table, and no two of them mark precisely the same time; how could I then imagine that in matters of religion I could make all men think alike? What folly and pride.—*Helvetius*.

The truth, the hope of any time must always be sought in the minorities. . . . Literary history, and all history, is a record of the power of minorities. . . . In politics, mark the importance of minorities of one, as of Cato, Lafayette, Arago.—*E. W. Emerson, in "Letters and Social Aims," p. 161.*



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringer or Light-Bearer, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

THE ISSUE CONCISELY STATED.

"Tell truth and shame the devil."—Shakespeare.

A noted political leader when asked by his friends what they should say to those who assailed his private personal record, replied briefly and tersely, "Tell the truth!"

A hundred years ago Robert Burns, poet, philosopher and hater of shams, wrote:

"Here's Freedom for him that wad read,
Here's Freedom for him that wad write;
There's nae ever feared that the truth should be heard,
Save they wham the truth wad indite."

These memorable lines, these world-renowned aphorisms, most clearly and concisely outline the issue upon which hangs the verdict and sentence in the case to be tried at Topeka next week in which the KANSAS LIGHT-BEARER is defendant and the (alleged) people of the United States of America are plaintiffs.

LUCIFER is contending for the right to tell the "truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," in regard to the evils (devils) that haunt the basement stories of our social edifice. LUCIFER would tell the truth and shame these devils; it would turn upon them the calcium light of investigation, so that, being seen in all their native hideousness, they may be shunned by the unwary, and so that the abodes where these devils now dwell and where they hold their ghastly orgies may be cleansed, purified, sanctified and consecrated to the use of the "angels of light"—i. e., the normal, the uplifting impulses of uncorrupted human nature.

If this be the object of LUCIFER's contention—if LUCIFER is really what its name indicates, a light-bringer, what must be the position, the attitude, the object of those who are now ranged in battle array against it? What must be the aim of the prosecutors who would extinguish LUCIFER's light? The answer, it would seem, is self-evident. The prosecutors of LUCIFER do not want the lurking

devils to be exposed! In plainer words, LUCIFER's enemies do not want the social evils, the sexual perversions, to be uncovered and shown to be what they are—physical and moral cancers eating away at the vitals of humanity.

Is this latter position untenable? Is it inevitable that any man or woman of average intelligence could really wish the continuance, the perpetuity of these universally acknowledged evils?

Bad and discouraging as such admission must be to the lover of his race, the conviction has long since forced itself upon the writer of these lines—who, by the way, is by no means a pessimist—that there is a class of men, a very influential class of men, whose interest it is to have these evils perpetuated. Helen H. Gardner, in her late article in the "Arena," speaks of a class of people "who are benefited by the unintelligent increase of an ignorant population." And why or how should any one be benefited by such increase? The answer must evidently be that the increase of an ignorant population gives to the ease-loving and the power-loving class of men greater facilities and more opportunities for the exercise or gratification of their own selfish propensities.

And for a precisely similar reason the power-loving class are interested in keeping intact the vicious practices and the revolting sexual crimes that have been laid bare by LUCIFER's correspondents. This power-loving class may be personally pure themselves; they may never be guilty of participating themselves in these vices and crimes; but they know that it is through and by sex that the human race is reproduced, and they know, too, that whatever vitiates and debases sex vitiates and debases the product of sex—i. e., the oncoming generations of men and women. This power-loving class know that if all children were born with strong, self-reliant, intelligent natures there would soon be no need or occasion for a governing class, or at least that there would be so many, comparatively, that would be capable of governing themselves, and so few that would need governing by others, that their own chances of retaining power over their fellow men would be greatly diminished. A captain of police in New York City, in speaking of his own vocation, is reported to have said: "About so many arrests must be made anyway." But if there were no ignorant and vicious subjects of arrest and punishment the taxpayers would soon tell the captain of police, the police judges, the sheriffs, the legislators, etc., that their services were no longer needed.

All unconsciously, it may be, to themselves, even, but that these considerations largely influence the men who are now seeking the destruction of the LIGHT-BEARER, there is good reason to believe. But these are not the only considerations and causes that are now at work. Among these causes may be named the old theological superstitions in regard to sex, and the fear that if too much light is thrown upon the workings of our ecclesiastical-civil laws and customs regulating the relations of the sexes the integrity of these laws and customs themselves would be endangered or destroyed, and thus the whole time-honored fabric come tumbling about our heads.

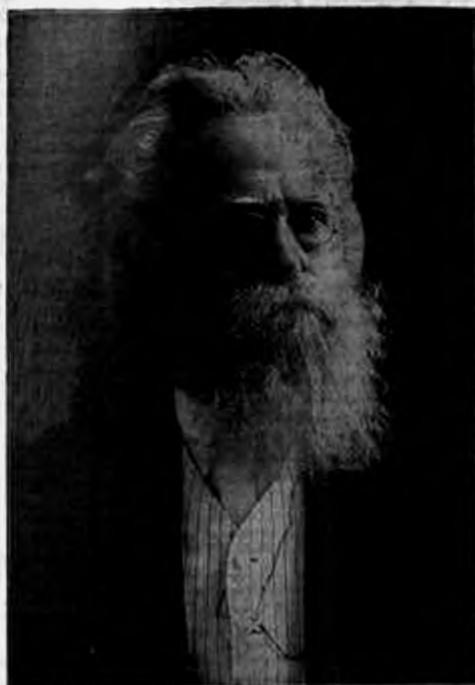
To sum up in fewer words the issue to be tried at Topeka next week, it is the issue between Truth and Light on the one hand and Deception and Darkness on the other. LUCIFER's work is to uncover and expose vice and crime, in order that they may be avoided and that their perpetrators may be held to account. The work of the prosecution is to prevent such exposure by imprisoning the man who has had the hardihood to publish to the world the unvarnished facts. All talk about "obscenity" is mere subterfuge. Language, words and phrases, whether spoken or printed, has of itself no character at all, good or bad; its character depends upon the use to which it is put. If the use of words in the exposure of evil, for the purpose of curing that evil, be not a legitimate use of words, then it would certainly be hard to find a legitimate use.—Moses Harman, in LUCIFER, April 11, 1896.

MANNERISMS THAT KILL.

Even a thought of sex life has been considered immodest and unwomanly. Ignorance has been mistaken for innocence and all knowledge of the creative function has been withheld, while a woman's life has been a demonstration of the thinkest and do not philosophy; books of etiquette are full of mannerisms that kill. Do not run, do not laugh, do not talk aloud, do not bow or speak first to a gentleman, and of all things do not whistle. These are born of the idea of repressing natural energies and blighting natural tendencies, of a mistaken idea of virtue. The man's vow and the maiden's sexless virtue alike are morbid conditions; they are the outgrowth of the race condemnation of the sex life. In ignorance suppressed passion has been considered woman's virtue; she must be cold as snow and chaste as ice.—Dr. Alice B. Stockham.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 8 months and 24 days old. He has served 129 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

FROM JOLIET TO FORT LEAVENWORTH.

On Friday, June 29, I received a telegram dated Santa Fe station, Joliet, June 28:

"I am on my way to Kansas City and Fort Leavenworth. Fairly well."
MOSES HARMAN."

The change will probably be one for the better. Father desired it, and his son requested it through the congressmen from Kansas. The Joliet prison is said to be full of tuberculosis, and other conditions were unfavorable to the welfare of the prisoner. He will, as always, be glad to receive letter from his friends. Address Moses Harman, Federal Prison, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.
L. H.

APPLICATION FOR PARDON DENIED.

The following letter was received by my father, and given to me on my last visit to him:

"In re application for executive clemency of Moses Harman.
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, June 12, 1906.
"Moses Harman, State Penitentiary, Joliet, Ill.—Sir:

"Acting under instructions from the president, the attorney general has examined the papers in the above-entitled case, and directs me to advise you that the application for executive clemency is so reported by the several officials to whom it has been referred

as not to entitle it, under the rules governing pardon cases, to be submitted for the president's consideration.

"This disposes of the case and the papers have been placed on the files of the department.

"Yours respectfully, PETERSON GORDON, Pardon Attorney."

Father said that, so far as he is personally concerned, he is not at all sorry that the application was denied. Of course, he wants his freedom, but not at the price of that which might be construed as a tacit acknowledgment of wrong-doing and an implied bond on his right of judgment in the future. Indeed, the Free Speech League was told that he could not be released, as he would simply go out and repeat the offense. And though he really believed that his life was in peril while in Joliet, he would not ask for a pardon.

He appreciates the efforts made by his friends, and believes much good has been accomplished through the awakening of thought on the subject of freedom of the press. Many who had never given the matter a thought were led to investigate when the petition was presented to them for signature. This is the only good result I personally ever anticipated from the petition. I believe that the real desire of the persons responsible for the prosecution is the suppression of LUCIFER, and have no doubt that its editor would be released if he would promise to discontinue its publication. I do not think that any one would blame him if he should make such a promise, for he has certainly done his share of work of all kinds. Nevertheless, I am very proud of his steadfastness of purpose and his courage.
L. H.

LETTER FROM J. WARNER MILLS.

DENVER, COLO., June 26, 1906.

My Dear Mr. Harman:

There can seldom be a good excuse for neglecting to write a friend in trouble, and especially when such friend is shut up in prison, and I shall not attempt to give any excuse for my apparent indifference and delay in writing you. Suffice it to say that I have thought of you often since you were sentenced to the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill.

Your incarceration is of the same type as that of the men imprisoned for the supposed crime of blasphemy, or for their religious opinions. You suffer as a martyr for a free press, and the prison stripes cannot forfeit the confidence and esteem in which you are held by the men and women who know your loyalty to progress and truth. We may not agree with all the opinions you express, but we do agree, nevertheless, that you ought to be free to express your honest opinions. We know that you are in earnest and have something to say, and that you will say it, not to the end of poisoning, but of helping your fellow men.

I am glad to see that the "Woman's Journal," and Mr. Post's "Public," and "To-Morrow," and the Free Speech League, and many other powerful agencies and many distinguished persons are taking proper note of your martyrdom and imprisonment and are working for your release. I shall deem it a privilege to join with this earnest band of loyal workers and with my relative and friend, the Rev. B. Fay Mills, in securing your early freedom.

In my opinion the lines you wrote on your way to the penitentiary were simply sublime. No man with a criminal taint about him, and especially no man who was not aflame with a passion to improve or save the human race, could have written so calmly and sanely of his hopes and aspirations, and so forgivingly of his persecutors as you then wrote when speeding on the cars to take your place in prison. Your words had the true ring of the persecuted Nazarene and brought vividly to mind the sublime exclamation, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That is the metal of which martyrs are made, and no man of such metal can suffer alone or suffer in vain. I trust that the same exalted spirit and fortitude you have made so innocently conspicuous on this and other occasions will continue with you to the end.

I recall a conversation I once had with you in reference to your previous imprisonment, when I pointed out that you had never been harmed, even under the Comstock law, by reason of anything you had ever written yourself; that your own writing was of an order too high to expose you to any of the cunning traps set by your enemies. Your first troubles came, as I recall, and the trouble now upon you also came, not from your own pen, but from the pen of a correspondent. You published what your correspondent wrote, even though you may have differed from him in opinion, and you stood as champion for a free press, even though your correspondent, as I believe in one case was true, was writing in criticism of your own

views. When will the world ever learn that under such circumstances in applying the bars to you the fetters can only reach your flesh, while your ideas go battling on, with many new recruits to give them aid! At the bottom of all reform, in my judgment, lies the great subject of eugenics, in which you are pioneer, and for which as well as for a free press you are now made martyr. We may differ from your views, as I have remarked above, but we can neither agree nor differ without you are free and in proper form to express your views. Out of agreements and disagreements will the truth emerge. Your special theme of stirpiculture, or eugenics, can never fail to advance as long as President Roosevelt talks of race suicide and Burbank shows what improvement can be made in plants and trees, and the agricultural department at Washington tells us how to breed better horses, cattle, sheep and swine. Judge Lindsey, of our city, has justly obtained high reputation by showing us how to save our neglected or wayward girls and boys, and he is now alive to the question of eugenics and economics as related to juvenile crime and delinquencies, and he and many other publicists frequently discourse in public upon the important subject of marriage and divorce. And so the battle goes on, though for a time you yourself are off on a furlough. In the meantime, however, I hope that all will be serene with you as you reflect that your friends and comrades, even though they do not write, do not forget that you are now made a martyr to suffer for the common cause—not merely for the cause of a more exalted manhood and womanhood, but apart from that, or in addition to that, you suffer for the cause of free speech, and for freedom of the press.

If you have read my "Arena" articles you may be interested in our recent franchise fight in Denver, which is now being fought out in the courts. In a recent letter to Mr. Flower, which contains nothing private, yet is not intended for publication, I have stated with considerable detail the result of our election of May 15 last, and I inclose you a carbon copy of same for your perusal.

As a close student of sociology you will be interested in knowing that the great battle of democracy against privilege is still going on all over the nation. It is represented in part by this local fight over the franchises. It is also represented by President Roosevelt's railroad rate fixing campaign, also by the insurance, meat and other trust exposures, and it is especially represented by the tremendous political tide that is now setting in to sweep Mr. Bryan into the presidential chair, ostensibly, if not avowedly, to save the nation from socialism. Who can read without erring the next page of our nation's history?

Of course I do not expect a personal reply, but shall be interested in hearing from you through LUCIFER or otherwise whenever you are able to speak a word to the outside world. Yours sincerely,
J. WARNER MULL.

LETTERS TO MOSES HARMAN.

J. HARMAN, Jackboro, TEXAS.—My Dear Brother Moses: How I do wish I could see you. I often think of you. I remember that you made up a club of twenty subscribers to the water-cure journal in Crawford county, Missouri, more than fifty years ago and charged nothing for your work, and all along your life I remember many other deeds of kindness and generosity for the uplifting of humanity. I do wish they would give you what you want to eat and not work you too hard. Surely that is not asking too much.

ED W. CHAMBERLAIN, New York.—It is a long time that has no turning! The May "Cosmopolitan Magazine" (I think it is) has a fine article by Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, of California, the whole point of which is that what he has done in the realm of plant life can be done in the realm of human life for the improvement of the race. And again the statement is going the rounds of the newspapers that Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Hays has developed sagacity enough to see that the principle which his department is applying to animal breeding may be applied to human breeding as well. Whether the human race will ever become so developed that it will refrain from crucifying its Christs and burning its Brunos, is still an open question.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER, Norwood Park, Ill.—I was glad to see in last LUCIFER that you had received two letters of mine. I had shortly previous mailed the third. I presume your friends mostly find the hours and days none too long for what they wish to accomplish. Surely I do not, and can't reach the goal desired. Yesterday I was at a social meeting of Bahais. I'm in sympathy with the

movement, because the great purpose and teaching is the unity of common humanity and of religions. There's no creed, no dogmatism. Monday, the 4th, I went to Lincoln Center, Jenkin Lloyd Jones' church, to meeting of Congress of Religions. Dr. Thomas presided and made the opening address. He came from Florida the week previous. He finds the racket of Chicago very wearisome. On Tuesday the Douglas Park Woman's Club gave me a benefit. It was in the house of a friend; an enjoyable musical program and very pleasant occasion. It will ever be an inspiring remembrance. It has added a nice little addition to my purse, so I'll have no need for a while to be anxious about where-withal. We are both in health and thankful. Harriet says, "Lucinda does the writing, and then my sentiments"; sends love. We hope you are enduring fairly well the situation every way. All freedom has been achieved by the martyrdom of great souls.

LOIS WAISBROOKER, Antioch, Cal.—When I wrote last I thought I should write again before this; I was then at Gibbes. Everything I planned there proved a failure, so I came here to my son's. I have no further plans now. At 80 one has not the energy they have at 50, and when the hour comes I shall not be sorry to go. After is in his 82d year, and just before his 82d birthday he walked five miles. I walked one and one-half miles last November, and nearly all the way uphill, but I was about tired out; could not have gone one-quarter mile farther. We still hear from different points of the ruin wrought by the earthquake. Up in Humboldt county a cemetery was shaken till the marble slabs fell and were broken and the ground around looked as if plowed. Another place, I have forgotten where, but up the coast, a small mountain was split in two and half of it fell over. News comes from Manila, in the Philippines, that a small mountain there had sunk and a lake had taken its place. The earth seems to be in convulsions. Today is Memorial Day and hundreds of dollars' worth of flowers have been strewn over where the dust of the departed lie. When I leave this body I hope it will be cremated. My son got 300 Calla lilies over on the island, which he sold for a cent apiece, and could have sold as many more if he had had them. As I said, I have no plans ahead, but I am writing this without glasses. Hope to live to see you again.

LYDIA R. TODD, San Francisco, Cal.—Dear Comrade Harman: Congratulations! How I envy you—serving time for your noble work of the emancipation of woman. Go on, dear, grand, noble brother. Now you are doing more for the cause of freedom than by editing forty LUCIFERS. Try to keep these facts in mind, keep up a good heart, just think of the many friends that are sending out good, pure, loving thoughts of you, think of the good you are doing, and it will give you strength. When you are through with the good, grand work, and your year is up, come out to San Francisco. I have a lovely room for you. It is large, sunny and cozy. You may have a fire if you wish, as there is a stove. I will cook good food for you and you may just do nothing all day long, only please yourself. Oh, we may once in a while give you a little shake, but you will soon get used to that. . . . Now, you see I am not one bit sorry for you. I think the petition an insult. I would not have you come out on it for many dollars. I would not sign my name to the nasty thing. Pardon, indeed! for what? . . . Our poor freethought society is no more, since the quake, but I suppose it will grow up again. We surely did have a few good old meetings. B. R. Kerr had the platform for many Sundays. He is a good speaker. Whenever the sex question was discussed the hall would be crowded. Many people are awaking to the beauty and purity of our school of thought. Dear friend, my heart goes out to you tonight in a great throb of love and pride. I am proud of you. You are our leader; or, if you don't like the word leader, say teacher instead. Many women think of you with pride now, but in the years to come thousands will rise up and call you blessed.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR., New York.—Well, the months are going by, and I am glad to hear better news of your health than those which alarmed us at first. I hope you will hold out all right during the remainder of your confinement, whether we succeed in having it shrilled or not. Your friends here and in other parts of the country have been anything but inactive in letting the truth be known, and awakening interest in the principles at stake, as you will learn more fully when you are free again. We expect years of good work for human progress from you yet; and meanwhile those of us at large are trying to do our share toward making the world a little more rational and a little better home for the generations to come. I sent you my pamphlet, "The Curse of Race Prejudice," a

few weeks ago. As there is nothing contraband in it, I trust it was duly delivered to you. If so, would you mind mentioning its arrival when next you write Lillian? Just a line to say you received it will be sufficient, as there is nothing in it for which your censors could possibly hold it up; so that, if you did not get it, I should be glad to send you another copy. I am having quite a sale for it already. Several of the negro leaders, in particular, are pushing it very vigorously, and some of them have characterized it as the best appeal on behalf of a common humanity that has been put in print. I am settled in New York for the next three or four years, but I shall never lose this city so well as the West. If you could ever make up your mind to quit Chicago, you would find Tacoma or Seattle far more fit a home for a nature-loving human being, as well as more conducive to health and comfort, and with more tendency toward broad thinking. Suppose you and I go out to the Puget Sound country together and show them what such a pair of young fellows can do in the way of stimulating thought. Even Chicago, however, has more real life than New York. We have many good people here, but somehow there is not the whole-heartedness which I found in Chicago. The mad craze for the dollar dwarfs manhood and womanhood completely in this metropolis. I wonder if the atrocious climate here has anything to do with the demoralizing tendency in New York society. I shall be glad to escape to the New Hampshire hills for a few days this summer, and only wish I could squeeze out a longer vacation. Your friends are growing in number every day, and you will meet with a most hearty welcome when you step out into the sunshine again. Be of good cheer, dear friend, and look forward with courage. We are all with you, now more than ever.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

J. WARNER MILLS, Denver, Colo.—*Dear Lillian Harman:* Writing you some days ago upon the troubles of a friend reminds me, if I need any reminder, that as yet I have not written either you or your father concerning his own recent troubles. I wish you would send him the letter herewith, including also the carbon copy of my letter to Mr. Flower.

You have had some experience with the censor, and if you think my words to your father may not pass muster, please return my letter with suggestions, and I will revise it, as I want it to reach your father's hands. I have already signed a petition for your father's pardon, and shall interest myself still further in trying to induce President Roosevelt to grant this act of justice to a reformer so venerable, honorable and earnest. I suppose money at present is personally of no avail to your father, and it is useless to send it to him. But giving to his cause is giving to him. His work must not stop merely because he is made a martyr to the freedom of the press and is put behind prison bars. We who are still free should turn our freedom into service and help Moses Harman feel at his best, by feeling that he is not forgotten and that his cause goes marching on. Use my inclosed check in any way to promote free speech and free press, and to the worthy end of replacing ignorance with knowledge, and also in promoting social justice through a nobler manhood and womanhood wrought by a thoughtful improvement of the race.

J. W. GATSON, St. Paul, Minn.—It makes me bold to know these outrages. I trust your father's strength may be equal to the tax laid on it and that he may come forth in time to speak and write more forcefully than ever, and because of his experience be heard more willingly by many, and thus the work go on. I will try and write to him. The paper is excellent each issue. You are doing well. Hope money comes in to keep all going, so as not to have that to worry you. I am sure that this last imprisonment is doing much to call attention to this subject.

PAUL ROBIN, 5 Passage du Surmelin, Paris, XX, France.—I beg to send to my venerable brother, Moses Harman, my most sympathetic feelings and my most sincere wishes to see the end of his atrocious torture. I do not lose an occasion to speak and write about the American tyranny, worse than

ours in this case. But I cannot do much outside our own papers. Others are cowardly or indifferent, even the pretended advanced. Inclosed is \$1. I should be glad to receive, for myself, the portraits of Harman alone and with his grandson—for exhibition in the public room of "Régénération." I send herewith the translation of a paper printed in the June number of "Régénération" and in the "Navy Kult," of Prag (the best I could). With my best wishes to all your family and my warmest feelings for the noble chief.

T. SAKAI, Tokyo, Japan.—I greatly sympathize with Mr. Moses Harman. I have inserted his portrait in my "Home Magazine," which I send you with this card. I sent a card to him also. With wishes for his good health, from the Far East. Yours fraternally.

[The magazine is received and we are very sorry we are unable to read its sixty-eight pages, which are printed in Japanese characters. The portrait of our editor is reproduced from LUCIFER. We hope our Eastern friend will favor us with a translation of the article accompanying the portrait.]

REINHOLD STARKER, Beaver Falls, Pa.—Inclosed is \$1 to push my number on LUCIFER ahead some again. It almost makes me raging angry every time I think about your father's persecution; I can't look at it calmly. With kindest regards to yourself and family, and if you get the opportunity and happen to think of it at the time remember me to your father. I would like him to think of me at times, as his influence in my life has been a good one only, and I invite his influence always, should he pass from the physical before I do (which, of course, is probable, considering our ages). No personal reply is expected, as you have your hands too full. I hope the children have recovered. Don't forget to put up orange or red tissue paper on windows, and orange or red shades on the lights, during the trouble, and protect eyes from exposure to bright or white light at convalescence.

GEORGE REDBURN, London, Eng.—By this post I am writing to Moses Harman. I inclose a postal order for \$2.50—the best I can do at present. I will write more fully by next mail. LUCIFER comes regularly now—many thanks. Do keep LUCIFER going—it would be terrible if it fell now. It makes my blood run faster to think of your father's brave stand in the face of his and our enemies. He has indeed a dauntless spirit. . . . Your quotation (in No. 1062) from "The Public" is most informing. You did well to reprint it in a single number of LUCIFER, although it was so long. I am amazed at the outrage of vaccination perpetrated on your father, who has survived so much and proved in his own person how needless this filthy practice is. But his spirit is fine. His absence of hate for his persecutors, that, too, is sublime. In a sense I envy you all—you understand, don't you?

PLAYS PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT.

After you have taken one course in Shaw you are liable to want to take another. For that reason the publishers go on reprinting Shaw editions. If you like Shaw, if you think him a beneficent influence, you will bless the phenomenon. If you don't like him, if you think him distinctly a malign influence, you will curse the luck. Some people think Shaw looks up. Some people think he looks down. Strong men always make strong friends and strong enemies. Comrades who think them all to the good. Haters who think them all to the bad. Shaw is a tonic for the people who are afraid of their shadows. There are optimists who contend that they have no shadows. Shaw is of no use to them. But to the average man he has a story to tell which, whether he knows it or not, the average man had best stop and hear. You do not need to swear by Shaw because you refuse to swear at him. He is a fresh strong wind. He will blow over all your mere shows of virtue. But nothing with honest root will go down in the tempest. Shaw is not dangerous to wisdom. He is merciless to folly. Humbuggery trembles for its life in his presence. There are some things that Shaw does not understand and does not take account of in his plays. But he is not a menace to the thing he does not understand. The best truth can smile down the best alien wit. I would hate to fool round Shaw with half-beliefs or with fraud sentiments. He smites them in the air. He is like a man with an extra sense. He feels the unfeeling. He lays low for the unseen. And when the invisible had pushed out its visible head Shaw is all ready to soak it one. He belongs to critic ages. He comes to treat a special occasion. He is not tonic for all the future. He is jubilant good health for today. If I take a walk with one of his plays I wonder what it is that sets me up so. Is it

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CHICAGO, JULY 19, E. M. 398 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1070

TO TOUSSAINT THE EMANCIPATOR.

Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy hand he now
Followed in some deep dungeon's curious den,
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not, do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow.

Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies,
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

—Wordsworth.

COMSTOCKISM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"After Bruce Purcell, a janitor, 3747 LaSalle street, admitted attacking Helen Lentz, nine years old, and then confessed the details of similar attacks on three other girls to the police in Stanton avenue station today, his wife, Mrs. A. Purcell, turned on him and cried:

"You scoundrel! You ought to be hanged!"

"Her husband's alleged crimes were utterly unknown to her, she declared, until she heard the story of them from his own lips.

Purcell made his confessions in a chatty, nonchalant manner."—Chicago American, July 2.

"BLOOMINGTON, ILL., July 2.—The jury which has been hearing the evidence in the case of Mrs. Carson and Kern, charged with being responsible for the death of Miss Nellie Clark, brought in a verdict of not guilty."—Chicago American, July 2.

"He—It is true that Miss Plutocrat has money, but she is very exacting. If young DeBrooke marries her he'll have to give up smoking and drinking.

"She—If he doesn't marry her he will have to give up eating also."—Chicago American, July 2.

"MEHANOY, PA., July 2.—Despite the protests of her family Miss Rhoda Emily Crosby will on July 19 start for London, Cal., to become the bride of a man she has never seen."—Chicago American, July 2.

"The Maid—You believe that the microbes in kisses are really dangerous?

"The Bachelor—Sure thing. They are responsible for a good many marriages."—Chicago American, July 2.

"Marie Krapadinski, twenty-four years old, died mysteriously early today at the home of Samuel Friedman, 213 Twenty-third street. Her death is being investigated by the police and coroner, in the belief that she committed suicide while despondent over a love affair."—Chicago American, July 2.

"Efforts are being made by friends of Benjamin C. Coker, an Adrian (Mich.) millionaire, to suppress the scandal growing out of the charge made against Coker by an Evanston policeman. The rich man's accuser makes a most serious charge against him. The friends of Coker were astounded at his arrest and subsequent confession."—Chicago American, July 2.

"Henry Alfred Short, a wealthy slushman, son of a former professor of languages in Columbia university, and brother of Edward Lyman Short, the poet, was arrested this morning on the complaint of two girls, fourteen years of age. He is declared by the police to be one of many rich men who merit punishment on similar

charges. . . . The police declare the misfortunes of scores of girls will be charged to Short."—Chicago American, July 2.

"New York, July 2.—Harry K. Thaw killed Stanford White to protect, as he believed, the future of an heir to the Thaw name and millions."—Chicago American, July 2.

"There is no sex in sin. A reformed woman has as good a right to favors of society and the friendship of moral people as a reformed man."—Eliza Wheeler Wilcox, in Chicago American, July 2.

There is one day's record from a single issue of one of Mr. Hearst's papers. The first four items are from the first page of the paper. Two of the items are supposed to be humorous, but they throw a significant side light of the average newspaperman's view of the "sacredness" of marriage.

But what has Comstockism to do with it? Everything. In the first place it is safe to assume that none of the principals in the cases mentioned above ever read a single copy of LUCIFER.

It is safe to assume that all of them, with the exception of Edna Wheeler Wilcox, are firm believers in the double standard of sexual morality.

It is safe to assume that all of them were moral "conservatives" and believed thoroughly that sexual knowledge should not be imparted to their children. In fact, the debauchee is almost invariably a strict moralist—that is, he is an abstract moralist, favors condign punishment for the man who attacks the chastity of his wife, sister, mother or daughter, however regardless he may be of the chastity of other women and girls.

Even the homosexualist is almost invariably a moralist. Within the last year four clergymen in Chicago and vicinity have been disgraced by the facts becoming public of their relations with boys. One of the most brilliant preachers in Peoria, the campaign manager of ex-Governor Yates, who is a candidate for United States senator, committed suicide when he was threatened with exposure because of his relations with boys.

Even Oscar Wilde, whose brilliant intellect commanded the admiration of thousands, left a testament, "De Profundis," showing his real, not pretended, belief in the conventional sexual code. He kissed the rod which smote him. His posthumous book was a declaration, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Yet one of his personal friends, a man in whose veracity I have absolute confidence, informed me that after his release from prison Wilde was almost continuously under the influence of intoxicants and was accompanied in his wanderings by a boy (gilt).

These facts are startling. They are psychological phenomena which deserve the study of alienists, physiologists, clergymen and jurists. Nevertheless—and right here is my indictment of Comstock—it is made a penitentiary offense to discuss in print the causes of the aberrations which threaten the annihilation of the human race. It is the Comstock law that is promoting race suicide!

"Criminal statistics," Krafft-Ebing declares in his "Psychopathia Sexualis," "prove the fact that sexual crimes are progressively increasing in our modern civilization. This is particularly the case with immoral acts with children under the age of fourteen.

"The moralist sees in these and facts nothing but the decay of general morality, and in some instances comes to the conclusion that the present mildness of the laws punishing sexual crimes, in comparison with their severity in past centuries, is in part responsible.

"The medical investigator is driven to the conclusion that this

manifestation of modern social life stands in relation to the pre-dominating nervous condition of later generations, in that it begets defective individuals, excites the sexual instinct, leads to sexual abuse."

This being the case, and severely, any intelligent person will dispute it, the importance of general knowledge of the sexual functions should be apparent. Yet, because of the activity of Comstock and his perfect allies, the statutes make it a crime to impart this knowledge. Because of this vicious law Moses Harman, the nation's greatest champion of the right of the child "to be well born," is sent to a felon's cell. Society has not yet ceased crucifying its saviors.

But here is a still more startling assertion made by the distinguished pathologist and neurologist, Kraft-Ebing:

"The perverse act does not indicate perversion of instinct. At any rate, the most monstrous and most perverse sexual acts have been committed by persons of sound mind."

The italics appear in the English translation of Kraft-Ebing's book, showing that the translator, if not the author, regards this fact as worthy of special emphasis. I quote from "the only authorized translation of the tenth German edition," published by Kerner & Co. in 1900.

Laws passed by legislators ignorant of the cause of these sexual aberrations have proved powerless to suppress them. A law might as well be passed against yellow fever or smallpox. In either case the law would be ineffective if not based on knowledge of the cause of phenomena legislated against.

A professor of mental and nervous diseases in one of the most noted medical colleges in America declared in a public lecture a few years ago that sensuality and occultism threatened the destruction of the race. Open discussion followed the lecture and many persons in his audience criticized the lecture by defending their beliefs in Christian Science, theosophy and spiritualism. I was the only person who challenged the speaker's assertion in regard to sensuality.

I cited the fact that some of the greatest men the world had known were grossly sensual—notably Julius Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Socrates, Plato and Alexander the Great—and mentioned the fact that the world owed its greatest poems, sculpture, music and other works of art to sensuality; that even the greatest religious hymns were little removed from amorous songs; that the Song of Songs in the Bible, the most beautifully picturesque poem which has been preserved in literature, is an erotic song.

In this connection it is worth while to note that Stanford White, the revelation of whose naturalistic orgies has shocked the civilized world, was one of the greatest architects the nineteenth century produced. His works were masterpieces of beauty; he adored beauty, and his adoration of the beauty of young chorus girls was partly the cause of his tragic death. I say partly the cause, but that part in itself was not degrading. It was inspiring and uplifting. The degrading part of his nature was his disregard of the consequences of his treatment of these girls.

It is worthy of attention, also, that Stanford White in his home life was a staunch supporter of the conventional sexual code. It is highly probable that he would have been inclined to shoot any man who would invite his wife or daughter to such orgies as those to which he invited susceptible chorus girls. Such men as Stanford White are strong supporters of Comstock for the protection of their own female relatives—always anxious to show their wives, sisters and daughters "the steep and thorny way to heaven," while they themselves tread "the primrose path of dalliance."

What is the remedy? Laws and sermons have proved ineffective. Then shall we, with the fatuity of the pope who issued a bull against a comet, imagine that there is safety in a Comstock edict forbidding the investigation of an evil which makes women and girls the prey of sexual monsters?

Is it not easy to see that the evil cannot be eradicated by closing our eyes to it and by rearing boys and girls in ignorance of their sexual natures?

Could the terrible ravages of yellow fever and smallpox have been reduced to the degree to which they have been reduced if clergymen and legislators had done everything in their power to forbid the investigation or dissemination of those diseases?

Is it not clear that sexual crimes are to a great degree the consequence of Comstockism?

ABRAHAM TUCKER

There is nothing more terrible than energetic ignorance.—Goethe (from memory).

A VISIT TO HOME.

Some weeks ago I paid a visit of observation to Home, Wash. There may have been single days in my life that I enjoyed as much as any at Home, but certainly I never before had so much delightful days in succession. What Home is to a Catholic, and Moon to a Mahomedan, Home ought to be to every one who believes in Luciferism; so I need not apologize for giving some account of it.

It is situated on one of the beautiful bays of Puget Sound, about twenty-eight miles by water from Tacoma. It is reached by a steamer which sails from Commercial dock, Tacoma, at 2:30 p. m. every week day and some hours earlier on Sunday, the return boat leaving Home at 7:30 a. m. on week days and on Sunday afternoon. The round trip costs 75 cents.

The village was founded ten years ago by O. A. Verity, G. B. Allen and R. F. Odell. It has grown steadily ever since, and the population is now about 150. As the original land is now all occupied another settlement on similar lines is about to be established a mile away. The early settlers at Home were nearly all English-speaking people, but of late years other races have been coming in very fast, and at present the newcomers are most frequently Russian Jews, a very vigorous and intellectual race.

Home is not a communistic settlement. Each settler is economically independent of the rest, and carries on whatever business he pleases for his own profit. The people live to a very large extent on the produce of their own gardens, cows and poultry. Besides this they earn some money by sending fruit to market at Tacoma. Most of them very decidedly lead the simple life. Not much animal food is eaten, and liquor and tobacco are almost unknown. One Englishman who had lately arrived complained to me that he was deprived of his liberty to smoke, as the children jeered at him whenever he pulled out his pipe. To all appearances, however, the people are as healthy and happy as it is possible to be, and have a considerable amount of leisure.

Some of the Home people do not work there, but go away from time to time to earn their living on the outside, and then return to the village to spend their money. They believe that there is no place like Home. There are also a few residents of independent means who have settled there because of the charming society.

Although the people of Home are economic individualists they have some special economic arrangements of their own. No settler is allowed to have more than two acres of land. This amount is now considered rather little, however, and in the new settlement each person is to be allowed five. The wages of labor are 25 cents an hour for all persons, male or female, skilled or unskilled. This does not seem much, but living is so very cheap at Home that it is equal to a good deal more anywhere else. Any way, there is very little hiring of labor at Home.

It is not from an economic standpoint, however, that Home is interesting. If it has done little for economic freedom it will be forever memorable in the history of social freedom. I think it may safely be said that there has never been any other place in the world that so nearly realized these prophetic lines of Shelley:

"None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk
Which makes the heart deny the yea it breathes,
Yet question that unmanly hypocrisy
With such a self-mistrust as has no name.
And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
On the wide earth, past; gentle radiant forms,
From custom's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they feared to feel,
And changed to all which once they dared not be,
Yet being now, made earth like heaven; nor pride,
Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,
The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,
Spoilt the sweet taste of the nepenthe, love."

I should certainly not take the responsibility of advising any one to settle at Home. No person should do that without going there and staying for a while, if he can possibly do so. But I strongly advise all Luciferites who live on or near the Pacific coast, and wish to have a pleasant outing, to try Home. They will find lively and delightful company there, and will get nearer the twenty-first century than they could anywhere else in the world. It is a very cheap place to spend a holiday. I stayed with friends myself, but I think I am right in saying that board and lodging cost 50 cents a day.

Those who wish to know about Home, and keep in touch with it, should read the "Demonstrator," the local paper, which not only gives information about the place, but has excellent articles on social questions. It is edited by Charles Govan, one of the most charming persons in the community. It comes out twice a month, and the subscription is only 50 cents a year—much too small a subscription for financial success. The address is The Demonstrator, Home, Lakeway, Wash.

R. B. KIM

LETTERS WITHHELD FROM MOSES HARMAN.

When our prisoner left the solicited care of his guardians at Joliet the letters which they had considered improper for him to receive were given to him. The following is a list of letters and dates thereof: J. M. A. Spencer, March 16; S. T. Hammettsmark, March 5; H. A. Libbey, March 8; W. L. Cheney, March 16; Leroy Cummings, March 13; Ernest Edel, March 10; Lucinda R. Chandler, March 17; C. M. Dyer, March 13; Oscar Schiele and other Philadelphia sympathizers, March 10; Juliet H. Severance, March 13; John Spallone, March 9; Ed W. Chamberlain, April 15; Helen Philbrick, March 28 and April 7; William H. Wilgus, June 25; E. B. Foote, Jr., April 17; J. Al Wilson, June 24; William L. Holt, M. D., March 10; A. Waageman, April 27; Bertha Florence Johnson, May 3; C. H. Hoffman, April 23; Hilden Stewart Ashby, May 4; J. P. Mitchell, April 16; John Irons, March 19; John K. Boutenhouse, April 7; George K. Bowen, March 25; Annie B. Fish, March 12; Edwin D. Kizer, April 11; Sarah S. Rockhill, March 29; C. N. and E. B. Greene, April 3; May Elmore Benson, April 5; A. C. Williams, M. D., April 6; Paul L. Sauter, April 4; Adeline Champney, March 19; Bolton Hall, April 2; Ada M. Morley, June 25; Emma Wardlaw Best, February 6. It appears that the letters were not so strictly censored after March and April.

Perhaps the friends may wish to read specimens of the letters which could not be admitted to a prisoner. On the envelope containing the following letter from Mr. Hammettsmark is indorsed, "Held by order of the warden":

My Dear Harman: Of course it is unnecessary to tell you that although we consider your imprisonment one of the most dastardly and high-handed pieces of governmentalism and persecution that has taken place in America, still we are pleased to know that we have so courageous and willing a martyr for one of the grandest causes that man has ever endeavored to fight for.

I was at 500 Fulton street yesterday morning and spent two very pleasant hours, and all the while I was there I felt myself honored to be in the house that was the home of a modern "William Lloyd Garrison." Three different parties took copies of *LUCIFER* to the Anthropological Society and I believe about fifty copies were sold there. Naturally the Social Science League asked for hearty support for the paper from its members, and we hope to prove ourselves practical as well as sympathetic friends of *LUCIFER*.

I almost wish I were in your place, and if I knew of some way that I could get there with as much honor to myself and as great a disgrace to the state and the nation I would feel myself a very lucky man.

Hoping the day is not far off when we may again have the pleasure of seeing you at the various liberal meetings, and that you may retain your health until again free, I am, very truly yours,

SAMUEL T. HAMMETTSMARK.

A souvenir card, bearing the picture of the Shakespeare monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and this written message, was withheld:

Dear Friend: Passing through the park we saw Mr. Shakespeare. He is glad that he lived in the "Dark Ages" and ceased writing long ago. With love,

MARTHA AND ERNEST EDEL.

The words of Emerson and Thoreau would, perhaps, be not conducive to prison discipline, so they, too, must be excluded:

ON TRAIN, April 7, 1906.

Dear Mr. Harman: When I look at your portrait I feel as Emerson did when he went to see H. D. Thoreau in jail for refusing to pay taxes to support a wrong-doing state.

Said Emerson: "What are you doing in there, Henry?"

Said Thoreau: "What are you doing out there, Ralph?"

If you do not know Ernest H. Crosby's poem, "Woe to the cause that has not passed through a prison," I should like to send it to you. Your admiring friend,

BOLTON HALL.

My Dear Mr. Harman: Words are inadequate to express my appreciation of and satisfaction in your heroism. It is a noble and beautiful manifestation of human capacity and grand manhood you are spreading upon the panorama of history for the coming years to glorify. I inclose a circular I prepared twenty-three years ago. It's beyond the stretch of my imagination to conceive why humanity has continued up to the present stage of evolution in intelligence to act, in regard to sex, like beings void of reason. The crimes committed against women in wifehood and against the unborn child

are a shocking record. Though you are a legal prisoner you are not beset with the torments John D. Rockefeller is now enduring. He is now in New Jersey, where the Ohio state's attorney cannot reach him by any process of law. Guards are ordered to shoot any one who attempts to enter his domain. How free and comfortable you are in your prison cell, compared to the "richest man in the world!" I hope you have access to fresh air and sunshine when there is any. I hope you can sleep well. I wish your friends could relieve you by spells and try the life in Joliet and let you have a vacation. I would gladly take a week or two. The law of compensation sooner or later will return amply the reward of your faithful devotion to justice, freedom and the enlightenment which can lift the race above the disastrous effects of bondage to brutal habits and the degrading conduct of ignorance. Ever in esteem and sympathy, yours,

LUCINDA R. CHANDLER.

The fact that the writer of the following letter is a minister of an orthodox Christian church (the Union Congregational, of Green Bay, Wis.) did not avail to gain admission of his words of cheer to the prison cell in Joliet:

Dear Friend Harman: Just a word of hearty greeting and good cheer! This outrage from which you suffer will surely stir the heart and nerve the hand of every lover of justice and hasten the day of emancipation.

But apart from the violation of our constitution in the matter of free speech, I wish to say, after having read *LUCIFER* for years, that to my mind your discussion of the sex problem, far from being objectionable, has always been conducted on a high moral plane. While not agreeing with many of the views expressed, I cannot understand how any but a debased imagination could find anything "obscene" in the columns of your paper and its teachings concerning sex relationship.

Society is cursed with ignorance on this subject, and this ignorance is the mother of vice and prudishness. Long may *LUCIFER* live to spread the light and create a more wholesome public sentiment on this vital question.

With every good wish, I remain, yours cordially,

J. M. A. SEXSEX.

Dear Mr. Harman: It is pretty hard to obey your request and not write in a revengeful spirit in regard to the men who were instrumental in putting you where you are, as I believe that responsibility cannot be divided, and that individuals have done this thing.

However, I am doing my little to help along the matter of your freedom if possible, and hope we shall see you out long before the year is up. It is well that you are not revengeful. My blood has been boiling ever since the outrage. Yours very truly,

W. L. CHERRY.

Dear Friend Harman: I am very glad to see by an item in a recent paper that the prison keepers have had the decent consideration to give you a cell to yourself. I trust I may interpret this act on their part to mean that they are coming to understand you and to have some appreciation of your true character. When Blue Grass Moore was in prison he won the highest respect from Warden Coffin, who treated him with the utmost kindness and made him the editor of the prisoners' paper. Possibly if your warden is any kind of a decent fellow you can do the same thing with him.

I am glad also to notice by this item that you are at least holding your own as far as health is concerned. Keep up a stout heart. With your vitality you ought to come out of this ordeal with very little if any impairment of your health. Before you receive another letter from me I will have celebrated my sixty-fourth birthday. I see that you are more than eleven years older than I. "Old enough to know better," as Landis would say. Perhaps as he advances in years he may come to "know better." Let us hope so.

LUCIFER is well conducted during your retirement. On that score you have nothing to worry about. I trust your philosophy will induce the same composure and contentment as evidenced those illustrious prisoners, Daniel DePoe and Leigh Hunt, in their confinement. Think of me as remembering you kindly and reverently.

ED W. CHAMBERLAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOSES HARMAN.

The latest photographs of the editor of *LUCIFER*, taken alone, and also photographs taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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E. C. WALKER, 244 WEST 143D STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name *Lucifer* means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Letters for *LUCIFER* should be addressed to Moses Harman, 509 Fulton street, Chicago.

Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

THOUGH "SILENCED," HIS WORDS STILL LIVE.

At my last visit with my father he asked me to use in *LUCIFER* some favorite passages which he had marked in a copy of "Emerson's Essay." While copying some of them for No. 1069 I thought that in those words was a direct message to his friends, and so Emerson's sentences took the place of the "silenced" editor's own expositions. And then the thought occurred to me that in the old copies of *LUCIFER* exists a treasure-house of my father's work, and I decided to republish in each issue of *LUCIFER* at least one of the editorials written in the years gone by. They will be entirely new to many of our readers, and I am sure that those who have read them will not be averse to again seeing them. I shall endeavor to select those which are of present-day interest, and trust that this republication will have the approval of our friends.

L. H.

WOMAN AND THE HOME IN THE PAST AND FUTURE.

time in the history of this mundane sphere called Earth when there were no individuals, that is to say, no organisms, vegetable or animal, living on its surface or under its surface. The earth was a formless mass of molten lava, gradually cooling and hardening into homogeneous granite. Then came the slow process of disintegration, separation, differentiation (evolution) by and from which, in course of time, came individual plants and animals. These at first were scarcely organisms at all—some of the animals, for instance, seeming to have but one part, one organ—stomach—and propagating by fission or by simple division. Then by slow and almost imperceptible steps came more complex organisms or individualized entities, until in the "fulness of time" came man, woman.

Since the human plane was reached by the animal man, evolutionary progress seems to have moved in cycles—it has had its ebbs as well as its flows. In many lands are to be found remains of a higher culture, a better development than exists there today. In-

stance Syria, Egypt, Greece, India, Spain, Rome, Central America, Peru, etc. In most of these instances the history of decay and retrogression is so meager that we can only guess at the causes thereof; but so far as we can learn from such sources as we possess, these past and gone civilizations died of too much state socialism, too much centralization—died from and by the failure to preserve a robust and virile individualism among the units. Take the Greeks, for instance. In the progressive period of their history there was but little of state socialism among them—little of nationalism. They were a congeries of individualized communities (not a nation), in which the individuality of the citizen was strongly marked and carefully guarded. The individuality of woman, as well as of man, was a marked feature of Grecian social life. Divorce was easy and readjustments reputable, not difficult and disreputable as with us. In Music Hall, Topeka, a few years ago, I heard a distinguished lady lecturer and editor, who had apparently devoted much time and thought to the subject, say that Grecian manners were so free and natural that their women were a "nation of courtesans," or words to that effect. Among the Greeks what were called "sons of God," or sons of the gods, were very common. That is to say, whenever a boy or man displayed unusual genius his paternity was at once attributed to some one or other of the popular deities, and this without dishonor to the mother. And this again was but another way of saying that "natural selection" got in its work in those days—that womanhood did not scruple to attract to itself, to select and to fuse with, the best specimens of manhood within its reach, regardless of artificial codes, thus forming chemical unions, love unions, whose resultant product was better than the product of the merely mechanical, unloving unions of more artificial (man-made) social codes. And thus it is accounted for that in the earlier and better days of the Grecian autonomies, before centralization, nationalism, had destroyed individualism, Greece produced more men of genius, more statesmen, orators, poets, generals, etc., to the square mile or acre than any country of equal area of which we have any authentic history.

With the culmination of the early Grecian culture the evolutionary wave appears to have reached its high-water mark—a mark so high that the waves that have since followed have not been able to reach—and why? Is there a better, a more satisfactory reason to be given than that in all the intervening ages womanhood, motherhood, has been less free? Like mother like son, is a much truer aphorism than like father like son. Womanhood, motherhood, has been cramped by artificial restrictions, and anti-natural standards of morality, and the result has been a dead level mediocrity, or worse, in the most important product that any land or climate can produce, viz: its children—its crop of men and women.

Now, once again, after a lapse of some twenty centuries or more, the human tide seems to be again approaching high-water mark, and to be approaching it in the same way, viz: through an enlarged freedom of womanhood, motherhood. The revolt against ecclesiastic and statutory rule over womanhood is becoming general. The increased frequency of divorce has alarmed the clergy, the self-elected guardians of sex-morality, all along the line, and with one consent they demand more stringent laws against divorce. Marriage-law morality is voted a "failure" by thousands of the best minds of both sexes. Hundreds if not thousands of the purest, the brightest and best of women are now "out on a strike," a strike against monopolistic man-made marriage laws and customs. They say if they cannot get employment as mothers on their own terms, if they cannot have children without putting their necks under the yoke of marital bondage, they will not have children at all. May we not cite as examples of these strikers, the Willards, the Anthoys, de Cleyres, Wixons, et al., of our time?

Of course this "strike of a sex," like all labor strikes, must be settled—settled at some time in some way—but how? Shall it be settled by the yielding of the strikers to the autocratic, monopolistic demands of the robber barons, the priests, the magistrates and the Grannies? Or will the strikers win?

That we are yet far away from the realization, the practicalization, of this revolution, I am fully aware. That its accomplishment will involve much of suffering, much of anguish, of conflict and of seeming loss, I fully believe. That it will involve "the surrender of 'legal ties' in many homes," must be conceded to begin with. In fact, the complete triumph of the new regime—woman's reign in the domain of Love, and of its fruits, the creation of a better and higher race, a race as much above the present standard as this is above the troglodytic ape—the realization of this dream of a Golden Age yet to be, will involve the complete reorganization of our social and economic systems, even to the substitution of the cooperative

individualistic home instead of the segregated monogamic and yet communistic homes that we now have. Many abortive attempts at realizing the very evident advantages of the cooperative home have been made, and yet the hope is growing stronger and more widely spread, as the years go by, that these efforts will yet be crowned with success. The chief cause of failure hitherto doubtless has been the narrow selfishness and jealousies inseparable from the monogamic and polygamic systems of sex association. Abolish these, outgrow these, and let them be replaced by individualism, self-ownership, man's paramount right of initiative and control in the realm of propagation and of sex association, and the most formidable barrier in the way of the realization of co-operation in the home will have been forever removed. —Moses Harman in *Lucifer*, 1931.

THE EPITHETS OF HYSTERIA.

A presupposition usually is a prejudice, and a prejudice, as all but those whom it possesses know, is an emotion, inaccessible to reason, oblivious of facts, and hence unable to meet facts with anything more weighty than school-girl ejaculations. To those thus possessed, getting off from the starting-point of an indiscriminating aversion to the word "pardon," it necessarily follows that that term at the head of the paper asking for the release of the editor of *LUCIFER* binds them to all that the paper expresses. They, like the traditional master of the herd, see nothing but the red signal which they hate.

As a matter of fact, of course, the word "pardon" is the title of the paper which was prepared in Mr. Harman's behalf was a mere incident of form, immaterial in the minds of all who had to do with the drafting of the document, its use one of the preliminary technicalities that cleared the way for the essential, serious, important work that was to be done. In this request for the release of the imprisoned editor there was nothing servile, nothing cringing, nothing humble nor humiliating. It did not ask for the forgiveness of a wrong committed by the prisoner, but for the redress of an injustice committed against the prisoner. It reasoned; it did not implore. It marshalled facts and arguments; it did not grovel. It was dignified; not abject. It showed why Moses Harman as an innocent man should have justice; it did not beg for mercy for a repentant criminal.

All this stood out in letters of light in every line of the paper itself, for all to see whose eyes were not closed by a presupposition, a prejudice. There could read with the mind's eye no farther nor deeper than the surface of the title-line. —Edward G. Walker.

214 West 143d street, New York City.

THE BURDEN OF LARGE FAMILIES.

Formerly among people of all conditions and beliefs the idea that a man could deliberately choose to remain single and content, or that a woman could prefer to employ her time in some other way than in the nursery and the kitchen, seemed too absurd to be believed, and yet this idea was in many cases the direct outgrowth of unhappy experience. How many a gifted boy among a large tribe of ordinary brothers and sisters has been obliged to forego all his hopes and dreams because of the necessity of working for the general subsistence? And with the gifted daughter the case was still more frequent and more fatal. The elder sister of an increasing swarm, however superior the might be, was doomed to be the dry-nurse of all the rest, until, tired out with maternal duties by proxy, she no longer desired maternity for herself. In those days the family was everything, the individual comparatively nothing. In those days the rights of the individual are beginning to be considered, and the change is already working for good, physically, intellectually and morally. —Elizabeth H. Evans, in *Truth Seeker*.

SUSTAINING FUND.

Joe Trouman, \$1; Albert Steinhilber, \$1; Lucinda B. Chandler, \$1; F. E. Leonard, \$1; Minnie Lehringer, \$4; C. N. Greene, \$5; Paul Robin, \$2; E. S. \$2; S. Geiss, \$1.50; A. B. Fish, \$5; F. Bielefeld, \$2; a Chicago Friend, \$5; C. S. Darrow, \$10; Dr. R. M., \$5; J. W. Kelley, \$5; a Peoria Friend, \$5; Martin Norstedt, \$1; O. L. Harvey, \$1; Louis Riser, \$5.

Sex-life, too, is struggling toward perfection; the problems besetting it are many, and cannot be fully answered today, but the future will certainly answer them fully and to the highest good of the race. —Margaret Morley, in "*Life and Love*."

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 9 months and 8 days old. He has served 143 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into *LUCIFER* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *LUCIFER* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to *LUCIFER*, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 300 Fulton street, Chicago. The following are the prison rules concerning visits and correspondence:

To the person receiving this letter: Do not come to visit prisoners on Mondays, Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas or Saturday afternoon. You will not be admitted. Parties corresponding with prisoners must carefully comply with the following directions, viz.: Write plainly in the English language only. Confine yourself strictly to family or business affairs. Correspondence about criminal and indecent matters will not be tolerated. In addressing letters and newspapers, write the prisoner's full name and register number plainly in ink on the envelope or newspaper wrapper in order to insure the prisoner receiving them. All letters and newspapers improperly addressed will be returned to the post-office. Do not write anything on newspapers, magazines, books, etc. Postage stamps and stamped envelopes will not be admitted. Postage stamps are furnished by the government. Daily and weekly newspapers of a respectable character, magazines, religious papers and books, family photographs, comb, brush, tooth powder or soap, tooth brush, small hand mirror, suspenders and plain white handkerchiefs are admitted during the prisoner's good conduct. In sending letters, newspapers, books, etc., use postage stamps enough

to insure delivery. All letters, papers, magazines, etc., are closely examined before being delivered to prisoners. Money may be sent by draft or postal order. If sent in any other way it will be at sender's risk. All moneys received will be kept in the office to the prisoner's credit and paid to him on his release, or it may be sent on his order, upon the approval of the warden, to his relatives and friends. No eatables, liquors, tobacco or cigars will be admitted, nor any articles except those mentioned above. Chewing tobacco and toilet soap are furnished by the government. No smoking permitted. Prisoners can write letters but once every two weeks and see their friends or relatives not oftener than once every four weeks, except on special written permit of the warden obtained before coming to the penitentiary. All letters and newspapers addressed to prisoners, with the full name and register number written plainly in ink on the envelope or wrapper, should be sent in care of P. O. Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan.

To the prisoner: Write plainly in English. Do not interline. Put but one line of writing on each ruled line. Letters addressed to "General Delivery" in cities of 10,000 inhabitants and over will not be mailed. Letters addressed to prisoners and received from prisoners in penitentiaries, reformatories and jails will not be mailed or admitted. Correspondence with prisoners discharged from this penitentiary not permitted.

ANOTHER BRIEF GREETING FROM THE U. S. PRISONER.

ON TRAIN, June 29, E. M. 300.

After a lapse of four months and two days I find myself again on the Santa Fe train, in charge of the same deputy marshal that conducted me from LUCIFER's office to the state prison at Joliet, bound for the United States penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. I know not whether the change from state to national management will be an improvement or not, but am optimistic enough to hope for better conditions at Fort Leavenworth. And now that I am free for a few hours to write letters that will not have to pass the ordeal of a prison censor, I will try to tell the faithful friends who remembered the prisoner in bonds by writing to him or calling upon him, also those who may have sent him messages of cheer and hope over unseen wires, something of what I have experienced during the four months since my letter entitled "Greeting and Farewell," written under the same difficulties as now—the shaking of the train, added to the temptation to talk to my fellow passengers, several of whom have expressed much interest in my case.

My main trouble has been the failure to get a cell to myself—except for five days—and the condition, body and mind, of the men with whom I was doomed to inhabit a stone cell 4 feet wide, 6½ feet high and about 6½ feet long. These men are both physical wrecks and much of the time mentally deranged. The first is a Poleander, speaking very little English and reading still less. He is now in the hospital slowly dying of tuberculosis. I was with him nine weeks. His cough was simply terrible to hear, so hard and so nearly incessant, especially at night. My bunk was less than two feet above his. I was not allowed to sleep with my head at the opposite end of the bunk, consequently was compelled to inhale the air thrown off from his lungs. This was only half the trouble. His consumption of tobacco was unusually constant, and his use of the night vessel to relieve a chronic dysentery—from three to six times per night—continued without intermission the whole of the nine weeks—to the best of my recollection. He was morose and misanthropic, often to the verge of downright insanity, repelling all advances towards friendship or civility on my part. The second cell-mate was different—a strong man in muscle, weighing 225 pounds, and yet a physical wreck—a tobacco fiend; 55 years old, but so shaky in his nerves that he could seldom thread a needle; a man who, when not under the influence of passion, could talk rationally, even pleasantly, yet when the humor seized him was a very devil incarnate for unreasoning abuse, tongue-lashing or vituperation. Whatever I did or did not do was nearly always wrong. If I held my tongue and was silent, then I was accused of "sulking"; and if I answered, in any way, whatever I might say was met with a fresh outbreak on his part. He killed a man in Chicago last summer and was sentenced to ten years in Joliet; said he had no friends, either outside or inside the prison; had no money to buy even a tooth-brush or tooth-soap. Twice I supplied him with these articles—he lost the first brush and box of soap—at a cost of \$1; gave him a pair of eye-glasses for which I had paid \$1; gave him a picture of myself and grandchild, for which he had frequently asked and which he declared he must have, else he would kill himself or do some other desperate thing; and yet when I began to cough at night and disturb his rest he scolded me unmercifully because I would not be guided by him in matters of hygiene, declaring that I "knew too much" to keep myself well, that I was a damned old crank on the questions of diet, bathing, etc., and if

I would have sense enough to listen to him I would not cough and disturb his sleep.

Finally, after nine weeks of purgatorial life with my second cell-mate I succeeded in getting a divorce from him and was given a cell to myself—just two days before the order came for my transfer to Fort Leavenworth.

From this hasty description of my two cell-mates I hope my readers will not infer that I am leaving Joliet with feelings of hatred or revenge in my heart for these two unfortunately organized men and for the officers who shut me up with them, in a living tomb, and who persistently turned a deaf ear to my requests for a separate cell or for a change of some sort. If I can now get rid of the harassing cough referred to in the last two paragraphs I shall freely forgive and try hard to forget whatever cause of revengeful feeling I may have suffered at Joliet.

M. HARMAN.

KANSAS CITY, MO., June 29, 1906, 9:30 P. M.

On leaving Joliet I hoped to be able to write a long letter for publication in LUCIFER, but after writing a letter to Daughter Lillian I met so many people on train who wanted a part of my time that before I was really aware of how the hours were passing the afternoon was gone and my letter for LUCIFER hardly begun. The train shook and rocked so badly that it was very difficult to write. Moreover, the marshal and others have encouraged me to hope that the warden at Fort Leavenworth will grant me writing privileges similar to those allowed me by Warden French at the same institution ten years ago, and that it is not really necessary for me to write a long letter now for publication in LUCIFER.

At the Union Depot, Kansas City, Mo., we were lucky enough to meet Son George, from Valley Falls, to whom I had sent a telegram from Joliet to meet us here. Now we find a delay of nearly an hour must be endured before a train can be had to take us to Fort Leavenworth. This gives time for a few more lines—time all too short in which to give even a synopsis of experiences of the four months at the Illinois state prison.

That the prevailing spirit animating the officials at Joliet is a very different one from the spirit shown by the wardens and other officers of Kansas state prison, and also of the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, was clearly impressed upon my consciousness during the past four months. By thus saying I do not mean that my experiences with the Joliet officials were all of an unpleasant character—not so, but rather that there was much less of the brotherhood spirit shown by the Illinois management than by the men in similar positions I have met with in Kansas twelve to fifteen years ago. How I shall find the Kansas officials now, after the lapse of a decade, remains to be seen.

The light is so poor on the train, the Missouri Pacific train, on which we are now riding, I shall have to bring this greeting to a close. With best wishes and hopes for the future, and with sincerest thanks for all favors shown to myself and to Daughter Lillian and other workers in LUCIFER's office, I once more say, Greeting and Farewell.

M. HARMAN.

The information concerning the treatment received by my father at Joliet, and its effect on his health, will bring pain to his many friends. They may, perhaps, wonder why so little has been said concerning the situation while he was enduring it. I myself did not realize how bad it was until my last visit to him, two weeks before his removal to Leavenworth. He then told me that at the time he entered Joliet the deputy warden said to him: "We have a place up on the hill here where we plant such fellows as you, and the sooner you go there the better." At another time, when he was working on the rock pile and had, through exposure, contracted a bad cough, and asked the same man, who was passing, to allow him to go to the hospital to see the doctor, he was gruffly told that he ought to die. On each occasion that his friends asked if he be assigned to a cell alone, they were told that it had been or would be given him—with the result as given in his letter. Nothing, seemingly, could avail for better treatment at Joliet, we could only hope for the transfer, the order for which probably arrived only in time to save his life. No other commentary on the difference in treatment is necessary than the fact that the man was required by the officials at Joliet to break stone for long hours every day, exposed to physical and mental strain both by day and night, is, by the officials at Leavenworth, recognized as in need of hospital nursing and care.

It is difficult to fairly judge the motives of others, but I cannot

would feel that there was a positive determination to break his spirit and, as a desire to kill him, there was certainly no reasonable cause taken that he should continue to live. And yet, while telling me of these things, he said, in commenting on the denial of the application for pardon, that he could not feel sorry that such had been the result. He would not and could not himself ask for release. He did not want liberty with an implied head on the future. As long as he lives he will certainly publish *LUCIFER*, and if he dies it will be in furtherance of this life work.

L. H.

LETTERS FROM LEAVENWORTH.

The following letters have been received since *LUCIFER* No. 1099 went to press. Some personal matter is omitted. As the federal prisoners at Leavenworth are allowed to write a letter at intervals of two weeks, it is probable that a letter will appear in each issue hereafter.

U. S. P., BOX 7, LEAVENWORTH, KAN., July 4, 1906.

My Dear Lillian: Was put into the hospital here Saturday last and have been well treated in hospital by physician and attendants to date. My chief trouble is the cough, which is quite severe at times, but not constant. The food I get here suits me better than that at Joliet. I get milk—sweet and slabs; stewed peaches; corn bread twice a week. The hospital is well arranged, on the third floor of the building, well lighted and well ventilated. There are about fifty beds, about half of which are now occupied by patients. All the guards and other officers I have met, including deputy warden, chaplain and surgeon, have treated me kindly, considerately; not a harsh or unkind word have I yet heard. Among the attendants and patients in hospital there is manifested a spirit of kindness, civility and courtesy that is gratifying, as contrasted with certain experiences I have met with elsewhere.

Since this letter was begun I have had a little outing in the prison yards, heard some music, some recitations, funny stories, etc. The prisoners were allowed to mix and talk freely for an hour or two. At dinner there was cake and bananas, besides the usual fare. Weather showery since I came here and not uncomfortably hot, day or night (in the hospital). Altogether, I am very well pleased with the change from the state prison at Joliet to the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan.—not Fort Leavenworth, which is the address of the old United States prison, from which I was discharged, after nine months' confinement therein, on the fourth day of April, 1896, a little more than ten years ago. Since my arrival here I have met four or five of the guards who knew me during my term at the old prison, and who now have each a kindly word of greeting for me.

As already indicated, I am much disappointed in getting no letters—or almost none, since the change of address. This is my fifth day here and only two letters and one card—one letter from Myra Pepper, including a photo of herself and also a copy of the song beginning, "O what is the use of sighing." The other letter is from Mrs. J. N. Lake, including copies of the "Carrier Dove" and of "Sweet Affair." Please write to these dear, good friends, thanking them for me for their words of sympathy, courage and love, and for the copies of the good, old songs, the music of which I have retained in memory since childhood, but whose words have in great measure been forgotten. The card is from George and Edna Bedborough, of London, who have not failed to remember me once a week in the same way for many weeks. As the Bedboroughs are special friends of mine also—ever since your visit to them at their home, eight years ago—I hope you will not fail to write them a good letter and convey to them my hearty acknowledgments for their many kindly fraternal remembrances. While I am daily thankful for these letters and card I cannot help wondering what has become of the rest—when it is recalled that the average number of letters and cards received by me while in the Joliet state prison each day was not less than three or four—sometimes seven or eight. Perhaps you had better write to the chaplain at Fort Leavenworth federal prison and ask him if there are no letters sent by mistake in his care, intended for me at this place.

I shall hope that you can answer the letters sent to me—as well as those sent direct to you—and that you will, as soon as may be, write to all who have so kindly remembered me and say that next to personal visits—of which I am allowed but few—the receipt of letters is the greatest relief from the tedium and monotony of prison life.

Hoping your health will not fail, under the strain of your manifold duties and hoping to hear from you often, if only a card, I

once more bid you, my dear faithful daughter, an affectionate good-bye.

M. HARMAN.

Best regards and love to all the household.

* * *

U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., July 5, 1906.

My Dear Lillian: Once more I am permitted to write to you, for which privilege I try to be duly thankful.

Please thank Brother Wheeler for me for the help he is giving you in your routine work, also for his good letter, and say I hope that he and Hilda will continue to remember me with letters, as before my removal to Kansas. Also please thank the following named persons, whose letters have been forwarded to me since I wrote you, July 4, and say I hope to hear from them again and as often as is convenient or agreeable to them to write to me: T. F. Lee, Bolton Hall, Gertrude Yess, George Bedborough, H. Hanson (Colo.), enclosing copy of resolutions and letter from Senator Patterson; Belle Chappel, Louis Walsbrocker, "Justice," Sarah Stone Rockhill. Thank Brother Shepard for clippings included, also for his promise to visit me if permission can be obtained from the warden, and also for his promise to meet me at the prison gate and conduct me to his Leavenworth home when the time comes for my release, as he did ten years ago when I was released from the old federal prison at Fort Leavenworth.

In regard to this proposed meeting, however, at the prison gate at the expiration of my term of sentence, while I most certainly hope to live till that date—December 26, 1906—it is by no means certain that I shall do so. I am now an inmate of the prison hospital, under medical treatment for bronchitis, complicated with catarrh of the stomach and other physical ailments. Whether these ailments are to have a fatal termination inside of six months is a question none can predict with certainty. Hitherto I have said but little respecting my physical troubles, not wishing to alarm my good friends who hope to see me survive my present incarceration, but sometimes it is well to look the facts squarely in the face. If I could command the conditions that I have found by experience to be best adapted to recuperation of health and energy, there is little doubt of a favorable turn in my symptoms, as I verily believe, before many days or weeks. Of course, this is not intended to mean an improvement of the treatment I am receiving at the prison hospital. Physicians and nurses are kind and considerate, and evidently wish to do all they can for me, bound as they are by the prison regulations. But while this is true, and thankfully acknowledged, the fact remains that life within prison walls, even in a well-regulated prison hospital, cannot supply the invalid with means of recovery such as he could command if at liberty.

I have said much more in regard to the condition of my health than I meant to say, and, after all, it may be that I am in a pessimistic mood today, and will take a much more optimistic view of the environment tomorrow. Whatever the result, however, of my present physical ailments, I try, as always, to take a philosophic view of the situation and console myself with the reflection that it matters little whether my individual life be prolonged another year, another decade of years, or not. The work to which I have devoted my very limited powers will be carried forward by others, is now carried forward by others, in a more effective manner than I could hope to do.

Please don't let anything I have said worry you, dear daughter. I am comfortably situated and do not suffer pain, except in my fits of coughing, which are not frequent. Love to all the household.

M. H.

SCIENCE VERSUS METAPHYSICS.

For thousands of years the race lingered in the early or arri-
period of knowledge. This was not for lack of intellectual activity, but from its misapplication. The ancient philosophers, disdaining nature, retired into the ideal world of pure meditation, and holding that mind is the measure of the universe, they believed they could reason out all truths from the depths of the soul. Despising matter, they were not drawn to observe and study it; despising labor as mental and degrading, they would not experiment; consequently they lacked the first conditions of science—observation, experiment and induction. They reason from fanciful notions to worthless conclusions, and the intellectual power of ages was thus wasted. Genes spent itself in beating the air; the philosophers wrestled with shadows; they chased each other round the circles of verbal disputation, they pursued the rainbow, disdaining the priceless gems which abound in the earth beneath. It was the period of inexperience, and

their mistake was perhaps natural, but it was an error that paralyzed the world. The first step of progress was impossible. There was no conquest of nature or liberation of man from the drudgeries of emulous toil; no spirit of inquiry, no products of education or hope of improvement.—Prof. E. L. Youmans.

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WHOLE NO. 1071

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

In a circular sent out to the public to show up some of the outrages perpetrated against the freedom of the press the writer says:

"There is more in this obscenity law than appears on the surface. It is the work of the church, professedly in the interest of good morals, but really to get control of the postal department of the government and establish a censorship which will aid it in perpetuating its own power."

That there has been a deliberate conspiracy is evidently true, but the church is not alone in it. It is the combined effort of the enemies of liberty in both church and state, and the people at large have been kept in ignorance of the same. True, the obscenity law is the legitimate child of New England puritanism, but Protestants themselves have, for the most part, grown entirely away from the narrowness of their puritanic ancestors. Only a few of the relicts, like Anthony Comstock, remain, and they have succeeded because the church at large has no idea of the purpose involved.

Even the Catholic leaders dare not trust the masses of their membership with their real purpose, and, being aware of the liberalizing tendency of a free atmosphere, they all make false accusations and by the aid of the law keep the great public from knowing what it is they have called obscene. With money at their command to buy judges and jurors, they practically say: We have pronounced the matter obscene, and you dare not undecieve the public by republishing and sending it broadcast.

Therefore, obscenity trials are in that sense secret tribunals, and lying ones at that, as the condemned matter is not what has been considered obscene, but by declaring it so the great public believes it to be the same.

But present events demand a review of the past, of the steps taken to secure our present censorship. I had thought the obscenity law the first step, but when I learned that congress had given the right of private judgment to postal officials as to what might and might not pass through the mails I knew that that, if not the first step, was a very important one. It is a direct bid to the opponents of a free press to seek official places in the postal department.

But whatever the first step may have been, there is one which none but the plotters themselves could even have dreamed that it led in the direction of suppression, and yet without it there would have been no excuse for such censorship as we now have, and that is the cent a pound postage law. This was said to be in the line of the public good, and all went well for a time. Publishers deposited their papers in the mail without question or criticism.

But it was soon found that business men were establishing advertising sheets; that in this and other ways the cheap postage law was being taken advantage of, and this furnished the excuse for a series of questions which must be satisfactorily answered and sworn to before a cheap postage permit could be had. This result was just what the plotters expected and planned for; they understood the greed of the business world. The scheme worked to a charm; it furnished, as has been said, a satisfactory excuse for the series of questions which were the beginning of our present censorship.

This, as far as I know, was the first attempt of the government to regulate the business of newspaper publishers, but with their postage of cheap postage the general press was blind to its far-reaching significance, and even liberal thinkers failed to realize that it was a trap. They failed to see that in giving the number of subscribers and sending copy of paper to Washington, as they must

before being allowed second-class rate of postage, they thus furnished the enemies of freedom the name, character and strength of every radical paper in the nation.

Time is showing the meaning of all this, for now, if a publisher is known to be opposed to the prevailing religious, political or social regime, the subscription list must not only be sworn to but must be verified. The list is demanded, names taken therefrom, the parties written to asking if they are subscribers, and the applicant is required to show the letters written by subscribers ordering the paper and sending remittances for the same, as is shown by Benj. F. Tucker in giving an account in "Liberty" of his struggle to get second-class postage for it.

Upon presenting his request he was asked: "What proof have you that this is a bona fide list of paying subscribers? Can you show the letters containing remittances in which your subscribers ordered the paper?" When furnished with such letters, many of which were from personal friends and contained much personal matter, this tool of the plotters read them from beginning to end in Mr. Tucker's presence. One from an old friend began with: "I send you \$3 for a year's subscription."

"How is this?" he was asked. "Three dollars is not the subscription price."

"The gentleman sent an excess, desiring to contribute to the paper's growth," replied Mr. Tucker.

Prompt came the next question, "And what did you do with the money?"

"Placed it with the paper's receipts."

"You did not appropriate it to sending the paper to other individuals?"

"Not in special; all receipts are used in paying the general expenses," and thus this petty examination continued to the end.

Mr. Tucker says: "This occurred early in January. I heard nothing more until near the middle of February. Then I began to receive from my subscribers in different parts of the country elaborate, regularly printed circulars which had been sent to them from Washington by the department asking them a set series of questions concerning their subscription to 'Liberty,' how much they paid, how they paid it, if any extra inducements were held out to secure their subscriptions, etc., etc."

Quite a difference between now and when the cent a pound rate was first established. Then, as before said, it only needed to take your papers to the office, have them weighed and pay the postage. Now second-class postage means the right to demand of a publisher his private letters for official inspection; it means the right to demand what a publisher does with extra money sent by friends; it means the right to demand for official inspection the subscription list; it means the right to insult a publisher by refusing to accept his sworn statement and of appealing to his subscribers as to the truth of what he says.

Had all this been claimed at first the people would have been so indignant that the whole matter would have been overhauled at the very next session of congress, but little by little the cords have been tightened until now, unless all questions are satisfactorily answered, sworn to and confirmed by outside testimony, it means the highest postage paid or the suppression of all radical papers. Yes, the highest postage paid, for letter postage is only 32 cents per pound, and to pay a cent a copy for some of our small radical papers would be from 36 to 40 cents per pound. And if, after the publisher has been sufficiently humiliated, he succeeds in obtaining

second-class rates, he must still be subjected to the same degrading espionage.

It is a direct discrimination, not in law but in fact, against publishers of radical thought; an indirect but none the less real attempt to suppress all such papers as far as is possible. The law, it is true, applies to all, but the general press would not stand such espionage for a moment, and as congress has given postal officials the right of private judgment they of course leave all papers alone but such as they wish to annoy.

It is because they can so handle the sex question as to arouse the prejudices of the people that they have made use of that as the first step toward press censorship, and not because they are seeking sex purity. When shown an extract from Alice B. Stockham's "Tokology," "Of course it's obscene," said the attorney for the postal department; "all discussion of sex is obscene; there is no need to talk of such matters except between physicians and their patients." Mrs. Stockham is a physician, and what she has written is between her and that great, suffering patient, Humanity.

Attorney-General Goodwin, in saying what he did, practically tells every postal clerk in the nation that all works on sex may be thrown out. He is as radical as the slaveholder was against anti-slavery publications, and in the end his efforts will be equally fruitless. The pioneers of progress are searching for the laws of nature, which, if obeyed, will give us heaven on earth, and neither the prison nor the gallows will deter them from trying to find what it is that poisons the life-fountain.

But our postal censors were not satisfied in getting the number and strength of all "heretic" papers—they wanted also the names of the subscribers. It was several years before this was called for, but now they are getting them through the law which gives the postmaster the right to demand the subscription list for inspection.

Do you think all this has been a happen-so? Do you think there is no plan, no plotting, behind it? There certainly is and has been from the first, and there are other steps contemplated. What they are I do not clearly see, but I should as soon think of a serpent stopping on its way to its intended victim as of these conspirators leaving things as they are. There is a time coming, unless there is a stop put to the onward march of this imperialistic power, when no letter, book or package can be sent through the mail unless it has upon it the name of the sender.

This would be all right if the postal department was simply a public carrier, but as a moral censor it is quite another thing. There are many in San Francisco, Cal., who remember the case of young Price, who was sent to San Quentin for a year for mailing an obscene pamphlet, and he positively asserts that he never saw the pamphlet until he saw it in court; did not know till then that there was such a pamphlet in existence.

Now, what is to be done about this state of things? It seems to me sometimes as if our revolutionary fathers must rise from their graves to confront their degenerate sons—such servility, such a rendering up of the people's individual rights for a few cents postage! Where is the self-respect of our newspaper fraternity, that they submit to such a degradation of their manhood—degradation as long as such a law stands upon the statute book, whether enforced or not!

As I see things there should be a concerted effort to place the postal department where it belongs as a public carrier, a public servant. Its moral sponsorship should be taken from it and left with the states. Then there could be no censorship to destroy the freedom of the press. Friends of freedom, wake up and act if you wish even a shadow of our liberties to be preserved.

LEON WATKINSON.

EXCESSIVE MULTIPLICATION

Little improvement can be expected in morality until the production of large families is regarded with the same feeling as drunkenness or any other physical excess. When persons are once married, the idea in this country never seems to enter any one's mind that having or not having a family, or the number of which it shall consist, is amenable to their own control. One would imagine that children were raised down upon married people direct from heaven, without their having any part in the matter; that it was really, as the common phrases have it, God's will, and not their own, which decided the number of their offspring.—John Stuart Mill.

The misery of the people is not caused by individuals, but by an order of society by which they are bound together in a way that puts them in the power of a few.—Leo Tolstoy.

VARIOUS REMARKS.

In the "Woman's Journal" of June 20 Henry R. Blackwell has an article headed "Variety the Spice of Life." He thinks that women have very dull lives, and that they need variety to make them happy. He quotes a Burman, who says: "In Burmah for breakfast we eat rice; for dinner we eat rice; for supper, rice; and for dessert—rice. When we want a change of diet we eat—rice." Mr. Blackwell thinks that this is like a woman's life, and that great changes are needed, but he does not mention the particular things that he would like to see women have variety in. Mr. Blackwell is getting up to dangerous ground. He had better be careful if he does not wish the "Woman's Journal" to be excluded from the mails.

★ ★ ★

The disturbances which the suffragettes are making in England are a great event in the history of women. Never before has such an insubordinate disposition been publicly displayed by a number of women. Until lately the woman-suffrage movement in England was as respectable and free as an affair as that of the United States. It was composed of "ladies." At the election in February, however, a new organization composed of "women" appeared upon the scene, invaded all the meetings, and insisted on getting a precise statement from each candidate as to how he stood on woman suffrage. Some eminent persons refused to answer, and when the women insisted they were forcibly removed from the meetings. This excited wide sympathy among male voters, and resulted in some of the leading politicians being hooted off the platform, while others were held up until they gave a definite answer. The upshot was that 407 of the 670 members of the house of commons were frightened into promising to vote for woman suffrage, including the leaders of all the four parties in the house. When the matter came up in the house, however, there was very little time for discussion, and several obstructionists tried to talk it out. When it was clear that it could not go through a number of women in the gallery made a noisy demonstration, waving a flag and hurling epithets of opprobrium at their opponents down below, greatly to the horror of the British people.

Since then the suffragettes have been active all the time, until now four of them have been sent to jail. Teresa Billington got two months for striking a policeman. She refused to make any defense in court, on the ground that she did not recognize man-made laws and courts as having any authority over her. Annie Kenney, who was sent to jail during the election, has again got six weeks.

Every one admits that woman suffrage is now inevitable, and the agitation has spread all over Europe. It is red hot in France. In Finland all men and women over 24 have just been given votes, and the Russian duma has unanimously demanded the same thing for Russia.

I hope the women of England will get the suffrage, but I hope they will not get it soon. An agitation like this is just what women need. It is teaching them to think and to rebel, which Hakuna truly said were the two most important things in the world. No saying what they will soon be thinking about. Now that they do not recognize man-made law some very bold ones may begin to get a little doubtful about man-made morality. Shocking thought!

★ ★ ★

Another event is the formation of the Anti-Puritan League in England, which has already been joined by many persons. I understand it will take up a good many subjects, but the sex question will not be overlooked. I do not expect anything very radical from it, but it will at least hold in check anything like Comstockism.

The more one knows about Europe the more one deplures the miserable incapacity of American radicals for organization. In England, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, and I think Switzerland, there are neo-Malthusian leagues under one name or another. The result is that in most of those countries there is perfect freedom to advertise and sell preventives. In England they are displayed in the windows of stores, with a description of their object in large letters. In Spain, the America of Europe, a desperate struggle is going on over this matter, but a Spanish jury has lately acquitted a man charged with obscenity for advertising preventives. But after all, Spain is not the United States; it is only the nearest European approach to it.

★ ★ ★

Dear LUCIFER: In No. 1068 Joe Trounson pounces on me for my conceit in claiming that God watches over me. From this I gather that in No. 1065, which I have never seen, there must have been an extract from the letter in which I said that God kept me

from going to San Francisco the night of the earthquake. In explanation let me say that that letter was not intended for publication, but was a private one to Lillian Harman, who knows me personally, and knows just how to take anything I say about God.

Some readers may think this explanation unnecessary, but I realize how important it is. Nowadays the preachers are trying to prove that Washington and Jefferson were deeply religious men, and in another hundred years there will be great controversies about the religious beliefs of Moses and Lillian Harman, and the other free-lovers of our time. I can see what a splendid chance my letter would give to some Talmage or Torrey of the twenty-first century to preach a sermon on "The Piety of the Early Varietists." What a fine opening it would give for a passage like this:

"That LUCIFER held the same views as many of the early Christians, and some of the religious sects of the Renaissance and the Reformation, should convince the most sceptical that Moses Harman and his assistants were humble and earnest Christians. But if further evidence is needed it is found in the letter of R. B. Kerr, which appeared in LUCIFER just after the San Francisco earthquake. There had been a series of debates on free-love at the San Francisco free-thought meetings, which were attended by great multitudes, and at which devout men and women of God, like Lydia Todd, Lois Wainwright, Nora Foster and R. B. Kerr, made speeches; but they were vehemently opposed by all the leading free-thinkers in San Francisco, who held that any and all discussion of the sex question was utterly opposed to free-thought principles. As a result the majority of San Franciscans remained unconvinced to free-love (except on the sly), at which God was so angry that three days after the last of these discussions he destroyed San Francisco, that great city, with fire and brimstone. Howbeit R. B. Kerr, one of the Nobles or Lots of that time, had intended to go over to San Francisco the night of the earthquake, but God warned him not to, and he desisted. This shows plainly that all the Luciferites were pious Christian men and women, and their persecution was caused entirely by ungodly men like John Most, Eugene McDonald and the San Francisco free-thinkers, who dominated the public opinion of that day." To prevent such a serious perversion of history let me explain that when I speak of God I do so just as I should speak of Santa Claus or Father Christmas.

R. B. KERR.

Victoria, B. C.

RECENT PHASES OF THE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM.

The battle over freedom of speech has recently assumed new and interesting forms. A New York state court dismissed charges against a theatrical company for producing the Bernard Shaw play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," on the ground that it was not obscene within the meaning of the law. The trial judge took occasion to intimate that, as a disagreeable presentation of a disagreeable subject, it was not good art—a criticism which applies with equal (that is, considerable) force to the best known writings of the greatest modern novelists, as Zola and Tolstoy. But "obscene" means adapted to excite lasciviousness in susceptible minds; and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is not adapted to excite lasciviousness, but only disgust. This just and important distinction would have vindicated the Markland letter if it had been drawn. The federal courts are less scrupulous than those of the states. Since they have, as Senator Carpenter said, "no jury trial," irresponsibility makes them arrogant and subservient, two qualities which go admirably together. Hence their favor with promoters of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance.

It seems, however, that even the federal courts, when a Phillips or a Benedict is not on the bench, are a little averse to pronouncing that obscene whose treatment of disagreeable subjects must excite, not lasciviousness, but horror, indignation, or disgust; for promoters of the Movement in Favor of Ignorance are trying to have the word "disgusting" inserted in the list of methods tabooed by federal law. The way in which such legislation usually goes through makes it probable they may succeed.

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We do not expect as much good or harm from laws as most of our neighbors. But laws for the promotion of ignorance at least cause individual suffering, and every check they encounter is at least an index of awakening public intelligence. It is therefore encouraging to note that since holding up LUCIFER was discontinued the censorship has received another black eye. The banker Lewis, whose new enterprise, the People's Bank, was destroyed last year by a fraud order, has received an amount of public support which compelled Cortelyou to put him again *communis* (May, 1906), and

to order an investigation, which Mr. Lewis promises us, through his paper, the "Woman's Magazine," will startle the country.

Evidently no radical results are to be expected from this. But Congressman Crumpacker, of Indiana, has introduced a bill guaranteeing the common law right of jury trial in fraud cases, notwithstanding the infamous decision of a Roosevelt judge in Lewis' *demurrer*. It is opposed by the yellow press (see a recent article in "Collier's Weekly"). We ought to back it. For purposes of this sort I advise addressing members of both houses, and do so myself upon occasion. The distinguished Minnesota physician, Malchow, convicted under the Comstock law, has not only been refused justice by Roosevelt, but this insolent ignorance and demagogue took the occasion to blackguard the two senators from Minnesota in characteristic fashion for presenting the petition (signed by the governor and other principal citizens of their state). The result of my correspondence with them is to ascertain that one of the senators (Clapp) took his kicking like a cur; but the other (Nelson) shows a proper spirit. He thanked me for giving him a full history of "Comstockery, the world's joke at expense of the United States"; and is a good man to interest. As for Roosevelt, the advantages of appeals to his intelligence are fully described in the sixth verse of the seventh chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew.

C. L. JAMES.

PRUDERY EXPLAINED.

Why the bees should pamper their mothers whilst we pamper only our operative prima donnas is a question worth reflecting on. Our notion of treating a mother is not to increase her supply of food, but to cut it off by forbidding her to work in a factory for a month after her confinement. Everything that can make birth a misfortune to the parents as well as a danger to the mother is conscientiously done. When a great French writer, Emile Zola, alarmed at the sterilization of his nation, wrote an eloquent and powerful book to restore prestige of parentage, it was at once assumed in England that a work of this character, with such a title as "Fecundity," was too abominable to be translated, and that any attempt to deal with the relations of the sexes from any other than the voluptuary or romantic point of view must be sternly put down. Now, if this assumption were really founded on public opinion, it would indicate an attitude of disgust and resentment towards the life force that could only arise in a diseased and moribund community in which Ibsen's Hedda Gabler would be the typical woman. But it has no vital foundation at all. The prudery of the newspapers is, like the prudery of the dinner table, a mere difficulty of education and language. We are not taught to think decently on these subjects, and consequently, we have no language for them, except indecent language. We, therefore, have to declare them unfit for public discussion, because the only terms in which we can conduct the discussion are unfit for public use. Physiologists, who have a technical vocabulary at their disposal, find no difficulty; and masters of language who think decently can write popular stories like Zola's "Fecundity" or Tolstoy's "Resurrection" without giving the smallest offense to readers who can also think decently. But the ordinary modern journalist, who has never discussed such matters, except in ribaldry, cannot write a simple comment on a divorce case without a conscious shamefulness or a furtive facetiousness that makes it impossible to read the comment aloud in company. All this ribaldry and prudery (the two are the same) does not mean that people do not feel decently on the subject; on the contrary, it is just the depth and seriousness of our feeling that makes its denigration by vile language and coarse humor intolerable; so that at last we cannot bear to have it spoken of at all because only one in a thousand can speak of it without wounding our self-respect, especially the self-respect of women. Add to the horrors of popular language the horrors of popular poverty. In crowded populations poverty destroys the possibility of cleanliness; and in the absence of cleanliness many of the natural conditions of life become offensive and noxious, with the result that at last the association of uncleanliness with these natural conditions becomes so overpowering that among civilized people (that is, people massed in the labyrinth of slums we call cities), half their bodily life becomes a guilty secret, unmentionable except to the doctor in emergencies; and Hedda Gabler shoots herself because maternity is so unsatisfactory. In short, popular prudery is only a mere incident of popular squalor; the subjects which it taboos remain the most interesting and earnest of subjects in spite of it.—G. Bernard Shaw.

Without hearts there is no home.—Byron.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF WOMAN.

If a woman wants marriage, and wants to make her marriage a religious sacrament, let her do so. If another woman wishes to have the sanction of a magistrate or a judge of probate, let her have it. If she wishes to make an individualistic contract with a man without witnesses, it is her right to do so. If she wishes to claim her natural right to motherhood or to sex-association without any contract whatever, holding herself responsible to natural law, natural justice, for the consequences of such association, it is nobody's business but her own. From my point of view, our marriage laws are all wrong; they are the mediate or immediate cause of more suffering, debasement and crime than any other laws or class of laws; but I recognize also that, like all other laws and superstitions, they are the result of natural evolution, and that by natural evolution must they be eliminated or destroyed. As in the elimination of our iniquitous land laws, money laws, tariff laws, etc., the first thing to do is to create a desire for something better. Next, to show that something better can only be obtained by a recognition of the demands of natural right, natural justice. To create such a desire, and to show what the demands of natural justice mean or require, is the present mission of LUCIFER THE LIGHT-BEARER.

The address of Joseph Errant in Chicago raises several questions of much importance as well as of much difficulty of solution.

First, and somewhat incidentally to the main question, we would ask, if it be right and proper that the law should make provision whereby the "unmarried mother may take proceedings, either before or after the child is born, to place the father under bonds to pay money for the support of the child"—if the unmarried mother can lawfully and rightfully do this, would it not also be proper and right and should it not be lawful for the married mother to do so too? The common impression seems to be that the marriage bond supercedes the necessity of placing the putative father under other bonds for the support of his child or his children—that his promise to the priest or magistrate to love, cherish and protect his wife includes the

obligation to properly support his child or his children if any should be born to him, and that his solemn promise or oath is a sufficient guarantee to the woman for its fulfillment.

But how does this theory work in practice? Let the thousands of half-starved, half-clad, uneducated children of married mothers give answer. When the husband plays truant and deserts his family, or, worse still, when he proves himself a loafer, a deadbeat, consuming upon his wife most of his scanty earnings, what recourse have the injured wife and children? If the mother were not married to the shiftless spendthrift or vicious sponge in the shape of a man, she could at least refuse longer to be his sex slave—could refuse to bear him any more children to grow up in poverty and vice or to die from neglect. She might be able, if unmarried, even under our unjustly discriminatory industrial system, to support herself and one child, but what can she do with four, five, six or more children, all under ten years of age, as often happens in marriage?

It is true that in some states a divorce is allowed the married woman whose husband notoriously fails to provide for his family, but how many wronged women will avail themselves of such relief? Marriage to most women is a sacrament, an oath, a bond to be dissolved only by death, or by dishonor, to them worse than death. "For better or for worse, till death do you part," are words of fearful import, and rather than seek relief by divorce most women will be true to that bond till death brings release.

But all this is incidental rather than vitally important to the main questions that are just now receiving much attention from the Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago, and from the clergy and newspapers of that and other cities. The lecture of Mr. Errant is only one of hundreds that have lately been delivered by eminent men and women in regard to the various forms of sexual and social evils. Mr. Errant seems to have much faith in "law" as a cure for these evils, but thinks the law, as well as public opinion, "need great revision on these questions." As the law now stands, he says, when an unmarried woman seeks to place the responsibility upon the father of her child, "the attack is always made upon the woman's chastity, because, forsooth, the policy of the law has been to virtually compel a woman who brought a charge against a man to prove herself chaste."

To determine, then, whether public opinion and the laws need revision or not it would seem that some definition is necessary. We must know what is meant by "a woman's chastity." And upon this definition, as upon a pivot, turns the whole controversy of women's rights and wrongs in the sex-relations.

The lecturer himself has given us a pointer or two, perhaps unwittingly, that leads at once, as we think, to the correct definition of the terms "chaste" and "chastity," as applied to women, as when he says: "The law and public opinion should unite in recognizing the sacredness of motherhood wherever it may be found."

Now, if motherhood is always sacred, then such words as "bastard," "whoredom," etc., must lose their present meaning, and a woman cannot be considered unchaste, lewd or impure simply because she becomes a mother outside of wedlock. If motherhood be always sacred, then the necessary processes or acts that lead to or culminate in motherhood cannot be unchaste or "unchaste" processes or acts.

Follow this simple statement or proposition as to the "sacredness of motherhood wherever found" to its logical sequence and it means neither more nor less than the sacredness of womanhood—sacredness of woman as the mother of humanity. It means also the sovereignty of woman over her own person, for in no other way can the sacredness of womanhood, of motherhood, be properly maintained and defended. Self-ownership of woman means or includes the right to dispose of her selfhood—of her entire person—as she may think proper, without consulting any one but the individual whose equal right to self-ownership may be jeopardized or imperiled by her election; and the right to dispose of her person or to choose once, involves and includes the right to dispose and to choose as indefinite number of times.

If the sacredness of motherhood includes and requires self-ownership, self-control, it also includes and requires the ownership and control of the offspring of her person, of her body. When man endures half the pain, the labor, the peril of bringing a child into the world he can then claim half-ownership in the offspring of which he may be the actual or the putative father, and not till then. This view would seem to settle the question of "responsibility" for the parentage and for the support of the child. Without ownership of some sort, responsibility for care and for support cannot be justly predicated or charged. Natural affection will prompt the father to assist in the support of both mother and child, but natural justice will give him no control over either because of or in reward for

such aid. It is this claim to authority over mother and child, because of the alleged support given them in their helplessness and because of the assumed superiority of fatherhood over motherhood, that has made slaves and drudges of women and children in all past times.

Our solution, then, of the question of "responsibility" for the birth of a child and for its support and proper education (the fixing of which responsibility seems to be the chief concern of Mr. Errant and his brother reformers) would be simply this:

First.—The repeal or abolition of all artificial (man-made) restrictions or control of the sex relations of women and men, thus allowing natural selection, natural affection, to do its legitimate work.

To secure this repeal, this abolition, woman must lead the way—man will not, simply because these artificial restrictions were made by man for his own benefit—that is, for the purpose of perpetuating his power over woman. In the language of Laura Cummings, "woman must save woman," and the only way to save woman from the bells to which man has assigned her is—as all great reforms in the past have been won—by ignoring, by repudiating and trampling under foot these man-made restrictions. Woman must be a rebel and must be sustained in her rebellion by her sister woman. No law ever was repealed until they were ignored and disregarded by the victims of these laws.

Second.—Constructively: To take the place of the artificial laws and customs thus abolished, let education and a sense of responsibility to self and to natural law be substituted. Let girls (and boys, too) be taught, as soon as they can understand language, all that is known or can be known in regard to "motherhood," in regard to the use and the natural consequences of the abuse of their bodies—including, as the most important, the reproductive system.—Moses Harman, in *Lucifer*, Feb. 8, 1893.

LIBERTY AND LICENTIOUSNESS.

The utmost concern is expressed for the liberty of the press, and the utmost horror for its licentiousness; but then, by the licentiousness of the press is meant every disclosure by which any abuse is brought to light and exposed to shame; by the liberty of the press is meant only publications from which no such inconvenience is to be apprehended; and the fallacy consists in employing the *sham* appreciation of liberty as a mask for the real opposition to all free discussion.

To write a pamphlet so ill that nobody will read it; to animadvert in terms so weak and insipid upon great evils, that no disgust is excited at the vice, and no apprehension in the evil-doer, is a fair use of the liberty of the press, and is not only pardoned by the friends of government, but draws from them the most fervent eulogium. The licentiousness of the press consists in doing the thing boldly and well, in striking terror into the guilty, and in rousing the attention of the public to the defense of their highest interests. This is the licentiousness of the press held in the greatest horror by timid and corrupt men, and punished, by semi-anonymous, semi-cadaverous judges, with a captivity of many years.—*Jeremy Bentham*.

When Jeremy Bentham, a learned English jurist of the last century, said, "By the licentiousness of the press is meant every disclosure by which any abuse is brought to light and exposed to shame," he must have had in his prophetic eye the men who are now trying to put *LUCIFER's* editors and publishers behind prison bars for plain speaking against the horrible abuses of the present day.—Moses Harman, in *Lucifer*, Feb. 8, 1893.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

When children succumb to insupportable conditions of life in this world, religion offers consolation in the assurance that God has called these little ones to join the angelic hosts around his throne; if they live to grow up to continued deprivation, religion exhorts them to be content "in that state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call" them, thus throwing all the responsibility for the world's misery upon an unknown creator, just as the Mormons are said to justify their peculiar institution by the theory that innumerable souls are waiting to be born that they may glorify God and enjoy him forever, and therefore it is well-pleasing to him for human beings to furnish these spirits with mortal bodies as rapidly as possible.—*Elizabeth H. Evans*.

All the selfish propensities, the self-worship, the unjust self-preference, which exists among mankind, have their source and root in and derive their principal nourishment from the present constitution of the relation between men and women.—*John Stuart Mill*.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 9 months and 22 days old. He has served 157 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into *LUCIFER* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *LUCIFER* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to *LUCIFER*, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 260 Fulton street, Chicago.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., July 22, 1904.

Many thanks, dear daughter, for good letters since I wrote you two weeks ago—the last dated July 19. Glad to hear that everything is going on so well at home. Though not allowed to see its radiant face, I rejoice to know that our Son of the Morning continues to make its appearance prompt to time every other week. This is more than could be said of it when I was manager. Glad to know that friends far and near are doing their part so well that there is no lack of the needful to meet current expenses of publication. Glad to know that your health continues normal notwithstanding unusual strain, from sickness in family and lack of usual help.

Hope the summer in Chicago will not be uncomfortably or unhealthfully warm. Here at the U. S. P. the weather has been pleasantly cool most of the time since my transfer from Joliet, Ill. The hospital, of which I am still an inmate, occupies part of the third floor of the main building, and the prison itself is located on a bluff

or high ridge, hence we get good circulation of air most of the time.

My report of health, two weeks ago, was of the pessimistic rather than optimistic order, if I mistake not. Since that date there has been decided improvement in my physical condition. I cough but little now and the catarrh of stomach is less constantly in evidence. My appetite is normal, for my one meal a day—dinner. I get milk, sweet and sour; some raw fruit, and nearly always stewed peaches; rice, potatoes, etc. Old-fashioned corn bread (maize) twice a week, of which, as you know, I am very fond. Altogether I have good reason to feel optimistic once more, and to hope that my present term of imprisonment will not kill me, nor leave me so near dead that I cannot do a little more work, with hand or brain or both.

Most of this improvement is due, as I think, to the kindness of friends, far and near, who continue to send letters—hopeful, cheerful, loving letters—full of encouragement to hold out bravely till old Father Time shall give the order to the prison keepers to open the gate for U. S. "Convict" No. 3326—which order is now set for December 26 of this current year. When I contrast the fate of the average prisoner here and at Joliet, in regard to letters and visits, with my own, I feel almost guilty of selfish monopoly. Many prisoners get no letters at all, for months or years; others do not average one letter per month. Some never get a visit from friends. When an inmate of the U. S. P. eleven years ago I had many visitors—several visits per week, often; but now the rule is one visit in four weeks, except by special permission of the warden. Thus far, and by special privilege, I have had two visits of half hour each from Sen George, whose home is at Valley Falls, Kan., thirty-five miles west of the U. S. P.

How many letters have knocked at the prison door, written for my eye, and failed to gain admittance, in the two weeks just past, I have no means of knowing, but here is the list of those that reached my hand: Susan Swaysgood, 1; Philip G. Peabody, 2; Bert Griffin, 1; Elizabeth H. Russell, 1; N. C. Greene, 1; Emma Greene, 1; S. O. Bishop, 1; Sarah C. Campbell, 1; Frank D. Blue, 1; "The Chaplain" (A. Johnson), 1; Carrie Gross, 1; Otto Bobelen, 1; Ada Morley, 2; M. R. Levenson, M. D., 1; Ed. W. Chamberlain, 1; Lois Walsbrook, 2; Lydia L. Lamb, 1; George F. Patch, 1; Annie B. Fish, 1; H. Hansen (Colo.), 1; Louis McClarke, 1; Ella Slater, 1; Hilda P. Loomis, 1; George B. Wheeler, 1; Ella Kautz, 1; Maggie Dimick, 1; Fannie Bellin, 1; Virgie C. Moon, 1; Ollie Steedman, 1; H. W. Booser, 1; H. M. Addison, 1; Annie E. Parkhurst, 1; George Redborough, 2; Lillian Harman, 6; J. Francis Ruggles, of Bronson, Mich., writes that he sent me a book of songs. It has not been delivered to me. Please thank Brother Ruggles for me, and if possible, write a few lines to each of the writers just named, thanking them in my name, and asking them to kindly continue to remember the "prisoner of hope" in the U. S. P. at Leavenworth, not Fort Leavenworth, as first stated. Many of these writers sent copies of the songs I asked for while at Joliet, also copies of songs I did not ask for, but which are appreciated all the same—so many, in fact, that I shall have to ask the writers to wait till I am free again, when I hope to answer, personally, all who responded to my request for songs that I hoped would help to break the monotony of breaking stone with a steel hammer in a close yard without shelter from the sun except a straw hat. The promised canopy failed to materialize while I helped to furnish broken stone for the Illinois railways.

Please thank Oscar Schleif for the very fine photo of himself, and say no letter came with the photo. It was sent from Clamenton, N. J.

Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer, vice-president and general manager of the Postal Reform League, sent me a registered letter dated July 3. It reached my hand two days ago, on the 20th, having been delayed and reentered at Joliet, Ill. He enclosed an important clipping from a New York paper and suggests that I register my replies to his letters. Please thank him for me and say I will try to comply with his suggestion, but that I fail to see how registrations will help me to reach him, though it may help him to reach me.

After long waiting I am now getting the daily and Sunday "Tribune" and weekly "Public" (Chicago), but the "Scientific American" (New York), paid ahead six months, does not come. Neither does "Progressive Thinker" (Chicago), nor several weeklies and monthlies that came to me regularly at Joliet.

Shoot full.

Hopefully, gratefully ever,

M. H.

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.—Shaw.

FRAUD ORDERS.

Our Washington correspondent, in recently synopsizing the Crumpacker bill to limit the power of the postoffice department in issuing "fraud orders," as called, noted that the sentiment of congress in favor of providing a judicial review of the edicts under which the use of the mails is denied is constantly growing. Mr. Crumpacker's proposal is to make the issuing of a fraud order dependent on the approval of a court. The postmaster general must give notice of intention to cut off the privilege of the mails, and the party affected has fifteen days within which to go into court to prove, if he can, his right to continued postal facilities. The court will hear all the evidence and if it concurs in the opinion of the postmaster general will make an order accordingly. If it finds that party whose correspondence it is proposed to exclude is not engaged in any fraudulent enterprise it will prohibit the issuance of a fraud order.

Mr. Crumpacker, in the document accompanying his bill, which has been favorably reported to the house, severely criticizes the methods now in practice as compelling the citizen to prove his innocence of fraud without affording him an opportunity to see the evidence against him. This evidence is confidential and has been brought together by postoffice inspectors, and inspectors are apt to consider success as a duty and conviction as success. Moreover, it is an act of grace in the postmaster general to accord a hearing. It is a privilege granted; not a right recognized. At present the only remedy within the reach of the citizen who feels himself aggrieved is to go into court and seek an injunction against the enforcement, not the issuance, of a "fraud order." Usually the quest is fruitless, as the burden of judicial decisions is that the use of the mails is not a vested or property right. The methods of the postoffice department in executing one of the attributes of sovereignty can, however, be regulated by statute. Hence, Mr. Crumpacker seeks to curtail the autocratic tendency in the way proposed.

That the government has a right to protect the citizen and itself against the employment of the mails for the purpose of working a fraud may be admitted without the admission conceding the propriety of all the methods followed in the pursuance of this purpose. The power the postmaster general now has in the matter may be lodged in safe hands, but a successor might be moved by a spirit of inquisitorial autocracy that would lead to the gravest public inconvenience. If there should be no tribunal to appeal to, it might be possible for a postmaster general to hold that all speculation was stock gambling and that an inducement to investment attended only by the adverse chances that are liable in the most promising market was a fraudulent prospectus and to be cast out of the mails entirely. It must be remembered, too, that the denial of the privilege of the mails extends to all the correspondence of the party affected, and that letters having no relation to the business charged with being fraudulent come under the interdiction. The man against whom a fraud order is issued is, as Mr. Crumpacker in effect says, isolated from his kind, so far as the postoffice department can accomplish his isolation. He is therefore under a stigma.

The question considered in its broadest sense concerns more than the prosperity or expediency of the methods of an executive department of the government. As the law stands now it may easily infringe the rights of the citizens, the liberty of the individual. If a citizen desires to try some panacea for his real or fancied ills, if he chooses to purchase it through the mails, he has offended no law, and where in the constitution is there found any obligation on him to accept as final the verdict of a postoffice inspector that the assumed remedy is "fraudulent"? His money comes back to him, to be sure, but that circumstance is little likely to reconcile him to the paternalism that tells him the government will not facilitate the purchase of somebody's sure cure for indigestion. Protection against efforts to work deliberate fraud through the mails may be a legitimate function of the government, but the progress of paternalism in this country is so rapid, and the transition to autocracy is so easy, that the adoption of Mr. Crumpacker's proposal may be but a timely measure for checking a dangerous tendency. Judges are fallible, but they are free from the influences to which postoffice inspectors are liable. The inspectors are removable, and it is nothing wonderful if they are inspired by an earnest desire to report in harmony with the policy of him who possesses the power of removal.—Bates Evening Transcript.

Truth does not do so much good in the world as its appearance do evil. * * * Our wisdom is not less at the mercy of fortune than our property.—Rochefoucauld's "Maxims and Reflections upon Man."

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Pauline street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

J. M. CRANE, Chicago.—I send you \$5 for five copies of LUCIFER for one year. I want the four extra copies for distribution among persons who never have seen the paper.

MRS. NELLIE FITCHER, Rapid City, S. D.—Enclosed find \$1 to apply on my subscription. Wish I could make it \$100,000 instead, as my deepest sympathy is ever with you, your noble father and the cause you advocate.

F. E. LEONARD, Custer, Okla.—I wish to express my approval of the plan to print Moses Harman's portrait in each issue of LUCIFER while he is serving his sentence in prison, and will agree to contribute at least \$2 towards the extra expense of such printing.

FRED H. BERGMANN, Chicago.—Please find enclosed \$3 for LUCIFER and its cause. I beg you to forward my fraternal greeting to your esteemed father. Words cannot express my admiration for this gallant fighter for liberty. His persecutors and enemies have my full contempt!

C. F. CIAMPA, Boston.—Enclosed find \$2, for which you may renew my subscription to LUCIFER for one year and use the other dollar to help along the cause for which your father is now suffering in prison. I hope that Mr. Harman will come out of his torture just as strong as ever to continue his brilliant work of education.

DR. GEORGE A. BRAINFORD, Columbia, Mo.—A man called at my office the other day to consult me about his sick child. I afterwards showed him the picture of Moses Harman, and read him some short notices in LUCIFER. He immediately gave me one dollar and said: "I want you to write and have that paper sent me at once." So please find enclosed postoffice order for \$1. After this I will certainly show the paper to others.

P. FROMMEL, Charleston, Ill.—I am in sympathy with your father and his writings. I know him personally. I heard him make a talk in St. Louis at the convention during the world's fair. I admired then his pluck and courage to express his convictions for the cause he stands for, and send you my sincere thanks for what you do for your dear father and his cause. I would like to say more, but find my pen too weak to express my thoughts and feelings in letters. I enclose \$1, for which I wish you would send your dear father something he is fond of. I hope to be able to see him again at our next convention in Chicago. I will be a subscriber to LUCIFER as long as I live. I am only sorry I did not get acquainted sooner with the publication. I shall try and get some friends to subscribe for LUCIFER.

J. L. ABILENE, Texas.—I see my figure on the wrapper label are up and I must "come across." Find enclosed 50 cents to keep LUCIFER coming a while longer. It is simply outrageous that your good old father has to suffer incarceration and bear the punishment of physical labor for trying to do good. I am almost ready to say that the wages of righteousness is death. I wish I were financially able to help relieve the situation.

P. S.—I enclose a humorous clipping in which there is a point: The Gardener (tendering his resignation).—No, sir. It's the missus I can't abide. She's got into the 'habit o' talkin' ter me just like wot she does ter you. She fergits I can leave when I waste ter. —Pick Me Up.

J. FRANK HOGGLES, Roundo, Mich.—It is some years since I have read LUCIFER until recently, but I observe that you still keep the watch fires of liberty and genius brightly burning. Progress progresses slowly but surely, and we see the once "anful doctrine" of equal moral responsibility of the sexes being shamploped and popularized by thinkers of various calia, and even a reverend doctor of divinity has published a series of invaluable works for the sexual education and betterment of all man and womankind. I have never perused anything vile, coarse or indecent from your editor's pen, and unless the proscribed articles are much different from the general

trend of matter in your columns they can't be exceedingly bad. At any rate it is really very cruel that your aged father must suffer so vicariously for the writings of others, and for possible error of judgment in admitting their contributions to his columns. Other editors, however, err occasionally, but are not incarcerated or persecuted for a lifetime in consequence thereof. Upon the great question of respectful free discussion of all subjects, and the right to be heard on the topic of sexual enlightenment, your father is radically right, though at enmity with the fossilized superstitions, prejudices and proclivities of the ages. I enclose copy of a letter written him, also \$1 for your paper beginning with No. 1009.

J. D. WILHITE, San Francisco, Cal.—Some years ago I was a subscriber to LUCIFER and enjoyed most of it very much, but became offended at what I considered the hostile attitude of Moses Harman toward the socialist propaganda, and so hastily and, as I now realize, rudely ordered the paper discontinued. But I have remained intensely devoted to the central idea of LUCIFER—i. e., intelligent freedom in the sexual relations—and have also admired the stand of Moses and Lillian Harman on many other points. My sympathies have been strongly aroused by the present imprisonment of Mr. Harman, though I have been up to the present unable to extend any financial assistance. I now desire to express my sincere regret for my former letter ordering the discontinuance of the paper, and to be again enrolled in LUCIFER's family. Enclosed herewith find money order for \$1, for which please send LUCIFER to the address given below for one year.

★ ★ ★

[This letter was withheld by the prison authorities at Joliet.]

My Dear Mr. Harman: As this letter has to pass through the hands of the man of "god," I will refrain from expressing the resentment natural to one who learns that one of his best and most respected friends is in the clutches of the Beast. Moreover, I am firmly convinced that anger which expresses itself merely in hot-mouthed denunciation and abuse is unphilosophical and inadequate. If we all follow the line of least resistance and do the things we are forced to by our heredity and environment, then why should we feel contempt or bitter hatred for those who do malicious and unjust acts? Rather should we endeavor to make our persecutors and those who support them see the evil effects of their conduct, and by this process of education (which is, of course, a part of their environment) inspire them with higher ideals than throttling free speech and murdering or imprisoning men and women.

I shall never forget your kindness to me when I first came to Chicago. I regret that I am unable to reciprocate as I would wish. Verily, what the clericals would have us believe are Christian virtues—viz.: kindness and brotherly love—are practised only by Atheists and Anarchists.

I receive LUCIFER regularly and it is well filled with interesting and instructive reading matter, so you need have no fear that the light from the Light-Bearer will become dim while you are in gaol. I attend the Manhattan Liberal Club regularly and see Mr. Walker always at his post by the door. He looks to be in fine health. From time to time I meet friends from Chicago at the club. Harman gave a fine lecture a couple of months or so ago, and I have met a number of other Chicago radicals. Since she returned to New York, Mrs. Johnson gave me the news from your household. I was glad to hear that your courage and spirits were still good, and I feel as long as this is so your imprisonment will not break you down.

The picture of yourself that is being published in LUCIFER is certainly a fine one. I wasn't surprised at your looking so happy after Mrs. Johnson told me what a fine grandchild you had.

I am surprised that you are not allowed to write articles for your paper, or letters. I don't know much about prisons, but I supposed the guests were allowed to write as much as they wished. I am not surprised, however, that they forbid criticism of the prison role. I do not suppose any of us are overfond of criticism under some circumstances. Hoping that your health may continue good, and with best wishes, I remain, sincerely your friend,

JOHN E. BOULTERHOUSE.

Nothing, indeed, is much more curious than to reflect that if the pope himself had been born a savage he would now have been asking the blessing of strange gods over cannibal banquets; and if Mr. Spurgess had been born in Islam he would now have been defending polygamy, and holding forth as a Mohammedan apostle.—Lewis Thornton. And if Anthony Comstock had been born in Southern China he would now be exhibiting the beauties of his human form in the sodities which are there customary.—S.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 16, E. M. 306 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1072

TO THE MORNING STAR.

Son of the Morning, I behold thee shine!
Heard on thy towers of splendor o'er the hill.
How could men hate thee, Lucifer divine?
Thou borest light to them; thou borest still.
Though the sick globe in damp and darkness pine,
There lives but sorrow in thine eye, not ill;
Thy vast unquenchable effulgence gleams
To build the world anew from out its beams.

Our paths hold blindness, and the night is long,
The winds roam bitter o'er the stricken lands.
Oh! might men clasp thy light and hear thy song,
And break a road for thee with human hands.
Then might thy giant lance wreck crooked Wrong,
And rend the black oppression of our bands.
Shine on! Thy glory, ere the veil be drawn,
Seems presage of the morning of the dawn.

Hate cannot blot thy ray, nor Grief defeat
The eternal Truth whose kingdom is thy light;
The airs that breathe the earth shall yet be sweet,
Her face reflect thy love-born luster bright,
So men with whiter hands and gentler feet
May walk through fairer mornings won from night,
By fields of love that clothe the future years
And drink the rains of old memorial tears.
—Herman Scheffauer, in the *Clarion* (London, Eng.).

"WHO TOLD THEE THAT THOU WAST NAKED?"

How long will it be until enough of the American people awake to the realization that Anthony Comstock is a national nuisance, to deprive him of his legal power to commit outrages on the intelligence of the general public? His recent raid on a big art school in New York city, in which he seized several wagnolds of the school's fall catalogue and confiscated them on the ground that they were indecent, should be sufficient proof of the nastiness of his mind.

The pictures in the catalogue to which he objected were drawings from the nude by members of the life classes in the school. Similar pictures are shown in all the catalogues of the Chicago Art Institute and other art schools. In almost every instance each picture is labeled with the name of the young man or young woman who drew it. It is a well-known fact that members of life classes in art schools have no more thought of obscenity in their work than medical students have in the dissecting room. As a matter of fact, artistic pictures and sculpture of the human form have done much to refine the minds of the public and eradicate the absurd notion that there is something essentially indecent about the undraped body.

At a stereopticon exhibition given recently in the parlor of a private residence several views of nude statuary were shown. The pictures were artistic and probably excited no indecent thoughts in the minds of any person present except one young man, who proved his own nastiness of mind by remarking audibly, "Where are the fig leaves?" It is the calling attention to the nudity that betrays the nasty mind. "Who told thee that thou wast naked?" The writer of that question, attributed in the Bible to the Lord God, must have known from observation that children are never ashamed of any part of their persons until they are taught to be.

"Who told thee that thou wast naked?" That question is perhaps the oldest recorded rebuke of Comstockism. The implication that the human form is obscene is the beginning of the cultivation of nastiness of mind.

In this connection the following special dispatch, published in the Chicago "Tribune" of August 8, is well worth reading:

NEW HAVEN, Conn., August 7.—In a vigorous denunciation of Anthony Comstock's recent raid on art at New York, Charles Henry Smith, professor of American history at Yale university, said today the moral reform of the future could come by giving publicity to the thing Comstock was trying to suppress. He also held statues of human figures should be placed in public schools and familiarity with the appearance of the healthy human body should be encouraged instead of forbidden, as is the case. Prof. Smith continued:

"Official censorship is apt to change the normal desire for proper information into unhealthy curiosity, and in that and other ways do more harm than good. The most successful way to fight evil is to put good in its place. For instance, Luna Park and Dreamland have cleaned up Coney Island. They have succeeded where laws and police punishment had failed. The best way, when the case admits it, is to change one's attitude toward the practice, make it legitimate, and thus remove it from the category of offenses.

"This has been done on a large scale in the changed modern attitude toward heresy or worship of God other than in the prescribed way. The greater part of the civilized Christian world for a long time honestly believed this to be a crime and punished it as such.

"A capital illustration of good government comes to hand in the history of Yale college. Visitors at morning chapel formerly were seated in the rear gallery. When the great body of students stood up at singing they would turn around and look at the girls in the gallery. This made some disturbance, was embarrassing to guests, and had to be stopped. How was this done? Simply by changing the location of the visitors, putting them downstairs, inside the seats at the front, so students could look at them without making their curiosity obtrusive.

"It is evident in this case that the college officers had the good sense to recognize the natural impulse and furnish a legitimate channel for its exercise.

"The change in the attitude of the public toward sculptured representations of the human body at once would remove the occasion for the questionable part of Comstock's activity, while leaving the useful part intact. This especially is desirable in the interest of good government and morality.

"Familiarity with the appearance of the healthy human body should be encouraged instead of practically forbidden, as now. No material structure is more worthy of general study and admiration. If well selected pictures and statues of the best human figures could be put in our schoolhouses children would be led by their teachers to look upon and think of them in the right way, and contaminating influences would have much less chance of doing harm than now is the case.

"I firmly believe the successful moral reform of the future will come along that line. For the present we have a general system of indiscriminate repression and suppression which occasionally is brought to public notice by some sensational performance of Comstock's. This system professedly is protection of the children and purity of the home, but its natural and common result is to poison the foundations of life.

"Competent physicians tell us of the widespread physical and moral suffering resulting from the present policy of preventing sex knowledge from being acquired in a legitimate way."

* * *

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was a look of mingled perplexity and scorn as he discussed Andrew Comstock's raid on the Art Students' League yesterday.

"It is absurd," he said. "Really, I can't understand it. What is the idea? What good can he do?"

"I have never heard of such a thing in all my experience. There are art schools all over Europe in almost every city of any im-

portance, and they employ models and have life classes. In the national competition in England the winning studies from the nude are published every year along with the others. Yet they never think in Europe of molesting the art schools. . . .

"I suppose the offending publication of the art students was intended for circulation among the art students and persons interested in their work. But even if it did get into the hands of one child, does the sight of the human body possess some remarkable influence to injure a child? How can it? I'm sure I don't understand."

Several letters have been received since Sir Pardon became director complaining of some of the nude figures in oils exhibited in the museum, but the letters themselves for the most part showed that they had been written by persons who were mentally unbalanced, or at least fanatic, on that subject.—*New York World*.

★ ★ ★

Having experienced another of the shocks that afford solace to his soul, Anthony Comstock has raided the Art Students' League in New York. The raid can be viewed as the expression of the prudency that wells and bubbles in the Comstockian personality. Comstock sees evil everywhere, unconscious that all he sees is, to his vision, colored by the veil of his own nastiness.

As agent for the Society for the Suppression of Vice, there is no doubt that Comstock, did he possess a clean mind and normal judgment, might find something useful to do. Whatever he may have been in the beginning of a career the later stages of which excite disgust, he is now a nuisance and a menace to decency. He has himself become vicious. His presence is a threat against good morals. In all he says there is the manifestation of baseness. So delighted is he to revel in pollution that he perceives his environment to be polluted, and does not realize that this seeming condition is symptomatic of himself. His activities are to be regretted, for if they have effect beyond their capacity to annoy, it is to set up in the mind a train of undesirable thought.

The raid upon the Art Students' League embodied a principle which, widely applied, would strip the galleries of their treasures, create gaps in the library shelves where now repose the works of masters, and snatch the text-book from the hand of the student. It would bring to an end the study and practice of art. It was nothing more than lewdness exercising the right to be censor, and in doing this, to expose its bogus virtue, its grotesque zeal and its crass ignorance.

If the Society for the Suppression of Vice wants to suppress something the absence of which would be elevating to morals and cheering to intelligence, let it suppress its man Comstock.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

★ ★ ★

In every community there are human elements which appear to be designed for the express purpose of making virtue odious. Anthony Comstock is such a force in New York. He follows with unflinching vigor the pursuit of imparting to the best the complexion of the worst.

Comstock has disturbed again and again the patience and dignity of courts. A cause which might be well served by an agent with discretion he has often brought into contempt. For vigilance he substitutes meddling; in place of guardianship he gives the activities of a busybody. The good things he does are forgotten in the light of his amazing blunders.

Comstock's latest venture, his outrageous descent upon the preserves of the Art Students' League, might well be accepted as the straw to break finally the endurance of the society whose delegated public powers he has so often abused.—*New York World* (editorial).

THE DEGENERATION OF THE AMERICAN IDEAL.

The attack on Moses Harman and *LUCIFER* has been three-fold:

1. By criticism, fair and unfair; the unfair at times going to the farthest extreme of abuse and misrepresentation. This could be met, and was met, by persistent and patient argument and presentation of facts, and was not more than every reformer expects to encounter, and which he welcomes in so far as it is based on sincere doubt and fear of the effects of the innovations suggested. This form of attack, even when using the weapon of falsehood, could do no more than temporarily retard a movement having its sources in scientific induction and equity.

2. By prosecutions in the courts, under the Comstock postal statutes. At first, this was said to be aimed at obscenity in language, as in the famous "Markland letter" case; but, as had been

foreseen from the beginning by those familiar with the trend of suppressive legislation and adjudication in all ages and countries, it was not long before evolution in persecution had worked out as usual, and ideas rather than unconventional or alleged unconventional phraseology were the direct objects of attack, as in the counts of the indictment through which Mr. Harman is now serving a sentence in the federal penitentiary. However, had the procedure had now become, it had not wholly departed from the high standard established by the labor and sufferings of the past. The traditions and precedents of English-speaking communities had not been entirely forgotten; the safeguards gathered about the accused by the struggle of a thousand years had not all been set aside. Technically, Moses Harman was held to be innocent until his prosecutors should prove him to be guilty. He had still the benefit of counsel, of compulsory attendance of witnesses; still the defense inhering in the right of cross-examination, in the right to be informed of the exact charge against him, in trial by jury, and in appeal.

3. Yet other and alien influences were at work against him. Contemporaneous with the transmutation of the federal statute into a statute for the suppression of unorthodox ideas, there had grown up in the postoffice department a system of clerk-law, executive-order condemnation and confiscation, against which the persons aggrieved had no defense even in form. Every guarantee of fair play for a man charged with a crime was lightly brushed aside; the administrative process long familiar in Russia and other countries was successfully imitated in a land accustomed to a jurisprudence fundamentally different, and Mr. Harman and others were delivered bound and gagged into the hands of their enemies. Issue after issue of *LUCIFER* was denied second-class rights in the mails, and there was no remedy; the power of the postoffice appointees was absolute; no appeal could be taken. The courts had ceased to be jealous for their own prerogatives and their dignity; they had divested themselves of all right of review of the acts of the postoffice officials. No counsel could be of use to a man whose property was seized and destroyed in the postoffice of the people; he was denied all knowledge of the particulars of his alleged offense; he was not confronted with his accusers, and so he could not cross-examine them as to fact and motive; he could not demand the presence and questioning of witnesses; he could not have a jury trial, nor could he present his cause to a mind trained in the administration of the law from the seat of the judge; no appeal could be made save to the country, and not to the country except most inadequately, because to make it fully he must lay before these judges the incriminating articles, and this he could not do, first, because he did not know in detail what was banned, and, second, if he had known, to reprint it was to subject himself to the danger of fresh prosecutions in the courts and further exploitation by the postal department. His property was confiscated and his reputation wantonly assailed, and he could not defend himself in any way provided by the constitution of his country.

The United States senate, after protracted and exhaustive debate, has just refused to take away the right of judicial review in cases where the interests of common carriers may be affected by the orders of executive officials. Many of the senators have shown that they have a very clear comprehension of the fundamental issues involved, that they keenly realize the vital necessity of maintaining inviolate the constitutional landmarks of citizen rights. Is it possible that not one of these representatives of the states is aware that the postoffice department has already done without statutory authority precisely what he has said by his reasoning and vote the government should not, shall not, do even under the protection of a statute? The common carrier, if the senate has its way—and it should—is not to be deprived of the right of judicial review of the edict of federal appointees. The publisher has lost that right *de facto*, and no member of either house of congress, so far as I am aware, has taken cognizance of this gross defiance of the constitution, this wanton outrage of the citizen, committed by the federal appointees in the postoffice department.

And the outlook? Is the sky brightening in the least? I am not hopeful for the immediate future. Neither the people nor the leaders in agitation for some kind of change have any clear conception of the needs of the nation. That is to say, but few of them know anything about the basic principles upon which alone enduring peace, order and prosperity can rest. Most of them are engaged in hopping the outgrowing twigs of the tree of evil instead of digging deep to tear out its roots. They have forgotten the priceless lessons of the past. They are eager to increase the very regulations and suppression which have caused so much of the trouble, instead of striving to abrogate those regulations, to supplant that suppression

by wise and tactful guidance. Official socialism is committed logically to an extension of the protective and prohibitive ideas and practice of the politicians of the long-dominant school of social doctrinaires. To paraphrase the words of Jane Porter, the defection from the principles of individual self-government has extended even to many who have followed the splendid standard of liberty. As an instance of this surrender, take a recent utterance of Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost, at the close of a long plea for collectivism. A hypothetical person, assumed not to be willing to "give himself up a small portion of the time for the benefit of the community" in the particular way decreed by the majority of his neighbors, was pointed to the door in the old, old fashion. He was told he might "find some hole in the ground, some secluded place, some uninhabited island, and go there." Ah! that "uninhabited island"; what a part it has played in religious, moral and sociological polemics! At one time or another, all classes of reformers have been told to go there if institutions here were not liked. The Christian and theocrat has sent the freethinker and secularist there; the marriageist has put the free-lover on a junk bound for that vague spot; the ordinary governmentalists has shipped both the socialist and the anarchist there; and now comes the socialist—who only last week was an anarchist himself, and only last evening was leagues off on the anarchist left flank on an "absolute freedom" scout—and suggests the like deportation of the anarchists and other dissenters! And if these should land there and settle down, how long would it be before some "collectivity," socialist or other, would disembark a detachment of marines, fling out a banner, and "benevolently assimilate" the ex-convicts!

No; we are not yet out of the desert, nor likely to be in this or the next generation. The tattered and discredited flags of freedom drag and shrivel in the hot volcanic mud as we are borne on the eruption of stupidity and passion into an epoch of lynching—of lynching by petty servants, through the administrative process; of lynching by the mob with rope and knife and torch. The restraints long exerting influence, restraints good and bad alike, have broken down or are in process of disintegration, while the adaptation to new conditions of the salutary among the old restraints and the emerging of new principles of direction and defense await the reaction against the mad dervish dance of the priests of misdirected legislation on the one hand and of the priests of the vengeance-seeking crowd on the other.

There will be martyrs like Moses Harman until the people are educated back to the simple principles of equal rights and fair play which the creators of the constitution sought to make operative and which have been trampled and nullified by the beneficiaries of privilege and the brief-holders for partialism, proterity, absolutism and economic interference and close-communionism.—Edwin C. Walker, in *Soundview*.

★ ★ ★

The treatment received by Moses Harman, the imprisoned editor of *LUCIFER*, while in the prison at Joliet, reveals a determination on the part of the keepers of that institution to put an end to his life. He was for some time kept in a cell with a man who was dying with tuberculosis, and later he had as a cell mate a violent murderer who subjected him to constant abuse. For long hours he was kept at work on the rock pile, and was told by a keeper: "We have a place up on the hill where we plant such fellows as you, and the sooner you go there the better." Thus exposed to physical and mental strain by day and night, the prisoner, who is approaching seventy-six years of age, failed rapidly, contracting bronchitis, catarrh of the stomach, and other physical ailments, for which he is now under treatment in the hospital at Leavenworth. Mr. Harman, in his last letter to *LUCIFER*, expresses a hope, but no confidence, that he may live out his term of sentence, which expires in December; the one medicine he needs is liberty. The case is too atrocious to be filly characterized—this spectacle of an old man whose life's labor has been that of making the world better, and the hand that might save his life by the stroke of a pen turned to sports that amuse the idle rich. Persecuted by filthy-minded vice-hunters, condemned by a court subservient to church influence, insulted by his keepers, and liberty refused him by an exalted official, Moses Harman is a victim of the conditions that for decades he has striven to abolish or correct—a martyr to the hypocrisy, the craft, the brutality, and the sordidness of his day and generation. Words do not hold the scene and contempt of men who are men, that if expressed would wither these braggart benchmen and gyrating swash-bucklers of church and government who have brought this fate on an old hero so much their superior that he excuses and pities them.—*The Truth Seeker* (New York), Aug. 4.

LUCIFER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[The following is a copy of printed letter and selected paragraphs which is sent with *LUCIFER* to friends by one of our subscribers in South Africa. He has been a staunch supporter of this paper for years, and has helped materially in extending its circulation. He sent us several hundred copies of this letter, which will be sent to friends desiring them on application.]

Sir: The copy of journal herewith I request you to read, and give careful consideration to. It seems to me that if you take the slightest notice of it, your curiosity (not to say interest) will be so aroused that you will wish to give it a more earnest perusal. I believe the objects and principles of the publication will appeal to you, as it must and should to every sensible, thoughtful, freedom-loving individual; but, lest its objects be misconstrued by a hasty, thoughtless inspection, I beg to offer a few words of introduction and explanation:

The publication is nearing its quarter-century of life and usefulness; but, notwithstanding this fact, it experiences a most severe struggle for existence—owing to the bigotry, hypocrisy, ignorance, intolerance, superstition and stupidity of the human race—and it needs men and women of thought, of sense, of judgment, of education, of influence, of power, to sustain and defend it. For this reason I am appealing to this class of individuals, and this must be my apology (if apology be needed) for bringing it to your notice.

I have myself been a subscriber to the paper for fifteen years, and can conscientiously and earnestly recommend it as being distinctly moral, honorable, upright, just and fair, and withal fearless in its teachings; and this last attribute has been the cause of all its trouble, as you will readily grasp, in this hypocritical and hypocritical age. Furthermore, its editor is known to me personally, and I can thus vouch for his conduct and deportment in private life. He has never been heard to utter an indecent word by his closest associates, either in joke, innuendo, story, conversation, or in any other manner, notwithstanding the ridiculously untrue accusation of the American postal authorities concerning the obscenity of the publications.

If this sample paper proves to be in accord with your principles and ideas, and if you desire in your heart to assist the people of America, and all English-speaking countries, to retain their constitutional right of free speech and free press, I hope you will assist the cause to the extent of subscribing to the paper, either directly or through me, as you prefer.

If, on the other hand, the doctrines of liberty advocated at so much personal sacrifice by the editor do not accord with your own opinions, of course neither he nor I would wish to force upon your time and attention anything that might be objectionable. Should I not hear from you in return, I shall take it for granted you do not endorse in the matter sufficiently to secure your aid and valued co-operation.

Trusting you will pardon my having brought this matter to your notice, whether my suggestion prove agreeable or not, I remain, sir, yours for human progress.

R. MANCIEP.

3 Amakada Road, East London, Cape Colony.

★ ★ ★

Thou must now at last perceive that a limit of time is fixed for thee; which if thou dost not use for clearing away the clouds from the mind, it will go, and thou wilt go, and it will never return.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

★ ★ ★

Men in earnest have no time to waste in patching fig leaves for the naked truth.—*Lowell*.

★ ★ ★

Unless individuals are permitted to reflect and communicate their sentiments upon every topic, it is impossible that they should progress in knowledge.—*Wortman*.

★ ★ ★

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

★ ★ ★

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; he that dares not reason is a slave.—*Sir William Drummond*.

★ ★ ★

Surely the individual who devotes his time to fearless and unrestricted inquiry into the grand questions arising out of our moral nature ought rather to receive the patronage than encounter the vengeance of an enlightened legislation.—*Percy B. Shelley*.

★ ★ ★

It is so easy to become more thick-skinned in conscience, more tolerant of evil, more hopeless of good, more careful of one's own comfort and one's own property, more self-satisfied in leaving high aims and great deeds to enthusiasts, and then to believe that one is growing older and wiser.—*Mrs. Ewing*.

LUCIFER

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-bringing or Light-bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

PILOT-HOUSE OBSERVATIONS.

During the great Civil War, when it was urged that to free the slaves by government authority would violate the constitution of the United States, James Russell Lowell wrote these stirring lines:

"The' we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to church and state while we're doubly false to God.
We owe allegiance to the state, but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core;
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then—
Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.
He's true to God who's true to man; whatever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race."

The fact that we fear to "break our fathers' promise" shows that we have not evolved out of the plane of "ancestor worship." We seem afraid to seriously ask ourselves the question, Why should one generation have power to bind a succeeding generation, any more than the people of one country should have power to bind the people of another country? I once heard an orthodox minister say from his pulpit, "We owe God nothing; we can owe him nothing; he can and does owe us everything"—or words to that effect. And this, as I take it, is the proper attitude of one generation of people toward the generations that preceded it. And such also, it seems to me, should be our attitude toward "the state," "the church," or any other human institution. Lowell says, "We owe allegiance to the state," and "fealty to our country." Most emphatically I say No! The allegiance, the fealty, is just the other way. The state should be our servant, not our lord. Fealty to country is a form of ancestor-worship, fetish-worship, and as such it enslaves, degrades the worshiper and prevents rational development and progress.

If the last five lines of the poem just quoted should be made the motto, the rule of action, of all peoples, what would then become of nationalism, of statesmanship, statecraft, diplomacy, patriotism, etc., to say nothing of the older institution called the family—the

patriarchate and the matriarchate? Major Esterhazy would shoot his own brother if commanded to do so by his superior officer. He would do this not willingly but because duty compelled him, but he would not afterwards boast of his deed, as he would when, in war, he shoots a German, an Englishman, or an Abyssinian. He never thinks of these as being his brothers. And how many of us who now rejoice over our recent national victories think of the fact that our hands are red with brothers' blood? Lowell wrote many fine things in advocacy of human solidarity, but it is doubtful if he realized that the greatest obstacle in the way of practicalizing human brotherhood is the family institution itself, as defined, made rigid and non-progressive by canon-law and statute-law marriage.

Major Count Esterhazy is said to have admitted to two or three persons that he wrote the famous bordereau. It may be added that the general opinion seems to be that Esterhazy is about the kind of man he is said to have acknowledged himself to be.—Chicago Evening News.

And this is what Major Count Esterhazy is reported to have said of himself (see New York World, Sept. 19):

"Everything I did was in blind, unquestioning obedience to my superior officer. I am a professional soldier. I know no law but the law of absolute obedience to my superiors. If I were ordered to take a gun and shoot my own brother I would do so without the slightest hesitation."

Not long since this same Evening News said editorially: "The first duty a soldier has to learn is obedience." Why, then, should Count Esterhazy be censured for having learned his lesson well? The major is eminently in the right. The best soldier is he who makes the most complete surrender of his individuality, his own personality, and becomes most nearly an animated automaton, machine, for the use of his superior in command. Such is "militarism."

The Public Ownership Review has a word to say on this subject:

"Militarism tends directly to stamp out the spirit of freedom. In a military country like Germany most private citizens are over-awed and contemptible. The multitude of officers strut through the streets like birds of paradise, with all the superior airs of bulldogs and American policemen. What can the Russian people do for liberty against the army? See how in France recently the honor of the army has almost been the rallying cry of a new revolution which would overthrow the republic, and how that honor was deemed as paramount that all civilized forms of trial were waived as to Dreyfus and Zola. Great Britain alone of the great nations does not seem army-ridden, because, being an island, her army is small, and little remains at home to bully by its proximity."

In his article on "Free Marriage," in this week's issue, Mr. H. M. Parkhurst says: "Marriage is a contract; and like every other contract, it is an agreement made by the parties thereto in every respect that is not covered by statute law." The Encyclopedia Britannica says that "in marriage every right and duty is fixed by law," and that "its complete isolation from all other contracts is constantly recognized by the courts." If every right and duty is fixed by law, how is it possible for the parties to a marriage contract to put into it an article of agreement permitting either contractor to associate sexually with any one other than the conjugal mate? It is true that such a private agreement could be made and kept, but would a law court recognize the validity of such a provision? Would not the fact of such agreement be held by the court as evidence of intentional fraud, just as the courts now hold that an attempt to procure divorce by agreement is fraudulent "collusion," and therefore invalid? Is not exclusive sex-association, exclusive sexual ownership, the most vitally important of all marital rights and duties?

If Henry Ward Beecher had "knocked hell out" of Plymouth church, then certainly he would have knocked out its orthodoxy, and if H. M. Parkhurst can knock exclusive sex-ownership out of marriage, then orthodox marriage will be a thing of the past. A few court decisions sustaining the right of a man and woman to make a marriage contract in which exclusive devotion to each other sexually was neither expressed nor implied would make interesting reading.

Let him try who will, the task of coarsening a journalistic craft through the narrow channel that separates Scylla from Charybdis is by no means an easy one. Changing the metaphor—the pathway of an editor and publisher is beset on either hand by thorns and briars. To illustrate any meaning an instance or two are herewith offered. In a recent LUCIFER an old contributor used this language:

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

"My critics, of course, know this, and their criticisms are, therefore, not honest," etc. An editor, like the chairman of a public meeting, is expected to keep order by ruling out from discussions needlessly offensive language. To accuse a man of dishonest criticism is much like accusing him of dishonesty in business transactions, which accusation, as we all know, is the most serious that one person can make against another. This method of argument seems to me wholly needless—needlessly offensive. Why not show the absurdity and the inconsistency of the alleged critic, then let the readers or hearers judge as to the honesty or dishonesty of the respective disputants? To my thinking, it is always in order to challenge the truthfulness of any statement, and to show wherein the untruthfulness lies. This is a very different thing from challenging the honesty of an opponent. While it is not in all cases correct, probably, to say that he who accuses another of dishonesty is himself dishonest—consciously or unconsciously so—it is doubtless true as a general statement. It is impossible for any of us to get away from ourselves when judging of the motives of others. The man who is conscious of none but honest motives will not hastily attribute dishonesty to others. Hence the wisdom of the old adage, "Judge not—for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged."

Here, then, arises one of the difficulties above alluded to. If such language as that just quoted is allowed to go into LUCIFER's columns the editor is censured. If, on the other hand, the objectionable language should be eliminated, or the article returned to the writer, the editor will be accused of denying the right or principle known as freedom of speech—denying to others the right that he claims for himself—the right to say one's say in one's own way.—Moses Harman, in *Lucifer*, Oct. 1, 1898.

ANOTHER DENIAL OF THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH.

Carl Mattson, originator of a new religious sect, is having trouble with the Chicago police. Mattson had been holding meetings in a large tent, in which he preached in the Swedish language. His doctrines were offensive to some of the other Swedish preachers in Chicago and they caused the police to suppress his meeting on the ground that he was teaching "polygamy and free-love."

Mattson secured a temporary injunction restraining the police from interfering with his meetings, but after hearing the testimony of the other Swedish preachers a judge dissolved the injunction. After consulting with his lawyer Mattson attempted to resume his meetings on Sunday, August 5, when he and four of his disciples were arrested. Mattson was charged with preaching polygamy and his disciples with resisting the police officers.

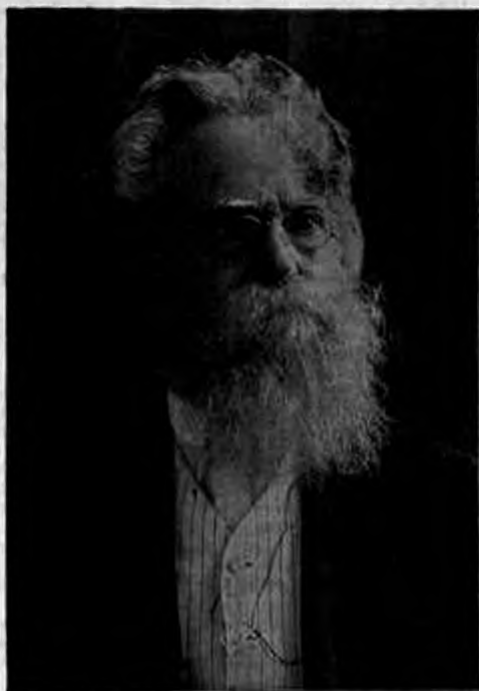
"I do not preach polygamy," said Mattson after his arrest. "The Bible does not command polygamy, although it permitted it. All I preach is based on the teachings of the Bible. I do preach against the belief in a literal hell of fire and against the belief in a personal devil. My meetings drew people away from the Swedish churches, and that is why the other preachers had me arrested. I intend to fight in the courts for my rights. The police had no right to arrest me."

Any person, even the most stupid policeman, ought to know that a man who really believes in any doctrine and preaches it would not deny it if arrested for it, but on the contrary would justify himself by defending that doctrine. So it is evident that Mattson told the truth when he said, "I do not preach polygamy." But even if he did preach it, why should he be arrested for it? It is true the laws of the United States forbid the practice of polygamy, but the constitution declares that free speech shall not be denied to anyone, and it surely is not a crime to advocate a change in any law.

Changes in the laws of taxation and many other laws are advocated continually, and frequently are made the basis of the candidacy of aspirants to various political offices. It is not a violation of a law to criticize or condemn it. From all appearances Mattson is a modern victim of the obsolete laws against heresy and was arrested merely because his teachings are not in accord with the religious views held by orthodox Swedish preachers.

Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—*Bacon*.

History is full of religious wars; but we must take care to observe it was not the multiplicity of religions that produced these wars; it was the intolerant spirit which animated that which thought she had the power of governing.—*Montesquieu*.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 10 months and 6 days old. He has served 157 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to LUCIFER, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., August 5, 1906.

My Dear Daughter: Thanks for letters. The last was dated July 31. Received the copy of Chicago "Journal" and clippings from "Record-Herald" sent by Wheeler. Please thank him for me. Glad to know you continue well and that business is going on all right. I sent you about seventy-five letters and cards on August 1st by mail. Hope you got them all right. If you or your good helpers can write a short letter to each of the writers you would greatly oblige me, as well as them. At all events please look them over and if you find paragraphs that seem important, perhaps you can use them at some future time. Hope you have sufficient help to enable you to do this. Most of the bundle of letters had been mentioned in my previous letters. A few had reached me since my last report, as follows: Ella Slater, 1; E. L. Small, 2; Carl Nold, 1; Philip O. Pushbody, 2; Dr. M. R. Leverton, 1; Annie E. and H. M. Parkhurst, 2; John P. Paulson, 1; Lucinda B. Chandler,

1; A. Wangeman (with clipping), 1; Ernest H. Crosby, 1; John E. Boultonhouse, 1; Dr. Bertha Florence Johnson, 1; Emma Greene, 1; C. N. Greene, 1; James Myers, 1; Ida B. Robinson, 1; W. W. Miller, 1; Flora W. Fox, 1; Elizabeth H. Russell, 1; Annie E. Cummings, 1; Sadie A. and W. P. Magoon, 1; Lois Walshbrook, 1; Cornelia Bocklin, 1; W. C. James, 1; W. P. Ward, 1; Rosa E. Larson, 1; M. Florence Johnson, 1. Since sending you the bunch of letters I have received: Joshua Harmon, 1; E. L. Small, 1; Joseph and Lydia Hoffer, 1; Sarah Stone Rockhill, 1; Bertha Moore, 1; O. C. Eomer, 1; Thirza Rathbun (with original poem), 1; Bettie M. Roberts, 1; Parker H. Sercombe, 1; A. Johnson ("The Chaplain"), 1; Clarence L. Swartz, 1. I may have mislaid or overlooked letters that should be listed in this acknowledgment, but I hope not many.

Am now inclined to believe that the letter of Paul Hull, superintendent of second-class mails, Chicago, was never acknowledged, having sent said letter home by the hand of a friend. If no acknowledgment of this letter was made, please be sure to write Mr. Hull, thanking him most sincerely for the sympathy expressed and for the very excellent typewritten copy of the poem "Sweet Afton," which Mr. Hull said is his favorite.

Since my last letter to you I have received two numbers of the "Public," the August "Tomorrow," the July "Fellowship" (Los Angeles), the June "Arena," but no "Scientific American," no "Physical Culture," no "Soundview," no "Staffed Club," no "Ghourki," no "Phrenological Journal," and no copies of other magazines such as "Everybody's Magazine," "Tom Watson's Magazine" and others that were not denied to me while in the Juliet S. P., nor the weekly "Progressive Thinker," that came to me regularly each week while there. Will you kindly ask Warden McLaury if these papers and magazines are on the "prohibited" list?

A few days ago I received from Louis Rorer, Mayville, Ky., four very superior white linen handkerchiefs, with my name and his neatly imprinted on the corner of each. Please write and thank him for the beautiful and valuable present.

The name Rorer reminds me that Editor Sercombe, of "Tomorrow" magazine, requests me to send him the names of a few of what he calls the "Old Guard," now sixty-five years or more young. I will mention a few, as they occur to me, of our venerable helpers. You can add their present address and add more names if you wish and send them to Sercombe—Elizabeth H. Russell and Dr. G. W. Brown, each about 89; Abner J. Pope and E. M. Dewey, about 85, I think; Prof. J. C. Loveland, 87; A. H. Fraak, about the same; T. C. Deuel and wife, Harriet Garner and A. J. Davis, all above 80, I think; Dr. E. B. Foote, Lucinda B. Chandler, Mr. Duxton and Dr. Juliet H. Severance, about 75; Dr. M. R. Levenson, Dr. Pfeiffer and Moses Hull, about 73; Dr. L. Mann Hammond, Louis Rorer and S. R. Shepherd, about 70, if I mistake not. These are not all that deserve a place in this list, by any means; please add such as occur to you, and send to Sercombe.

Am still in hospital; no material change in my symptoms; no cough now; am somewhat weaker than usual today on account of a somewhat prolonged fast to rid myself of bilious symptoms. Am getting more fresh than when first entering the hospital. Had one visitor since last writing—nephew Colfax Harman, of Oskaloosa, Kan.

It may interest you to know that Warden McLaury submitted the question of allowing me to read LUCIFER to the department of justice at Washington, and I received answer in the negative. The answer closes in these words:

"To permit this prisoner to receive this paper would be contrary to the spirit of the rules and regulations of the United States penitentiary and subversive of its disciplinary system. You are directed to withhold this paper and not to deliver it to the prisoner. Respectfully, H. M. Hoyt, Acting Attorney General."

This would seem to settle the question as to whether it is worth while to send copies of LUCIFER to me.

Showers are cooling the air here today. How is the temperature with you? With hope and love always, M. H.

COMSTOCKISM IN AUSTRALIA.

SOUTH WALES, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, July 9, 1906.

Moses Harman—Dear Sir and Comrade: Just a hurried line to catch the outgoing mail. I have just learned that you are permitted to receive letters from sympathizers. I have a fellow-feeling toward you now, as I am appealing to the supreme court against a sentence of three months' imprisonment for distributing my wife's (Dr. Edmund Benham) books on sex subjects. Public opinion is strongly upholding our right of free speech and we are confident

of getting the lower court decision reversed. If so, we expect that an expression of Australian people's indignation with the lawless of your natural rights will be sent to the president of the free Columbian republic. Never fear that the Light-Bearer will be suppressed. If the postal prudes seize your mails and the police confiscate your press, yet will be found ways and means of spreading the light of sex-reform. Readers of LUCIFER here are determined that in all quarters of the earth shall be preached the gospel of eugenics.

Here in Victoria we have commenced a campaign of lecture propaganda. I have lectured upon "Sense About Sex" in one of Melbourne's theaters on Sunday evening, July 1. Yesterday the police prohibited the lecture upon "Marriage and Free-Love" as a contravention of Sunday-observance laws. We are petitioning for use of town hall, which if refused we shall organize indoor and outdoor meetings for open public discussion of the subjects condemned.

We are in the first of the fight for freedom in sex relations here. The battle has just begun for freedom of speech. We shall win in the long run. You will hear of our progress by next mail. With best wishes and great admiration, I am yours fraternally, T. GILBERT TAYLOR.

Australia is about as far away from the United States as it is possible for anybody to be. Yet the spirit of Comstock is there. A little magazine, "Free Speech," Vol. 1, No. 2, June 16, 1906, containing an account of a sentence to three months' hard labor is still imposed on T. Gilbert Taylor, organizing secretary of the Free Speech and Social Liberty League in Australia, because he and two friends distributed two pamphlets—"Free Speech" and "Sense About Sex"—has reached this office.

Taylor, who is a native of Scotland and only 20 years old, judging from the account given, is a zealous and able reformer. He was a baby when his parents emigrated with him to Australia, and has lived there ever since. At an early age he took an interest in the conditions of wage workers, and when only 20 years old he organized the clerks and hotel employees of Perth. Less than a year later he became manager of the Free Labor Bureau in Perth and organized the coastal circulation of a labor paper. Five years ago he organized the Social Democratic Federation of Western Australia and was unanimously elected its first secretary. Two years later he married a talented woman physician and went to live in Adelaide. They have two children.

Five months ago he went to New South Wales on a special propaganda tour in which he spoke twice daily. He is regarded as one of the ablest public speakers in Australia. Last May he went to Melbourne, at the request of the unemployed in that city, and spoke twice each Sunday. He was arrested there on June 3 for distributing the pamphlets mentioned above. He took an appeal to the July term of the general sessions and was released on bail. No word of the outcome of the appeal has been received here.

Under the heading "The Crime of Gilbert Taylor" the following article appears in "Free Speech" of June 16:

"When a reformer sets out to break down some of society's ideals he is immediately put down as a crank and a criminal. You may touch society on all its lathouse sores, and nothing is said, but just say one dare to touch on the subject of sex relations, then you ignite the fuse of wrath, which culminates in a mighty crash of injured pride.

"The white man is terribly sensitive when spoken to about sex relations, and he defies any one to interfere in his family affairs. He maintains that woman is sent to him to be his slave, to be violated at his will, and to carry to the grave the cursed marks of his brutality.

"According to man's belief, woman is a mere empty-headed person, without a soul or a brain.

"There came to Melbourne one Gilbert Taylor, a powerful and brilliant orator and a man. He dared to lecture on sex relations. It was like throwing a bomb of new truths into pious Melbourne, and, bursting, scattered far and wide fragmentary pieces of a new gospel, causing the big, red eyes of the police force to focus the danger signal on him!

"Melbourne has its 'Truth,' its 'Hawket,' to report in detail all the fifth and sixth of divorce proceedings. Melbourne has its bookshops where young people may purchase vile books galore. Yet nothing is done to prosecute these people. Why?

"And the crime of Gilbert Taylor? What is it? Simply this—that he dared to sell a book, written by a lady doctor and entitled 'Sense About Sex'!

"The creating of ideal children should be first and foremost in the minds of all nations. It should be above the silliness of politics. Why should people be allowed to produce unhealthy, puny and hideous children? Does not Australia demand that her sons and daughters shall produce rosy-faced, healthy children? Again, a

woman has a perfect right to her own body. Why should she forever be at the mercy of a man (good Lord!) who violates her just when he likes, and she—poor, patient creature—is afraid, afraid, afraid to strike out for her liberty?

"If men were taught the holiness and sacredness of marital ties, and young men and women shown the terrible effects of illicit love, then there would be no prostitutes, no broken-down women, and no evil-looking men to mar the beauty of this great sunny Australia. And it is for advocating a splendid ideal of manhood that Gilbert Taylor is now being persecuted by the police."

"The advice given in 'Some About Sex' is much better than the advice given in some parts of the Bible. Yet we are told that the Bible was inspired by God. Therefore, if the authorities carried Gilbert Taylor they must follow up their trail and prosecute every one selling or reading the Bible; then finally prosecute God for being the author of an immoral book."

Most socialists are emphatic in their declarations that under socialism woman's condition would be much better than it is now; some socialists declare that under socialism women would be economically as free as men. Almost all anarchists hold that under anarchism both women and men would have the fullest opportunity for social development. Yet P. J. Proudhon, the originator of the word anarchy in the sense used by anarchists, declared that woman is not a social factor, but is practically a domestic animal which must be supported and cared for by man. This view of Proudhon's, however, it is safe to say, is held by few avowed anarchists. In this connection the following cable dispatch from Vienna, dated July 23, is of interest:

"A meeting of women at Klosterneuburg, in Northern Bohemia, to protest against woman suffrage, was broken up today by socialists. The women fought the men, who tried to stop their meeting, and the socialists resorted to the use of revolvers. Twenty persons, including several women, were wounded."

Commenting on this dispatch, the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, Mass., says: "Our readers will do well to postpone giving credit to this unlikely tale until further particulars are received."

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

MAY CLIFFORD HURD, Wellesley, Mass.—Glad your father has found better conditions, but it is awful what he has endured. Some one ought to write up "prisons" as Upton Sinclair has "Packing-town," for such conditions and treatment ought not to be allowed for any prisoner.

W. H. B., Peoria, Ill.—I inclose subscription to LUCIFER. Yes, I believe the work of your father is worth the sacrifice, though I regret the outcome of his good intent. Hope his health will be good and that he will again be able to show the postal authorities that he is still Moses Harman.

WALTER BRICK, Omaha, Neb.—I do hope that when Moses Harman is able to be out he will take up his autobiography and bring it to completion as soon as possible, but call it by another name, say, "A History of the Inquisition in the Twentieth Century." Yours, with the best of good wishes for LUCIFER and its circle.

PETER GRAHAM, Sydney, Australia.—Many thanks for your kind letter and copies of LUCIFER. I indeed hope that soon some radical changes may be made in your country and that your brave father may be made free and honored as he deserves to be. I inclose a dollar for my subscription and will endeavor, by giving away the copies, to encourage others to subscribe.

HATTIE M. ROBERTS, Miller, Mo.—Indeed I think that the work of Moses Harman is "worth the doing," and that he is in prison for me, for every woman in the land, and for every unborn child; and while he is so nobly doing his work for woman's emancipation in prison—and he surely is—I only wish I could do more to help along his work on the outside. I admire beyond words to express his noble determination to not buy his freedom by his silence, and sincerely hope he will soon be well. I see how thorough his faith must have been. I sent for some blank petitions for his pardon, and Mr. Roberts obtained quite a number of names. Strange, but women, I believe, are his worst foes. One woman, proclaiming herself as quite intellectual and a great reader, had received some

sample papers. She read only one copy, and when Mr. Roberts requested her signature she said: "Anybody who would publish such a paper ought to be in prison." Three ministers—all we asked—signed the petition, but one infidel refused; so it would seem all the liberal thinking is not among freethought people. It is difficult to see how one can claim the right to be free in matters of religion and not grant others the right to choose their own morals unless some one is wronged. . . . I appreciate very much the editorial you reproduced in last issue and think the idea a splendid one. . . . I had an article on divorce in one of our country papers in reply to a minister. The minister used words repeatedly for which your father's paper was held up. I related that fact, and that your father was in prison for using words that were delicate and refined in comparison to some of the minister's. Mr. Roberts afterward requested another editor of the town to sign the petition; he remembered the name of your father in my reference and signed the petition, and said he never heard of him until he read my article. This shows what even a little thing can do, as the editor is conservative.

P. F. CHAMBERLAIN, Fayette, Ohio.—I herewith inclose \$2. I only wish I was able to give all the support the cause needs; I would do it willingly, but my means are limited and I am 84 years of age, so you see my time is short; but will do what I can to help to better the condition of the human race. The money is for the continuation of my subscription and for a new subscriber.

HENRY C. ROBERTS, Bennington, Kan.—We all sympathize deeply with you in the trouble which the postoffice authorities have caused you, and hope your father's health will not suffer so much in confinement as has been feared it would. We know nothing can break his spirit. He will have his reward in the consciousness of the service he has rendered humanity and the gratitude of future generations.

EMIL F. RUDEBUSCH, Mayville, Wis.—Inclosed please find \$1 to extend my subscription to LUCIFER and a few stamps for extra postage. I am very busy now writing a German drama—the most modern of modern dramas, of course! I had intended to write to your father, but gave it up because I could not find the right tone. My letter would not pass. Please remember me to him in your next letter.

AURIE F. HILL, General Secretary American Press Writers' Association, 13 Isabella street, Boston, Mass.—I desire to hear from each member of the American Press Writers' Association. When money is obtained to pay for printing and mailing a directory of members, do you desire your address and name in it? Sending targets in form of papers to persons is an effective system of education. Moses Harman is No. 577, A. P. W. A.

LYDIA TOOB, 548 Boutwell street, San Francisco, Cal.—Have been looking all through all my books, and all I could borrow, for an ex. Can't find it, so give it up. Said to myself, Lydia, you are nothing but a scrubwoman, and, although you may be a first-class worker, you are not a scholar, and maybe the word pardon does not mean what it did when you went to school. On looking, find it means same old thing—remission of a penalty. Words are things; means to convey thoughts. I would be willing to demand our editor's freedom, but to ask pardon—never! I am not highly educated, and cannot write or make flowery speeches, but have the greatest contempt for men-made laws, and would rot in prison before I would hire a lawyer to talk me out or let a friend bail me out. I am ashamed of my ignorance and do all I can to improve my mind, but, if given my choice of an idiot or a coward, would choose the idiot. Yes, indeed, I detest the word pardon. It belongs in the vocabulary of cowards.

FLAVIUS J. VAN VOORHIS, Indianapolis, Ind.—I only wish I was in a position to assist LUCIFER in a substantial way, at least more than I have yet done, as it certainly seems to me to be worth doing. There can be nothing but admiration for the man who is so devoted to what he believes to be right and suffers for what he believes to be the right in the cause of humanity. I was at a national political meeting a short time ago and was gratified to find quite a sentiment against the censorship of the postoffice department, so much so that I had no difficulty in securing the insertion in the address sent out of a sentence or two condemning the law under which a censorship is possible. I can appreciate, I think, the struggle you have to keep the paper going, and I hope you may find it easier for the next year, and that Mr. Harman may not only survive his prison term but that he may have many years to give to the paper he has so much interest in. I send you herewith my check for \$1 in renewal of my subscription.

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Photographs of Moses Harman.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 30, E. M. 306 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1073

THE COMSTOCKIAN RENAISSANCE.

In our study of New York art we have now come to its culminating point—the only part of the twentieth century. Looking backward as we do, down the centuries, we are apt to confuse the three great periods of artistic activity in the blurred perspective of the past. We must bear in mind that more than a thousand years intervened between the classic age of Greece and Rome and the Italian Renaissance. Again, between the birth of Michelangelo and that of Anthony Comstock nearly 400 years intervened. Each of these great men, it might be said, began his labors at the dawn of a new century, the former with the sixteenth, the latter with the twentieth. But between the two we find a difference. In Buonarroti the Italian Renaissance reached its culmination, and after him came a long period of decadence. Comstock marked the beginning of the Manhattan Renaissance. Preceding him was no slow revival of artistic activity, of patient study of the classic form and method, combining with religious inspiration to create a new conception of the Beautiful, finding its perfect expression in the brushes of Correggio, Titian, Raphael, and a host of others. Comstock was a Revolution. Preceding him was a long period of destruction and decadence, not of creation and advance. Arising in a night, waving the flaming torch of Modesty, he founded a new school, the Pant-theistic. Tradition was swept away. Himself no master of the brush or chisel, he brought to the artist who had been working in slavish imitation of bygone standards of the Beautiful a new ideal, a nobler conception of Art and its purpose.



Effigy's Famous Figure in the Charles Murphy Palace. It is the classic scene, illustrating the story of Cupid and Psyche, and shows the flight of the escaped pair into the clouds.

The Greek sought with his chisel to imbue the cold marble with life and soul; in the human form, created in the image of the divine, he found his ideal of beauty and worked with almost religious fervor to adorn his cities with his marvellous but unclothed figures. Today we shudder when we think what must have been the streets of Athens, and a walk through the Roman Forum would have been a nightmare in our modern cultured mind. We forgive the ancients because they were pagans and the light of reason burned very dimly. We cannot but marvel when we consider that after a lapse of 2,000 years, as late as the twentieth century, these pagan figures were shown publicly in their original form in the galleries of Europe and the stock exchanges



McClure's Masturbation, known as the Bath. The tints of the porcelain tub are still fresh and perfect. As a painter of tubs he had no peer.

of America. And this with a people whom we learn from ancient prints never allowed themselves to appear even partially unclothed except on formal occasions, such as dinners, dances and operas!



The Apolo Belvedere New Jersey. Ascribed to Phidias until it was found that the palm-leaf fan was peculiar to the sculpture of the Comstockian period.

Morever, to a certain extent they fastened themselves a Christian people. Their artists, blind to light of reason and progress, were still groping in pagan darkness, slavishly following the methods of bygone centuries. Working thus, they were working to their own ruin, cultivating a back lot when the whole world lay open to them. Pant-theism they did not dream of. But Comstock arose. Like a breath of pure, fresh air from the Jersey meadows, he came. The artistic world was aroused to the ranker worm that was eating at its very heart. The public conscience was awakened. Men who had looked upon Michelangelo's "David" unblinkingly now turned from it blushing. The reform was far reaching. The "Venus de Milo" was removed to a collar of the Louvre, and a gigantic Rogers group was put in its place.

Comstock! The very word has become a synonym of sweetness and light.

Now, it is not in the province of this paper to deal with dates and facts pertaining to the work of this great critic of art, interesting though they are, particularly in view of the new light recently thrown on them by the excavations on the site of the ancient Yorkville Police Court. Rather it is our purpose to speak critically of the effect of Anthony and the work of his followers, that the student of the Comstockian Renaissance may come to a true appreciation of the debt humanity owes him. He taught indirectly. To use a phrase of the day, he put down the lid on paganism. To find expression, the artist of the time had to seek new fields. Unable longer to study the beauty of limbs and flesh tints, he came to an appreciation of the lines of a well fitting sleeve or the expression of countenance, and sought to copy perfectly the tints of a porcelain bathtub. Clothes became his ideal. Hence the term Pant-theism, which is now applied to the school. Clothes he found in endless variety, and his imagination had fuller swing and to his genius was offered a far wider range of artistic



The Columbus Runner, now in Van Cortlandt Park. It is ascribed to St. Gaudens and celebrates the victory of a member of the Yale Athletic School over a Harvard rival. The ankles are carefully shown.

achievement than on the monotonous drawing of classic arms and legs.

As an illustration we point to the superb frescoes on the walls of the Charley Murphy palace on Fifth avenue, which have been recently restored. They are by Rafferty, one of the most famous of the Comstock school, and are still bright and fresh. They illustrate the story of Cupid and Psyche, and in beauty of conception and execution far surpass the work of Raphael in the same line in Farnese villa in Rome, which has long been closed except to physicians. The tints of Psyche's shirtwaists are perfect. We can almost feel the nap on Cupid's derby hat. As we move around the great hall, going from panel to panel, we are almost overwhelmed by the power of this great artist in drawing and coloring clothes of every kind. In the first panel (on the right of the entrance) we see Cupid dressed for evening in a long fur coat and opera hat, about to ring the front doorbell of the home of Psyche's parents. In the next we see her sitting with her mother, clad in khaki outing suit of marvelous brown, thinking of her fiancé. And so we go from panel to panel till we come to that masterpiece of painting, that apotheosis of the Beautiful, the last panel, showing "The Flight of the Engaged Pair into the Clouds." Our reproduction of this last panel gives a fairly adequate idea of its beauty.

As a painter of clothes Rafferty had no superior in the twentieth century. His wonderful imagery had full swing in the checks and stripes of the times, and we find all his canvases crowded with brilliantly clad figures. Had he been born fifty years earlier his genius would have been stunted by the conventions which would have been imposed upon him by the indecorous conception of the Beautiful then in vogue. We shudder to think of it. What, too, would his compatriot, the divine and spirituelle McClusky, have been with his genius dwarfed in like fashion? We should have lost those superb bathtubs which are now the pride of our great galleries.

Patrick McClusky was born in the latter part of the nineteenth century and began life as a policeman; but, having early shown a predilection for art, he attended the Art Students' League school on his days off. It was by a fortunate circumstance that he was driven to abandon the studies then in vogue in that ancient institution and to turn his genius to new fields. He it was who discovered the beauty of a bathtub, the graceful sweep of its lines, the delicate tints of its metallic surface. We find him in 1907 exhibiting his famous "Susanna at the Bath," a work which was hailed with such applause by not only the critics but by the police and public that he at once laid down the brush and took up the brush. For twenty years he painted bathtubs incessantly, until on an untimely automobile ride he departed this life in the full flower of his fame. His love to Art was immeasurable, though hundreds of his bathtubs are still extant. Had he been spared he would doubtless have developed them in form and tint to a perfection still more marvelous. To comprehend our meaning you have only to study his world-famed "Susanna," which hangs today in the one finished nave of the Cathedral on Morningside Park. It is true that the window has been badly restored, but the coloring of the porcelain tub and the tiled floor is today as clean and fresh as when the inspired brush laid the pigments. Look, too, at his "Susanna." Did a pagan brush ever show her more beautiful, even though we do see less of her? "For centuries poets and philosophers have puzzled over that inscrutable smile," says Baedeker's Guide Book to Central Manhattan. Inscrutable! To our view, the mind of the artist was to express perfect contentment. We divine at once that the day is the hottest August 5 in the record of the local weather bureau. Looking upon this modest masterpiece, and comparing it with some of the bathtub and soap canvases recovered from the ancient subway, evidently the works of masters of an earlier period, we can comprehend still more fully the debt we owe to the colossal critic whose raid wrought the change.

To a later paper we must leave the study of the works of the other masters of the twentieth century. The two named stand pre-eminent in power and execution. Yet in naive simplicity McClusky has a worthy rival in August Himmelsbach, and Rafferty's imagery is hardly less rich than that of Henderson J. Pipp. In the originality of his bathrobe designs Erastus Johnson is without a peer, and none could crouch trousers so perfectly as the strong and virile Thomas Jones. But, leaving them for a moment, we must turn to the Comstockian influence in sculpture.

Of the statues existing in the pagan period our sense of delicacy allows only to speak in case of necessity. We mention the once famous Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican simply to compare it with the Apollo Belvedere New Jersey, which was unearthed on the line of the Lackawanna road and now adorns St. Patrick's Cathedral.

At the first discovery of this masterpiece of marble it was thought to be a work of Phidias. Later savants ascribed it to Michelangelo, but in the light of our recently acquired knowledge of the Renaissance we cannot ascribe it to either, then either Macmonnies or St. Gaudens. As to which of the two, critics differ. It is now definitely known that the palm-leaf fan in sculpture was an accessory of the Comstockian era. It is not found in any works of an earlier period. Again, the marble itself is not real, but the figure is carved from the imitation stone which was so freely used in the sumptuous hotels of the Renaissance. These facts alone fix it as a work of the twentieth century. Would that we could settle as easily the mooted question of its creator! In its pose it is a Macmonnies; in its nobility a St. Gaudens.

As to the master to whom we owe the heroic statue of a sprinter which rises in Van Cortlandt Park, there can be no doubt. It is a St. Gaudens. Badly restored as the left leg is, we recognize at once the splendid sweeping movement of the runner's gown. The same is seen in the only other known work of the sculptor now in existence, the figure of Victory running ahead of Admiral Sherman, a marine symphony in bronze which has recently been appropriately removed from Central Park to the Battery wall. In the "Apollo Belvedere New Jersey" we have repose—beautiful, somber, lifelike. The old marble seems infused with soul. We look to the mouth to open and utter some philosophic thought. In the Titanic runner we have action, physical beauty, the man perfectly developed in the great Yale athletic school. He is almost crossing the tape ahead of a Harvard rival, and we can see the strained tendons of the ankle daringly shown and almost hear his rapid breathing as he makes his final leap to victory in the 100-yard dash. Similar power of representing muscular action in marble is found in William Mulligan's "Hercules in Jumpers," where the right arm is boldly bared to the shoulder. But the student of art wishing to study this masterpiece in proper detail had best refer to our recent volume, "The Revival of Delicacy in the Twentieth Century."—*New York Sun*.

EXCLUSIVENESS IN LOVE.

DETROIT, Mich., July 25, 1908.

Dear Helen: Your two letters reached me safely, the last one finding me in Detroit, the "City Beautiful," as it is called. I enjoyed both your letters and the article from LUCIFER, and that article unobtrusively got into my trunk and I am sorry I cannot send it to you till I return to the Windy City, where my belongings are. It impressed me as being written by a thoughtful, sensible woman. If I remember rightly, she brought up the thought that the idea of one's yielding to all desires was erroneous. Certainly one should know the "whence" and "why" of the actions that make for happiness and well-being—and to be sure it is not always best to satisfy desires, even the desire for cohesiveness included!

Will this old question ever be settled? The problem of what is best for all—what sexual relationship is the best and only and evolutionary one? I have ceased to be interested in it as a national question. Let me but find the way for myself—find the conditions under which I can grow, and know the reasons for such wisdom as I have gathered in the past—and I will not ask any one to follow the same plan, tread the same footpath. And I do not want a formula or creed to live by. Let the churches have that. When we get to a state where we want to set up one standard for all, be that standard a monogamic, exclusive one or a plural relationship, we might as well all take to wearing the same-sized shoe. You will have one lover or a dozen in your life—not because you believe in a certain course, but because your temperament, your needs, your surroundings, determine what course you will pursue. If you had been brought up in the jungles of Old Mexico, lived in a tent or in the open air for years—had as little knowledge or love of the conventional home as I, for instance, have—what a difference there would be in your views! But you are a rebel, anyway, just as I am; and on contention is, I believe, over what I believe to be a useless speculation—that is, the marriage of the future—you holding up the monogamic as an ideal; I holding that an exclusive relationship is not only impractical and improbable, but damnably selfish and retrogressive. I mean exclusiveness as a lifelong course.

You ask me if I am a free-lover—crossed out and varietal substituted. I don't like the term varietal. I don't call myself that name. Does anyone imagine that one is deliberately seeking a number of friends or lovers simply for the sake of variety, like a vaudeville show? True comradeship in the search for knowledge laughs at that, for it is infinitely greater. Love is great as a means to intellectual growth, as a unifying factor, and as one of the

agents of social evolution; but beyond all this, and greater still, Love is a supreme attainment in itself.

I am not much concerned about what people will do several generations from now. I believe it to be as uncertain a proposition to say that people will all pair off in twos, with "no trespassing allowed," as it is to predict that wives will be owned in common, and let industrialism do the rest.

What is feasible today? Exclusiveness in love is not practicable today, because we don't have it. The facts stare us in the face: people don't take to it. Men and women chafe under the restraints of the you-and-me-and-no-one-else relation, and break away from it as often as they can or dare. Men are not in general "loyal" to their wives. Women, being less courageous and having children, are more "loyal" because they have to be. Men act on the principle of "what folks don't know don't hurt 'em," and enjoy the bliss of kisses on the side; and their poor, innocent wives are—perhaps finding the ecstasy of life from some other source at the same time.

Exclusiveness at best can be only an ideal—beautifully selfish, like the Christian's heaven, which excludes a large share of the human race from eternal bliss. The following reasons prevent the realization of the exclusive ideal: Inexperience, ignorance of youth, the constantly changing ideas of what constitutes a true and desirable mate, the mental limitations of the beloved, physical deficiencies, death itself, education, a keenly appreciative, sympathetic mind—all make a debarring or exclusive love difficult or impossible to maintain. An exclusive love is like a bright ray of light, intense but narrow, and when that one beam fades all is darkness and gloom. But a love that goes out to many, stopping neither at self nor one more, is like the eternal sunshine which sheds light and happiness forever. Never regret having loved. Be sorry if you must for anything but that. The days when you hated, blamed, condemned, you will recall with sorrow; but give a shout of joy, let your heart exult for every precious moment when you gave love freely!

And what of the starving hearts, the despondent ones, in your selfish love-scheme? Shall you or I become as bound up in our own monogamous happiness as to lose sight of the happiness of a sister or brother who may be just as worthy, just as deserving of a great affection as we two are? Shall we deliberately blind ourselves to the fact that here is another great soul that needs our love? You might say love him or her within certain limits. But if you are impelled by your instinct of sympathy and love to really love, what then?

Every good thing becomes destructive when carried to extremes. There is a limit to the number of people we can love. With the average intelligent man or woman the number is very small. I know of few instances where a sympathetic man or woman, with a bright mind and love of the beautiful, was willing to be contested and happy with one only. Let us bear in mind that love is not like potatoes, which, when divided up, leave an empty basket. Love increases only by giving.

A word about sex. The result of the long degradation of sex as unholy, unclean, was a movement following the opposite extreme, and then we were told to regard sex as holy, sacred, to be regarded in a worshipful manner. I prefer to think of sex matters as only natural, neither higher nor lower than other functions.

Young people are not monogamically inclined, and, of course, it should not be thrust upon them or anyone. The tendency toward exclusiveness is greater in people of fixed, conservative ideas and solid habits. It is not any more to one's credit to be exclusive than it is to be non-exclusive. Either condition may be desirable and honorable. Few exclusivists live exclusive lives—none are exclusive in thought.

People are cruelly selfish, and nowhere is this selfishness more manifest than in love matters. Can't we get away from it at least a little and be able to say: If this man or woman's companionship and love is a great, helpful blessing to me, why should I want to exclusively possess it—why monopolize it? Why should I deny that blessing to some other human being who may be more worthy than I? When we learn to say that and feel it, when we cease struggling to possess love for ourselves, then will that estrangement, coldness, self-blame and hate that come with the discovery that another is taking a part in our love-drama, all disappear. A part of the lesson love teaches is to forego love, as well as to keep for one's own.

Most sincerely, CLAYTON V. LAMB.

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.—Milton.

THE CRIME OF KNOWLEDGE OF SEX.

The three subjects of paramount importance to man are health, social organization and sex. These three fields have been the most neglected. Health is despised until it is lost, when fortunes are spent in not regaining it. Social organization is turned over to ghouls. The sex of the race is placed in charge of Anthony Comstock. I do not know of anything to parallel the folly of the American people in these particulars. To please industrial ghouls they will eat poisonous adulterations and putrid canned flesh, and die. It does not enter their minds to hang the men who poison them. To please a man who is wanting in the qualifications of intelligence they will allow scores of thousands of their children to suffer injury and ruin annually from sex ignorance. Comstock as a Czar of Morals is as grotesque a travesty as the microscopic Czar of Russia.

For high-minded protest against this destruction of American youth and corruption of American adults, Moses Harman, at the age of 76, is jailed like a common felon, for one year. I am surprised that this has not aroused such anger in the people as to drive Comstock, Comstockism, and related agencies, from the country. He pursues his way, bullying all liberal-minded persons, insulting women, laying down canons of art with clothes on, and defiling American health and morals at his sweet will.

In the Boston Symphony Hall there are large figures of nude men, wholly nude, and women and girls mingle with men and boys at the concerts. In the perverted light of the Comstockian mind these objects are obscene and ought to be mutilated or removed. It is a curious thing that this owner of American sex has not bullied Boston into veiling them.

Comstock has become an irresponsible monomaniac on the theme of obscenity, conjuring it up everywhere that he looks, out of the creative expectancy of his own sexified brain. How far is this from possession of the thing that he attacks?

His society should be abolished, and in its room a national league duly authorized should be established, to lift the American people out of their sexual ignorance. The main cause of "obscenity" is secrecy. Both can be dispelled by familiarizing children very early with the human figure of both sexes and instructing them in the nature and purpose of the sexual organs before puberty—that is, before their own sexual instincts arrive in force.

In spite of science, in spite of civilization, we are in the Dark Ages regarding sex. All children will go wrong in the sex realm unless they are taught with high intelligence how to go right. Not one can be still right by instinct. For if they avoid one pitfall they will sink into another. But how many receive any teaching? And certainly none as yet receive intelligent teaching. This sexual ignorance causes infinite misery; it spoils, perverts or sears countless lives; and yet if anybody attempts to break the spell of infamous silence and let in the light of investigation, if he reasons about sexual and marital relations, he is put in jail and martyred! We are surely in a black African jungle. An ignorant quack is made the St. Peter of the vast sexual domain, and anxieties about the hand suppressing all enlightenment. To him the keys of American sex are given, and he is made its pope.

Where are the doctors? I do not wonder that mountains of contempt are accumulating to fall on the medical profession for its criminal indifference to this sex theme. Had they not better wake up! Next thing Comstock, in his arrogance, will be cleansing and suppressing the medical journals that are so impure as to mention sex. What right have doctors to send out such masses of obscenity through the United States mails? What right has any one to harbor such contaminating information in his home? If his wife and children should get hold of it they would learn the terrible truth that Nature made sex.

Yet this night of shame cannot continue much longer. I would like to see the friends of sexual enlightenment and a higher relation of the sexes organize to uphold and spread their principles, and to combat assaults on the indisputable rights of free discussion. Had there been a strong national society Moses Harman could not have been imprisoned. Such wrongs are only done when they are unresisted. It is time for steps to be taken to prevent their repetition, which can only be done by aggressive organization.

It would be well also if a testimonial were prepared affirming the principles of sexual freedom and signed by all who adhere to these principles, to be presented to Mr. Harman as a mark of honor when he shall have endured to the full the punishment of a government worthy of Nero.

JOSEPH I. SWIFT.

The care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity.—

LUCIFER

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary*.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same*.

LUCIFID—Producing light.—*Same*.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—*Same*.

The name Lucifer means Light-bringing or Light-bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—*First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.*

KNOWLEDGE THE ONLY SAVIOR.

Within the scope of authentic history, or of history commonly accepted as more or less reliable, several nations or aggregations of people have been conspicuous for the influence, the power, they have exerted over other nations and tribes of people inhabiting the planet Earth.

Prominent among the leading tribes, nations, or great families of people, may be named the Arabians, the Greeks, the Latins, or Romans, and, later on, the Saxons, or Anglo-Saxons.

Arabia is a peninsula in western Asia—an arid, comparatively unproductive and uninviting section of the earth's surface, with a hot and enervating climate, never densely populated, like India and China; and yet the Arabians have preserved their autonomy, their independence of outside powers, to a remarkable degree, and have exerted an influence over the rest of mankind second to that of no other people.

Not so much by their prowess in war—although this prowess has shone conspicuous in more than one great war—as by their psychic or psychologic force, the influence of their religious cults, have the Arabians been the leaders and conquerors of a large part of the human race.

Among the earlier Arabian chiefs, sheiks, or heads of families of semi-historic times was Abram, or Abraham, currently believed to have been the patriarch or chief founder of the tribe, clan, or nation called the Hebrews, more commonly called Jews (from Judah, the head of a sub-tribe); also called Israelites, from Israel, one of the names of Jacob, the reputed grandson of Abraham. The chief characteristics of this Arabian tribe or sub-tribe, through all the historic and semi-historic ages, have been exclusiveness, vaingloriousness, bigotry, intolerance, aggressiveness, and acquisitiveness or narrow selfishness. That there have been many noble individual exceptions to this generalization is freely conceded, but exceptions do not disprove the rule.

Abraham and his tribe, or family, adopted a monotheistic cult or form of worship, in opposition to the polytheisms then prevalent

among the surrounding peoples, and, in accord with their own leading characteristics, arrogated to themselves the title of "Only, peculiar people." They claimed that the creator of the universe had selected them out of all the inhabitants of the planet as his special favorites, to whom he would directly reveal himself, and to none others; but that through them "all the families of the earth would be blessed."

If we are to believe their own account of themselves, the Hebrews began their mission of "blessing" mankind by the most relentless and wholesale human butcheries of which history or mythology gives any account. And later on they describe themselves as killing each other in their own family feuds with a ferocity and vindictiveness seldom if ever equaled by any other people. And through all, and largely as the cause of all their wars with each other and with other nations, has been conspicuous the monotheistic cult, and the bigotry and intolerance with which they regarded and treated all polytheistic beliefs.

A prominent and necessary feature or factor in this arrogantly exclusive and intolerant cult was the monopoly of religious knowledge, and largely of all knowledge, by a privileged class called the priesthood. In order to hold the common people, the common masses, together and give them the strength of cohesiveness it was seen to be necessary to keep them in awe of their leaders, and for this purpose there was and is nothing to compare with a belief that these leaders are the special depositaries of "divine" or superhuman knowledge. The masses of people, the laity, were therefore taught to look to the priests, and the priests to the "high priests," as the custodians and dispensers of all knowledge. None but the high priest was allowed to approach the "Holy of Holies," the sacred "Shelkinah," in the inner temple. Any attempt by others to penetrate or lift the veil that concealed these awful treasures of knowledge meant instant death to the sacrilegious investigator, by the hand of Jehovah himself.

The name even of him who dwelt in this "Sanctum Sanctorum" was not to be uttered by the common herd. To guard against such profanation the sacred name was made as unpronounceable as possible—not a single consonant sound, all vowels, viz: i-e-o-u; the nearest approach to the articulate pronunciation of which is "Jehovah."

In process of time two conspicuous attempts have been made to reform or amend the monotheistic cult of this old-time Arabian tribe, variously called Hebrews, Israelites and Jews. The first of these took place, nineteen hundred years ago, the reformers calling themselves "Christians," from the surname of him they consider the chief apostle and first martyr of the reformed mode of life or cult. So far as can be gathered from the very contradictory and semi-mythical records regarding the life and death of "Jesus the Christ"—so called because his followers claimed that he was the "Messiah," the awaited one that was expected by the Jews—so far as can be learned from these records, the man Jesus did not set himself up as the founder of a new religious sect. He was a devout believer in the creed of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, and of Moses and other Hebrew patriarchs and prophets, and simply desired to bring back his Jewish brethren to a more consistent practice of the old cult.

But the Jews, with few exceptions, rejected Jesus as their promised Messiah, and at their suggestion the Roman governor executed him as a malefactor, or disturber of the peace. Using the tragic death and alleged resurrection of their leader as the central thought or fact of their propaganda, and magnifying the deeds of beneficence attributed to him—including healing of the sick, the lame, the blind, similar to the facts of mesmerism and psychology common at the present day,—the followers of the dead reformer succeeded in starting what was substantially a new religious sect; a sect that grew slowly at first, partly because of the poverty, illiteracy and obscurity of its apostles and defenders, but chiefly because of the bigotry, intolerance and aggressiveness it had inherited from its Jewish parent and prototype, and because of the opposition and persecution it encountered on account of such intolerance and aggressiveness.

When Christianity first appeared as a reformed Judaism the Roman empire controlled and embraced most of the then known world. In religious matters the Roman government had always been tolerant and hospitable. It was never the policy of pagan Rome to interfere with the religious beliefs, rites or observances of its conquered provinces. In the Pantheon at Rome—the Temple of All the Gods—an image or shrine was erected for the worship of the tutelary deity of every nation or tribe that came under the political dominion of the Romans. All that was required or expected

by the government in matters religious was that such sect should treat all other sects with civility and respect.

But this very reasonable requirement was soon violated by the sect calling themselves Christians. Equality of rights and privileges is a principle wholly foreign to the Christian system, as such. "No other name given under heaven by which ye can be saved but the name of Jesus." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Hence, denunciation of all other religions, aggressiveness, or attempts at proselyting were prominent characteristics of Christians from the earliest period of their history, and when at length the Emperor Constantine adopted Christianity as the state religion—because none other would offer forgiveness to his murder-stained soul—then the adherents of the new faith showed to the full extent their characteristic narrowness, their bigotry of belief, their intolerance of rival creeds, and their determination to suppress all learning, all science and art, that they believed inimical to the universal rule of the Christian church.

And from that day to the present, monopoly of knowledge by the priesthood, denial of the right of independent thought or investigation, persecution of freethinkers, and suppression of speech and of press, whenever and wherever speech and press antagonized the rule of the church—such has been the uniform and consistent policy of the reformed Judaism commonly called Christianity.

And now, after a trial of some sixteen hundred years of repression of knowledge and suppression of speech and of free investigation, by the church, and by the civil power controlled by the church, is it not fair and right that this repressive policy and its authors should be held to account and judged by their fruits?

A tree is known by its fruits. Has the world, the so-called Christian world, been redeemed from vice, crime, poverty and misery by the church and by its monopoly of knowledge and by its suppression of knowledge? The answer to such questions is seen and read of all men in the reports of the daily press, in the sad eyes, hollow cheeks and half-starved features of thousands we meet daily on the streets. And still more emphatic is the answer seen in the congested abortions—mental, physical and psychic—met with on every hand.

Is it not time, is it not fair and reasonable that we now give the opposite policy a trial? Is it not time to demand that knowledge take the place of ignorance in all things, and especially in the most important of all human relations, the relations based upon the differentiation called sex—since it is in and upon these relations that life and character are given to each human being.

To put the question a little more positively: Is it not time that a nation calling itself free should throw off the shackles of medieval despotism known as the "inquisition," whereby the expression of honest thought is made a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment?

Let thought and speech and press be free. Let knowledge assert itself as man's true savior. Truth and right have nothing to fear as long as speech and press and thought are left free to grapple with error and wrong.—Moses Harman, in LUCIFER, June 3, 1896.

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The man who fears to go his way alone,

But follows where the greater number tread,

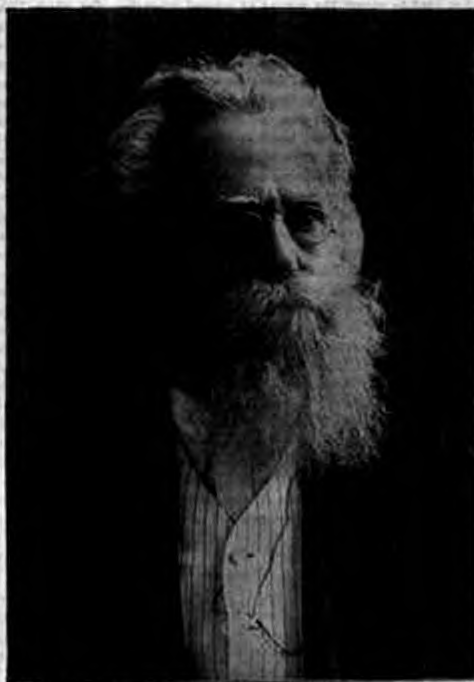
Should hasten to his rest beneath a stone;

The great majority of men are dead.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 10 months and 18 days old. He has served 171 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Pardon private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to LUCIFER, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., August 19, 1906.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER—... Here we are having it pretty warm just now—up to 90 in the hospital for several days, and until late at night. Today (Sunday) it stands at 85½ at 10 a. m., but a fairly good breeze prevents a feeling of oppression. I have not suffered from heat thus far, and am gradually gaining in health and strength, as I think. How soon the managers will put me to work I have no means of knowing.

For some days I have been trying to write my "last will and testament." Whether this document when finished will be read with interest by my surviving friends I can only guess. Not much "worldly gear" to give and bequeath to anyone, as you well know; perhaps none at all when my debts are paid; yet, "nevertheless and notwithstanding" my poverty, I felt a desire to put into condensed form a few of my matured ideas or convictions in regard to ethical questions and to "give and bequeath" them to such of my surviving

Friends as might care to read them—when the power of utterance by voice or pen shall no longer be mine.

Since my letter two weeks ago I have had one visitor, son George, of Valley Falls, Kan., who brought me fruit and papers. Am glad to report the receipt of several magazines for which I have been asking, such as *July Soundview*, *July Physical Culture*, *July Staffed Club*, *July and June Ariel*, *August Open Court*, *July Physiological Journal*, and *August 11th and 18th Scientific American*. From a fellow prisoner I have the *July Cosmopolitan*. Please send me August number of that magazine. I also received *July and August Tomorrow*. If you can send me *April Tomorrow* and *April Physical Culture*, as well as September numbers of same, I would be glad. Have received three copies of *Progressive Thinker* and would be glad to get it regularly every week. Tell James F. Morton, Jr., that I got one copy of his "Curse of Race Prejudice"; that two, if not three, of his letters (before the one received a few days ago) were certainly given to me. Among delayed letters and cards lately forwarded to me is one written at Detroit, Mich., May 21, and signed by Emma Goldman, Carl Noll and Alex. Bergman; also a long letter, including several cards, from Joshua T. Small, Provincetown, Mass., dated May 28. Judging from dates of these and some others, I think it probable that several have been lost altogether. From W. G. Markland I received a photo lately, and a letter composed almost wholly of dashes! From foreign countries lately have come letters and cards from D. Legelke, Germany; I think (postoffice illegible); R. Morita, Tokyo, Japan; and six cards from George and Louise Bedford, London, England. From Eliza MacLoughlin, Southampton, England, came a finely executed and very interesting autograph copy of a book by her deceased husband, Dr. McLoughlin, which volume I will try to speak of more at length later. Also a good letter from T. Gilbert Taylor, South Wauhin, Australia. Besides those mentioned I have received letters or cards in the last two weeks as follows: Fannie M. Taylor, 1; Dr. Juliet R. Severance, 1; Emma Abbey, 1; La Verne Wheeler, 2; Philip G. Peabody, 3; "Frank," 1; Harriet B. S. E. Sheehan, 1; Alice Lindsay Lynch, 1; J. Hartley, 1; Mattie R. Coy, 1; Hypolite Havel, 1; Emma Greene, 1; Paul L. Sautter, 1; Dr. James R. Price, 1; Ed Seerest, 1; Lucinda R. Chandler, 1; George L. Ballou, 2; Jennie Voss Durd, 1; T. J. Tanner, 1; J. E. Boultonhouse, 2; G. B. Wheeler (and clippings), 1; Dr. Oscar Retter, 1; Ada Morley, 1; Katharine S. Fry, 1; Ed. W. Chamberlain, 1; O. Dietzen (editor *Breeze*, Kansas City, Mo.), 1; Thirza Rathbun, 1; H. W. Booser (and clippings), 1; Annie K. Parkhurst, 2; Andrew G. Layberg, 1.

Mrs. H. M. Lawson, Williams Bay, Wis., asks for the paper three months (care Y. M. C. A. Camp). Write to John W. Hohmann, 516 Eighth avenue, Las Vegas, N. M., and send paper. Tell friends no visitors allowed on Sundays.

Add to names of "veteran freethinkers" (for Sercombe's list), if not already done, Susan Richerter, aged 80, I think; John Ernst, 85; Dr. Robert Greer, 82; Dr. Mark Rowe and wife, about 70, I think; and others that may occur to you.

Love to all. Yours,

M. H.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE JAPANESE WOMAN.

The original of this story, told in letter form, was written in the Japanese by Shō Fukao, a native radical writer who is now suffering in Tokio jail for his dear cause, and I have taken the privilege of translating it into English by the author's permission. The story tells of the spiritual struggle of the Japanese woman of today. No picture can better illustrate the battle of ideas of the new and the old going on in the minds of the Japanese sisters than the story I have translated here. "Free-love" in Japanese means to love and marry without the consent of parents, who always arranged such matters.

KUCHI KANEKO.

My Dear Sister: There are a thousand unfortunate women in this world, I know. But is there, I ask you, any woman who is so unfortunate as myself, tortured with the contradictions of the age and carrying the heavy burden of the many on my shoulders?

I am left alone helplessly in this wide, desert-like world. I feel that I have no will of my own, that I belong to somebody else, am property—and, oh! I feel many times that it would be better for me to end this worthless life, which will be, after all, a dreadful, miserable and hopeless one as long as I live.

Dear sister! Pardon me to call you "my sister," for I have no one else that I can call "my sister." If I did not have you whom I call my sister in this lonely world I would wish not to have lived. It is my wish that I could talk with you in person and confess all that I have done in the past and ask you for advice. But I am

afraid that, if I see you, I may not be able to explain as fully as I can in a letter. Sister, as I depend on whatever you would say as my part, I hope you will not neglect an answer. I do not know how to start my story. My heart is heavy and has aching. But I must tell you—I have no more sense of honor—I must confess everything now to you.

It was last Christmas eve, when you and Miss A. were invited to a card party at Professor Hamada's, where I was doing some household service for my board. There, you may still remember, sat a young man right next to you in the party. He is not a handsome man, as you may see, but that man was the son of Professor Hamada. When I first went to his house to live with them a year before the last he was only eighteen—two years my junior—and was an innocent boy. He was really a nice, good-natured boy.

Well, until this time I thought and believed that men were all egoistic, selfish and immoral creatures. They demand women to be pure, virtuous, faithful to men, but they themselves are lacking in all those qualities. I found, however, that I was wrong after I came to live with them. This young son of my professor was indeed a refined young boy. So sympathetic and so light-hearted and so ready in his every-day life! If there is any model man he must be the one, I thought. At this very moment, my dear sister, I was captured by something—the something that I cannot understand to this day. From that moment my heart began to act toward this man blindly, and I could not control myself even though I tried to do so over and over again. I felt ashamed to see him every day—yet through something we came to understand each other. And, sister, I and he became to be sweetheart and lover. We were enjoying ourselves in the term that you may call "free-love," stealing his parents' very eyes—for that is what he is.

You will think that I am a bad girl—such a bad girl—to invite the young man's passion in spite of being his senior, and to spoil the young man and ruin his whole life. I do not know myself how I became such a bad girl and what made me so wicked. Oh, illicit association! What shameful words they are! Why did not God save me from such dreadful sin? What shall I do now? What shall I do now? I have defiled the name of my ancestor. If I think of this terrible crime I have committed I do not really know what I shall do.

Sister! I am tired and weakened of this world, as I cannot give him up and he will not forget me. Yet there is no future in our relation. His family is too well-to-do—and I? I am a daughter of a poor samurai. His parents will not allow him to marry a poor girl like me. It is beyond expectation for him or for me altogether. Moreover, dear sister, I was told that his parents are thinking of his future wife and she is already in view among their close relatives.

It was only a few weeks ago when he told his parents about our case so plainly and boldly, and that very evening they made me leave their house. You may imagine how I felt when I was told by my mistress that I must go! Oh, I cannot tell you what I thought at that moment! I wished I was dead.

The girl he is going to marry—if he obeys his parents' wishes—was engaged from her childhood by their parents, for it was agreed by the parents to let them marry when they become old enough. But he said to me all this time that he would not care for her. He told me that he could not sacrifice the liberty to love for anything, not even for his parents' will. How can I let him do as he wishes? Am I to make him a *fukomono*—an unloved child to his parents? I am telling him to marry that engaged girl instead of me, though my heart is nearly breaking.

Alas duty! Alas Nijō! And position and wealth! Oh, life is too hard for me, my sister! My parents are rather sympathetic to me, and yet they say that we are socially too much separated. Sister, I cannot understand why we are born for parents' sake. I would rather die if I cannot love a man with my own free will, and cannot marry him as I please. Wealth, position, and name! The people talk about too often and think about too much. What are they, after all? Without a true love this world is too lonesome for me. I do not wish to live any more.

Sister, I have one more thing to tell you, but I am ashamed to tell you about it. I am ashamed! Sister, . . . how this hard world will unhesitatingly and cruelly talk about my poor baby as it comes to the world! Five months from now I will be a mother. I must decide what to do in these five months. I shall not cry any more about my misfortune, sister; I was caught by such a fate. It is God's punishment that I was tempted through the poet's dream, "free-love."

Tell me, my dear sister, what to do. What shall I do? I do not

know what I must do but to end my life. I feel so much easier since I confessed my dreadful past. You will undoubtedly be astonished at this news. You will not regard me as your friend as you did before. I am afraid. It is 3 o'clock in the morning. I wonder what my parents are dreaming about me. My eyes are dry, and my ink is all gone, and the oil in my lamp has about run out. I must stop now. I have got to stop here, for another day is coming for me to cry and cry and cry.

Sayonara! Your broken-hearted sister,

SHUGO.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

JOSHUA T. SMALL, Provincetown, Mass.—Enclosed please find the cash for another year's subscription to LUCIFER. Here's hoping Editor Harman may outlive his jail sentence and that many years of usefulness are still in store for him.

AUBREY F. HILL, Boston, Mass.—Enclosed is \$1 to extend payment on my subscription for LUCIFER THE LIGHT BEARER. I desire a free press, free speech for myself and everybody. I am glad Moses Harman has found a better prison. He may expose some of the hells made by men in America. I regret the system made by Americans—that sends good men like Moses Harman to be prisoners.

H. HANSEN, Colorado City, Colo.—Brother Harman: I am glad to know that you are still in the land of the living. There was a time when priestcraft ran riot in the world, and after that moral leprosy was shaken off we substituted for it political leprosy, and these political degenerates now seem to run riot in the world, but after while I hope the people will get sense enough to scratch them off their back.

ELLA KAUTE, Akron, O.—Enclosed find \$2 to help sustain LUCIFER. I hope it will "weather the storm." It made me heart sick to learn how shamefully your father had been mistreated at Joliet. I wrote him about the time he was being transferred to Leavenworth, so I suppose the letter went astray or wasn't forwarded. I like your idea of printing editorials from old copies of LUCIFER. Your father's writings are worth reprinting many times.

J. M. GILBERT, Randolph, Tex.—Find enclosed \$1 to extend my time on LUCIFER. Would like to do better. I am convinced of the great truth for which LUCIFER's editor has spent long years of toil and suffered great gross injustice in a so-called civilized, free country. When the majority of women learn to take their freedom, then we will have freedom in reality. The powers that be know this; therefore laws and rulings making freedom of discussion a crime.

HJALMAR GIBBSON, Leaside Bridge, Man.—I enclose postal money order for \$2. I would gladly send some more, but circumstances do not enable me to do so at present. The work of your father is surely worth doing, and the cause he is fighting for is worthy of more than I can do for it. I am sorry to hear of his sickness, but hope he will soon recover. My best wishes to you and him. It would be terrible if you were compelled to give up the publishing of LUCIFER, now the bearers of light and knowledge are so few.

CORNELIA BOBRELIN, Congers, N. Y.—Enclosed find \$1 to go on my subscription to LUCIFER, also a few newspaper clippings that were sent to me. Was very glad to hear that your father was feeling better than when he left Joliet. Wrote him a letter some little time ago. Nothing of interest in it. Just wrote to let him know that I thought of him. Lately have read a number of newspaper squibs in reference to Gorky. Wendell Phillips said we were a nation of hypocrites. In that respect we do not seem to have improved since his day.

C. N. and EMMA R. GREENE, Topeka, Kan.—Enclosed find \$1 that Mr. Greene wishes used to extend his subscription one year. LUCIFER came yesterday, and it seems your father is still in the hospital. Well, it seems to me they nearly accomplished their purpose of killing the dear old gentleman. I suppose they thought that was the only way to get rid of the teaching that will help to free

the race. Of course, they do not put it just that way. I trust that the cure he is now receiving will so restore him to health that his friends will have the blessing of his presence many years yet. We hope you are bearing up as well as possible. It must be a heavy burden you are bearing, but I am sure it would be a still heavier burden to be loosened from it in the way the officials of our country would wish to free you.

A. SAFERSTEIN, San Francisco.—Enclosed please find money order for \$6. Kindly renew my subscription; also send me "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," and "Man and Superman," by G. R. Shaw; the balance for you to use where it is needed most. I hope our dear editor will come back to us from the penitentiary in good health and with clear and forcible arguments to still fight the battles of liberty, defying Censorship and the postal censors to blow out the Light Bearer of the emancipation of mankind through the right to be born well.

JAMES CRADY, Peotone, Ill.—A short time since I wrote you for sample, and to me if your paper was still published, and have received two sample copies. I have read three or four of Post's articles on postal affairs with interest; also received from Free Speech League, of New York, the Wakeman article, etc. But the information concerning the Lewis bank affairs at St. Louis is still unsatisfactory. The entire postal question needs to be gone over from the ground up and revolutionized. Pay railroads only what is justly due them; make county papers pay within the county; prohibit franking and follow Post's suggestions on other matters. No discrimination because of advertisements or no advertisements. Let us have service at cost. Abolish postal censorship and despotism.

I. A. HEALD, Washington, D. C.—Enclosed find \$2 and two new subscribers, both whole-hearted men of generous sympathy in behalf of such as are persecuted and wronged for opinion's sake. Notwithstanding that after my regular day's work is done I study and labor to perfect my inventions overtime, usually from 10 to 11 o'clock nights—Sundays and holidays alike—yet I should be glad to write an encouraging letter of appreciation to your father if I was sure that it would reach him; but I get so indignant as I think of the wrongs heaped upon him and his paper by government officials that I almost doubt my ability to restrain my indignation sufficiently to write a letter without reinforcing it with "cuss words" which the prison officials would not allow to reach him. However, if it is a comfort and satisfaction for him to know that the knowledge of his treatment, sufferings and wrongs is fast making new friends and sympathizers for himself and the cause he and you advocate, let us all give him that assurance. If he dies in prison, or from the effects of his unjust confinement, I want to be the first to contribute as large a sum in proportion to my ability as any other person to build an appropriate and lasting monument to his memory. If he lives to return to his home, let us take measures to escort him there with a procession at least a mile long.

T. V. POWDERLY, Washington, D. C.—Friend Harman: A few years ago when we were struggling for the rights of humanity through the medium of the Knights of Labor we were misunderstood because there were those who did not wish to understand. We were told that the "time is not ripe for these reforms" and counseled to have patience. If you look the field over you will note that some of the most radical things for which we worked are now regarded as "safe and sane," and those who fought them take credit for their inauguration. You are an old man, but I wouldn't wonder if you should live long enough to see other men laying claim to the credit for opening the eyes of mankind to the sacred right of woman to the control of her own person. It won't be long until the uses, and abuses, of every organ of the human structure will be taught in our common schools. To guard against evil one must know it; he can't know it by shutting his eyes when he meets it or by turning a corner to avoid it. Had the children of past generations been properly instructed such revolting details as are given out by the unexpressed press of the Thaw and other cases would not pollute the eye and mind of children of all ages today. You, at your worst, would guard against these things, and must go to prison for it. Every daily paper that prints the stuff that comes out of New York about the Thaw case does more, in one issue, to poison the youthful mind than all the LUCIFERS you could issue. It may be that you were not salacious enough in your educational work. I don't know whether you are right or not, but if it is right to teach us how to breed good hogs, horses, geese and goats it can't be wrong to tell us

how to improve the stream of humanity flowing into this good world of ours. I notice that some congratulate you on being in prison, on being a martyr to a good cause. I won't do that, for I don't believe it right to imprison a man for having opinions and giving expression to them. I sincerely hope that they will, from now on, treat you with that consideration to which your years and gentle heart are entitled. Herewith find \$2. Send me LUCIFER for another year and use the other dollar to defray your expenses in part.

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Photographs of Moses Harman.

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The British aristocracy has produced some strong and independent souls. Literature and science bear the imprint of their touch. Social reform has also given some of them an opportunity to make a reputation for something which is generally alien to their class—useful work. But it remains for Lady Florence Dixie to reduce the name of the Douglas by literary work which is truly revolutionary in character. Heretofore has been in her blood since she could think. Neither the aristocratic environment and traditions nor the efforts of clerical and monarchical influences have succeeded in blunting the keen perception of her mind. And her indomitable spirit has always clung close to the love of truth. Only a truly brave and sincere soul would walk upward without any assistance on the steep and stony path of religious evolution as she has done. She met the dogma of the ruling class with open eyes, and asserted it unflinchingly, until she had satisfied herself that it was cold and hollow, and without any redeeming power. No one can read her story of UAIN without a deep compassion for the lonely child that fought his mental battles so determinedly and found the way through the tangled maze of creed to a purer and more human conception of what religion should be and ought to accomplish. This story should be read by all who wish to answer the questions that arise in the minds of little children on religious subjects, and who wish to take part in the mental evolution of the souls that grow up under their care.—E. UNDERWOOD, in "Appeal to Reason."

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WHOLE NO. 1074

WOULD FREEDOM DEGRADE WOMEN?

In the *Woman's Journal* for August 18 there is an article by Ida Husted Harper, copied from the *Boston Transcript*, which is so rich in unconscious humor that it is well worth reading. Mrs. Harper has just been attending the sessions of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance at Copenhagen, and has been horrified beyond measure to find that the woman suffrage movement of continental Europe is in the hands of socialists and free-lovers. She says:

"An embarrassing situation has been encountered in the fact that the movement to enfranchise women is in many parts of Europe in the hands of socialists—not the moderate type, which for the most part represent socialism in America, but the radical and extreme class who would overturn absolutely the existing institutions, among them that of marriage."

And again:

"In another country, which is so staid and respectable that it shall be nameless, the president of the suffrage association is a beautiful and dignified woman of irreproachable character, and yet she is a pronounced advocate of 'freelove' in its most radical form. This doctrine, which would practically wreck all that has been gained for women by centuries of progress, is indignantly rejected by those who form the enduring bulwark of every community, and they will set their faces like adamant against any reform with which it is connected."

I want to draw special attention to the statement that free-love "would practically wreck all that has been gained for women by centuries of progress." Now, I am going to give Mrs. Harper the finest chance she ever had to distinguish herself. Let her come forward and tell us just what "has been gained for women by centuries of progress." We all know that women have shared the benefit of industrial inventions and discoveries, and of the decline of war; but nearly all writers on the history of marriage, including great woman suffragists like Mrs. Gage and Mrs. Gamble, maintain that women today hold a worse position relatively to men than they have often done in past history. Havelock Ellis, in his "Sex and Woman," page 450, says: "The periods of society most favorable for women appear, judging from the experience of the past, to be somewhat primitive periods in which the militant tendency is not strongly marked." Burckhardt, in his "Renaissance in Italy," page 297, speaking of Italian women 500 years ago, says: "There was no question of 'woman's rights' or female emancipation, simply because the thing itself was a matter of course." If these statements are true, it is clear that women have gained nothing very startling by centuries of progress.

A few days ago I read an article by Mrs. Peibek Lawrence, a leading woman suffragist, in the *English Clerical*. She told a very different story from Mrs. Harper. She said that while the wages of men had continually risen during the past fifty years, the wages of women had continually fallen. She added that things had now reached such a desperate point that women no longer cared whether they lived or died. She gave a reason why women's wages have fallen. She explained that employment has been taken away from women by law and by public opinion. She mentioned, for instance, that there is now a strong agitation to prevent women from acting as barmaids, although that occupation is better paid and more healthy than most women's occupations. Already a number of philanthropic men and women have had such an influence on public opinion that many barmaids have been discharged, and have been driven into the gutter or the sweatshop.

Why are women's wages falling? Why are they not allowed to be barmaids, or to fill other good jobs? Because they are too "pure."

Men are not "pure," and are therefore qualified to be bartenders or billiard markers, or to fill a hundred other easy jobs. But women are so "pure" that they are hardly fit for anything except to work in a sweatshop in London or Chicago for 90 cents a week. Free-love will wipe out that disqualification. Under free-love both sexes will be equally pure and will have an equal chance to get any well-paid work that is going.

Two or three hundred years ago almost every woman had a chance to become a wife and mother. In England today, in certain large classes of society, not less than half the women are old maids. Millions go through life without ever being kissed by a man. In almost every savage tribe every woman can become a wife and mother, but as a result of centuries of progress the number of those who can do this in civilized countries is becoming ever smaller.

Women have had better luck in America than in Europe. In Europe there are far more women than men, but in America there are far more men than women. Hence American women have a scarcity value and are more in demand both as wives and workers than European women. But this advantage is swiftly passing away. Already in many eastern states women are in the majority. There are now plenty of old maids and underpaid women in America, and there will soon be plenty more. Jack London lately said that there were women working in Chicago for \$1 a week. The press of the country indignantly denied the statement, but one of the leading Chicago dailies investigated and found that there were plenty of women working in Chicago for 90 cents a week.

Mrs. Harper is too timid. To get freedom to do what they please with their own persons women might well risk all that they have gained by centuries of progress, and yet not be very desperate plungers.

Even if we leave centuries of progress out of account, how could freedom hurt women? Could it hurt them economically? On the contrary, many women are at present forced to sacrifice their economic position to get the joys of love and motherhood. Many unmarried women have good, steady, well-paid jobs, sufficient to maintain not only themselves but one or two children; yet society looks such a woman if she dares even to have sexual relations, not to speak of children. Many such women are forced by their natural desires to marry men who cannot support them, and to become domestic drudges, working twice as hard for nothing as they formerly did for good pay.

Havelock Ellis says that the chief obstacle to the employment of women in the British postoffice is that separate lavatories would have to be provided, which is not worth while in small offices. This is a fine example of the way our present sex system holds down women. Women are kept out of numberless occupations by our prudish ideas. Why in the world should women not be barbers, for instance? I should like to be shaved by a woman, and so would nearly every man. Freedom will open to women a vast number of occupations from which they are now excluded.

I suppose Mrs. Harper thinks that something dreadful would happen to the children under free-love. The best medicine she can take is a dose of European statistics. In some parts of Europe marriage has almost died out among the working classes. In Vienna, Munich and Prague nearly half of all the children born are illegitimate, and they are as well cared for as the children of any other city in the world. The more freedom women get, the more easily they will settle the children problem. When women are not forced by their needs into marriage, and then forced to have children they do not want, they will be able to decide on what conditions they will or will not become mothers. As a result, children will be much fewer,

much better, and well supported at the public expense, without being in any way separated from the mother.

Free love would be a most blessed thing from the physical standpoint. The amount of disease and bodily misery caused by the present system is almost incalculable, as doctors like Drysdale and Foote have shown. Freedom would make woman once more a healthy animal, like the females of other animals.

What would freedom do for women intellectually? There is one country in which there has always been so much sexual freedom that the whole world thinks of it whenever free love is mentioned. I mean France. Some time ago the *London Times* said in an editorial that woman's claim to intellectual equality with man depended almost entirely on what she had done in France. American women have had more education than any others, yet America has produced no woman scientist like Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium; no woman artist like Rosa Bonheur; no woman novelist like George Sand; no woman politician like Madame Roland; no actress like Rachel or Sarah Bernhardt; not even a heroine like Charlotte Corday or Louise Michel. All these women, and many other great women, have flourished in France since the confederation of the United States. Is it a mere coincidence that the land where love is so free should also be the land of great women? The two chief French women novelists of the nineteenth century were Madame de Staël and George Sand, and both were among the most open and unaltered varieties that ever lived. George Sand's great delight was to talk and write about her innumerable love affairs. Can it be doubted that their wide experience of life and love stimulated the intellects of these women?

Free love means chiefly free love for women. Men have always had a good deal of it, and it has suited them wonderfully well. What has proved such excellent sauce for the gander could hardly do much harm to the goose.

R. B. KEAR.

OH, I WISH I COULD!

Yes, I wish I could find words to express, to make clear to others what I see and feel in connection with the great subject of sex—great because underlying all else.

Whitman says sex contains all, and the theosophist uses the terms God and Satan as expressing the right and wrong use of sex. And it is axiomatically true that if sex is the source through which all life manifests, then it is the source through which all power must be evolved.

If sex contains all, then it brings either good or evil, as used rightly or wrongly, for all covers both the evil and the good, health and disease, crime and an honest life, etc. Evolution has climbed the stairway of sex to reach the present point of development, and why should we expect to go higher by any other path?

If I could engrave upon the hearts and brains of all the people these two great truths—to wit, that sex is the fountain of all life, and that, no matter what human law may decree, nature's law cannot be violated with impunity—what a revolution it would make in human life! How it would lift us all in the scale of being, through our respect for that which we have been taught to despise unless sanctioned by church and state.

From the fact that sex is creative, from the lowest grade of matter up to the highest grade of thought and feeling in the highest development of the race, and because of that other fact that as we think so we are and such is the character of what we do, if our idea of sex is low we create a low order of life—aura in our sex relations. In other words, creation depends upon the interaction of the Eternal Two, the male and female principles; but the quality of that which is created on the human plane depends more or less upon our estimate of the creative act.

Those who are experimenting upon plants and animals with a view to their improvement talk of applying the same methods to the human race. There are some things they do not take into consideration, one of which is: the plant and the animal have a more highly developed element from which to draw, as found in the waste which falls from the order of life above them. The human cannot look to a higher order in visible form, and the invisible ones do not throw off waste matter.

We cannot climb a smooth wall. There must be something higher than that on which we stand on which we can place our feet; and in the case of race climbing, race improvement, as there is no higher order of life upon the planet, and as we have reached the plane of I Am consciousness, we must develop the higher element for ourselves and from the fountain of our own creative life. How?

By honoring sex in thought and use. By assuaging, and forever,

the use of those terms that imply contempt. "Animal passions!" We have no animal passions. Our creative domain are human, distinctly human. As well call the creative instinct of the animal vegetable passion. "Animal passion!" Have you ever realized how much of contempt we thus cast upon that without which we should have neither body nor brains? If we wish to really rise in the scale of being we should accord to this wonderful fountain the highest possible honor and demand from it the highest possible use.

The sex act is both physical and mental; thus both a physical and a mental aura is evolved. These auras take their grade, high or low, from the plane of the actors, from the purpose, the thought that prompts to action. In speaking of these unseen but real auras we must remember that the finer forces are the strongest, as evidenced from the fact that the aura called malaria prostrates strong men and women even unto death; and if we would remember that nature acts by general, not by partial, laws, we might find the source of not only physical but of moral diseases that now escape our notice.

Not long since I read of a village in Russia where the inhabitants were given over to the Cossacks, who killed the men and ravished the women. Remember, please, that sex is creative on all planes, and then tell me what was created when those sex-hungry wolves forced these women's persons till antiated. Terror and unspeakable anguish on one side, rage and contempt for their victims on the other, what could be created but a sex poison, a moral malaria! And the aura, the stench of that carnival of hell, did not stop there. Like the thistledown, it was carried by mental and physical currents far and wide.

There is one prevailing moral disease the malaria for which was not created there—deception, fraud. There was no hiding of purpose, no pretense. Yet the moral atmosphere is filled with aura of deception; and from whence does it come? How do I know that this is so? By the same law that I know the physical atmosphere is full of malaria when malarial fevers prevail. The effect of the invisible but potent aura of deception is equally apparent, but, forgetting what has already been said—to wit, that nature acts by general, not by partial, laws—we fail to connect cause and effect. Moral disease cannot exist without a cause any more than there can be malarial fever with no malaria in the atmosphere.

Whence does this diseased moral atmosphere come? Can terror, mental and physical agony, coupled with the burning heat of perverted passion, generate the elements of moral or physical integrity? But for the mutual, loving unions which radiate health and happiness, our race would soon perish; but in so-called civilized lands a large proportion of such relations must be kept secret, must be hidden from the prying eyes of those who place law above love; and as element of deception is generated, thus adulterating what would otherwise be an unmitigated blessing.

But this Cossack hell of which I have spoken is but one of many. They exist more or less whenever there is war; and more, every marriage bed unsanctioned by love is a miniature hell in which the elements of disease and devility, if not devil in fact, are generated; and yet we wonder that our prisons and asylums are filled to the overflowing and that disease is everywhere.

There is but one way to remedy these things, and Christians themselves declare it while they strangle its full meaning. "The seed of (the) woman shall bruise the serpent's head." It is true. Only through the full freedom of woman can the race overcome. By this interpolation of an extra "the" and confining the meaning to a personality born of woman, she has been robbed of what is rightfully hers. Here again man has failed to see that nature works not by partial but by general laws.

Personalities cannot save, cannot remove effects while causes remain untouched. Love is counted the redeeming power as manifested through Jesus, and what has 1900 years of it accomplished? Love will become the redeeming power when woman is wholly free and there is only the love aura generated in the sex relation. This is why I demand unqualified freedom for woman as woman, and that all the institutions of society be adjusted to such freedom. No really free woman will submit to an unwelcome embrace. Love, and love only, will be the sanction, and when the physical, mental and moral atmospheres are filled with the love aura of mutual sex relations there will be nothing to generate the evils which now prevail.

Oh, yes, I know that the idea of such freedom as we who see these principles advocate is terrible to the general mind, and so was the idea of the freedom of blacks to the slaveholder; but results have not justified his fears. Permit me here to relate what I know to be true.

In a community where motherhood is honored for its own sake

and here is considered sufficient reason for its existence, a young woman is pregnant. The parents did not know; her lover continued to tell her, and on her birthday her young friends gave her a surprise party. When her child was born both grandmothers were present, and all was harmonious. Now these illegal parents have two fine boys, a home of their own, and are entirely devoted to each other. What of the influence upon the young people of the place, do you ask?

There have been no more cases of the kind, nor will there be until the love that warrants parentage draws the right couple together. The young people have been well instructed, and, being given the freedom which steps short of parentage, there is not the sex hunger which, by blinding the judgment, brings undesired results. In the freedom allowed they gather enough to prevent abnormal hunger while they learn whom they want for companions, thus preventing the mistakes that are made under the rule of repression in which the lack of legal sanction is considered an eternal disgrace to the woman.

I do not believe there is one young man in fifty who deliberately ruins, as it is called, a young girl. It is the strength of a mutual desire which becomes nearly if not quite irresistible. If all young men were treated as was the one in the case related, the man would seldom if ever forsake the woman.

If those who set law above love could see what they are doing they would stand appalled—could see how many innocent, loving girls they thus drive to prostitution; how many murders of the unborn, and of husbands and wives who, seeing no other way out and driven to frenzy by un congenial relations, kill the legal companion. The attempt to hold the mightiest force in the universe to a given channel always has been a failure and always must be; but those who attempt it seem unable to learn their lesson.

Again I say, there is only one way in which the sex atmosphere can be purified from all uncleanness, and that is to secure the conditions under which only love relations will be held, and in order to do this woman must be absolutely free! When man yields this and no longer casts contempt upon that which gave him being, race improvement will come as naturally as the sunrise. Can "animal passion" beget human beings? Man's desire to create, maybe, is often crowded down to a low human plane, but, I reassert, it is never animal. The lack of respect due to the highest creative force upon the planet is nowhere more apparent than in the terms animalism, animal passion. How can the race rise to a higher plane under such an estimate of that upon which human life depends?

Women should not be bound, for unwilling submission is a violation of nature's law. Only love relations are pure. Such relations can be secured only by yielding to woman the absolute right to herself. With only love relations between the sexes, the purity, strength, vitality of the atmosphere arising therefrom would render the race impervious to disease.

Preposterous! do you say? The Christian's Bible prophesies all this and more, and if there is any method of race climbing except upon the ladder of sex I have not found it. Those who have taken in a title of the meaning of the axiomatic truth that sex is the fountain of all life, not a part, will not say preposterous.

I have often asked physicians, of both sexes, and other intelligent persons the following questions: "If woman, no matter whether diffusive or exclusive in her love, never received the sex embrace except when she desired and from whom she desired, would there be such a thing known as sex disease?" The reply has always been a prompt "No" except in one instance, and that was a country physician, and he said: "I have not thought upon the subject."

But what have we now? Our best physicians, specialists in this line, tell us there is not one family in ten free from a taint of the vilest disease known. And how does this come about? The irresistible tide of sex life forces men of strong natures who have no other outlet to visit public women; then, becoming diseased, they visit the doctor. He applies his remedies and tells them they are cured; but they are not. The poison remains in the blood and manifests itself in various ways not supposed to be connected with the original cause. They marry and children are born with the taint in their blood, and this diseased condition often descends to the third and even the fourth generation.

Another statement of facts—but when taking them down I forgot to take the date; it was somewhere between 1889 and 1890, at a meeting of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence in New York City. Dr. E. D. Benn made the following statement:

"I find from statistics taken for the year 1887 that 14,770 persons were treated in the public institutions of New York City for

syphilis, and that was considered about one fourth of the number treated in private practice."

This estimate was made for Kings county, in which are the cities of Brooklyn and New York. Dr. Benn could find no later statistics, but the disease has doubtless kept pace with the increasing population. And please remember that physicians are pledged to keep the secrets of their patients; consequently as long as the disease can be kept within bounds it is no bar to respectability, no bar to marriage which curses coming generations.

Here is race suicide for you. It is to prevent all this that we demand unqualified freedom for woman. With only mutually desired sex relations there would be no sex disease, and with woman really free there would be no other.

In the light of such facts the freedom of love, freedom, is not the vile thing it is supposed to be.

LOUIS WATKINSON.

WHAT CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT.

When we come to the consideration of the question of sexual physiology in regard to the young, we find how little is known of the subject among their guardians. "There is too much talk about sexual matters nowadays," said a lady of my acquaintance the other day. For my part, I cannot understand how there can be too much grave discussion of the most vital of human concerns. Another woman, and a mother, once remarked in my hearing, "I hate to think of the physical side of love." I urge most earnestly that the influence of these misguided persons is as pernicious as that of the debauched libertines who find pleasure in corrupting children. It is mothers of this narrow judgment who attempt to train their children in utter ignorance of sex, a system that leaves the child's mind exposed to the contamination of surreptitious talks with servants and others. I grant that the question is a difficult one, more difficult, perhaps, than that of religious teaching. Still, deception must be cautiously avoided, and the more we make mystery of the matter of reproduction, the more curious will the child become. Most young children are satisfied with such explanation as the mother suggests, but boys and girls near puberty might be taught more explicitly with advantage.

I would inculcate modesty by every possible means. But, in my opinion, we pervert the child's mind at the outset by teaching him to think that the generative organs are under a kind of curse and ban, and that they are intrinsically "naughty." Such teaching is the outcome of Christian asceticism, and I am firmly convinced that it is a source of much evil. A species of contempt for wonderful organs, wonderfully adapted to noble processes, is thus suggested in the child's mind, and with this contempt there arises a tendency to prurience of thought, which grows apace at puberty, and ultimately develops into the sheer indecency that sees gross images in a thousand objects and glazes perpetually on the impure. Proscribe questioning and clean speech on sexual topics, and you immediately set up an irrepressible, more or less morbid curiosity. Many parents have a dread that physiological instruction will "destroy the poetry of love." There is not a greater fallacy. Is the pure white water-lily rendered the less lovely in your eyes because you know that its roots take hold of black river mud, composed of decayed vegetable matter? Science fosters admiration and respect for physical function, for the mating of men and women and the procreation of babies. It is clean, sane, and, on the side of moral improvement. It is ignorance that destroys the poetry of love and life.

The potential influence of the mother over her sons is great. Unfortunately, such influence is rarely exerted. The reason will be found in the following passage from Mrs. Mona Caird's article on "Ideal Marriage":

"As a rule the best influence in a boy's or a young man's life comes to him outside the home. He is respectful to, and perhaps fond of his mother, but he does not (poor fellow, he cannot) trust her as a friend. She knows nothing, understands nothing. She has close-set, harsh little ideas, trim little maxims, wise little copy-book precepts to suggest as solutions to the hard problems of life."

This, alas! is only too true in very many instances. Women as a sex refuse to discuss certain topics; they deliberately prefer ignorance, or at best content themselves with quarter-truths. There is undoubtedly some validity in their excuse that many men wish them to be ignorant—innocent and taken in understanding; but as the tendency is now towards rebellion against masculine domination, it is to be hoped that women will speedily exhibit independence of thought in this direction, and acquaint their minds with facts about "the hard problems of life." They will then be better able to instruct and guide their sons and daughters.—Henry Munsell, in the *Free Review*.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bearing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Subscribers who did not receive a copy of No. 1073 will please notify us. The paper was mailed at the usual time, but through some unaccountable delay city subscribers got their papers a week late.

THE CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.

Now that the campaign of partisan politics, which means a campaign of passion and prejudice, is at length ended, it is sincerely to be hoped that the much-talked-of "campaign of education" will now begin, and begin in earnest.

But how? What are the essential elements or factors of a campaign of education?

The word education is derived from *educere*, "to lead out." If this be the true meaning, then the business of the educator is not to cram or stuff his pupil with ideas, but to bring out what is already in the mind of the person taught. Education should not be a "pouring-in" process, like pouring water into an empty pitcher, but rather a drawing-out process—a waking up, a developing, a suggestive process.

The old Greeks understood this matter better than we. The word *pedagogue* means a "leader of boys"; one who guides, not one who crams another with his own thoughts or with the thoughts of a past generation; a boy among the boys, but who, having had larger experience, can show his younger companions how best to explore the fields of knowledge.

Didactic education, authoritarian methods, dogmatism, in religion, in politics, in social science or morals—these methods are well suited to make a nation of masters and slaves such as we now have, but they can never produce a commonwealth of equal citizens.

The greatest of all errors, however, in our educational system is the ignoring of the feminine element, and especially in the subordination of the mother, as factor in the social or ethical equation. Our religions are masculine; our politics, government, are for and by men alone; and so likewise our colleges of learning, until a comparatively recent date, have been for boys and men only.

And even now the opportunities for obtaining knowledge on subjects the most needful for girls and women are narrow and meager. The knowledge of the duties and responsibilities of motherhood, and especially the knowledge that pertains to the care and the abuse of the sex-nature, is systematically withheld from girls—except the few who expect to make the medical profession, their calling in life. The popular impression seems to be that the best preparation for wifehood and motherhood is childlike ignorance of sex, its nature and functions.

It is much the same with sex education for boys. Our "physiology" for schools, while describing and giving minute instruction how to care for the respiratory apparatus, and also the digestive and circulatory systems, ignore entirely the reproductive. So true is this that a pupil may graduate at the high school of any of our cities and not know that there is any physiological difference between a girl and a boy. And yet, when we remember the suffering, the misery, the degeneracy, the insanity and the idiosyncrasy that arise from misdirected sex-power, it would seem that of all the departments of human knowledge this is most important.

Sexology, then, or sexologic science, from LUCIFER's standpoint, is the most necessary part of the primary education of each human being, and especially of the education of girls, the prospective women and mothers of the race, for the simple reason that woman as woman is the greater sufferer from the effects of ignorance, misdirection and abuse of the reproductive system, and because woman as mother ascribes in her physical organism the "creatory" of every new human being, and hence the effects of ignorance and misdirection on her part will have a more disastrous effect upon offspring than will like ignorance and error on the part of man.

Here, then, as some of us see it, is the greatest need for a campaign of education. A campaign not merely to teach women how best to build, and how best to guard the interests of the unborn, but rather a campaign to rouse woman to a sense of responsibility to her helpless charge. A campaign that will make her so disinterested with present social, economic, industrial and financial conditions that she will refuse to accept the co-operation of man in the work of reproduction until a radical revolution, not merely a political revolution, gives to the mother and to the prospective mother conditions under which she can do her best work in child-building, which work, it needs no argument to prove, takes precedence of all other human industries in magnitude and importance.

Patrik Henry said he knew no other guide for his feet than the lamp of experience. The experience of mankind shows that governmental systems are neither better nor worse than the people who make or who endure them. If, then, we would have better governmental systems we must first have better people. To have better people we must look to the primary education of the people, since earliest impressions are deepest and most permanent. The education of the nursery and primary school builds character, but there is an education still more primary and still more important, and that is the education of, or in, the creatory. And since woman as mother is the only teacher of this most primary of all primary schools, the first and most important thing to do in any campaign of education is to arouse woman to a sense of her responsibility in the work of education as well as in the work of creation.—Moses Harman, in LUCIFER, Nov. 12, 1926.

Mankind as a body is ungrateful, and will not thank you for benefits conferred nor see your good intentions to serve it if you step out of the beaten track. The sound reformer has no other encouragement than to bemoan his merited carelessness to his senseless memory, or to enjoy them in anticipation. His patrons live not with him, but are to be his posterity, and from those persons with whom he lives he finds more of insults than of gratitude. . . . The life of a reformer would be intolerable if there were not some recognized individuals who can see his ends and appreciate his motives, and who are bold enough to encourage him to proceed, and honest and benevolent enough to assist him.—Richard Carlile.

Whoever designs the change of religion in a country or government, by any other means than that of general conversion of the people, . . . designs all the mischiefs to a nation that we to usher in or attend the two greatest distempers of a state—civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders and virtue among men. Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man or any assembly of men can be worth.—Sir William Temple.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 11 months and 1 day old. He has served 185 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into *LUCIFER* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *LUCIFER* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to *LUCIFER*, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Sept. 2, 1906.

My Dear Ladies—Glad to know that the home folks have not been prostrated by the hot weather. Here the mercury did not rise above 90, and Kansas breezes kept us fairly comfortable in the hospital. For several days just passed the showers have kept the temperature about right.

Of foreign letters received within the two weeks just past I thankfully acknowledge: Arthur Wastall, East London, South Africa, one, in which he says he tries to write me each month. This is the third, I think, from him since I was sent to Joliet, six months ago. He says he sent me picture cards of South African scenery. These did not reach me. Please ask him not to get discouraged. His letters and cards have not been forwarded from Joliet, but may yet arrive. Please ask him to write for us some account of the life and work of Lady Florence Dixie, to whose memory we owe much. Too bad that no mention of her death was made by us at the time it occurred.

From K. Koga, Kagoshima, Japan, comes a very good letter, in broken English, yet plain enough to be understood. Write him and send him the paper, addressed to the "Seventh High School," as above. From George and Lonie Bedborough, of London, now on vacation at Christiania, Norway, I have received six picture cards, written at the old home of Henrik Ibsen. Glad to get clipping of poem by Herman Scheffauer in *London Clarion*. Think you might send me clippings from our home publications frequently without giving offense.

Other letters and cards from friends nearer home, with thanks. I have received since last writing: J. E. Boultonhouse, 3; O. H. Stone, 1; Annie E. Parkhurst and Henry M. Parkhurst, 2; R. R. Shepherd, 1; M. H. Coffin, 1; George B. Wheeler, 1; and clippings from *Sunday Record-Herald*; Thirza Rathbun, 1 (and second copy of poem, "And How Is the City?"); Olive M. LaBarre, 1; "The Chaplain," A. Johnson, 1; Ada Morley, 1; Albert Wichman, 1; Philip Peabody, 4; James Myrrs, 1; J. Allen Evans, 1; Sara C. Campbell, 1; W. P. Austin, 1; C. N. Greene, 1.

Glad you are going to send me *Sunday Record-Herald* regularly—one copy received. "Old Melodious Spiritualized" received from H. W. Booser, the author. Book of songs received from J. F. Ruggles.

Of magazines, have received for September, *McClure's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Everybody's*, *Physical Culture*, *Yankee*; for August, *Appleton's* and *Cosmopolitan*. Also four copies of *Woman's Tribune*.

Have you read "The Woman Who Tolls," by Bessie and Marie Van Vorst? I consider it one of the best books in the prison library list. Have you read Jack London's books, "The People of the Abyss" and "The Call of the Wild"? I read these in Joliet prison, and since I came here have read his "Son of a Wolf" and "The Sea Wolf"—prison library books. London wields a powerful pen, and when he tells of what he himself has seen and heard I like to read it; but when he draws on his creative fancy for pictures like that of the captain of the "Ghost," a piratical schooner in the "sealing" business, I am repelled, not to say disgusted. "Wolf Larsen" is more than a "Sea Wolf"; he is a second edition of Milton's "Prince of Devils." With superhuman strength, superhuman running and courage, utterly devoid of conscience or sympathy for suffering, he is the incarnation of egoistic, individualistic, materialistic selfishness or greed.

Was it because the modern socialistic propaganda needs a "devil," a "bogey," to scare people into being good—"collectivists" or good socialists—that such a monstrosity should be created?

John Milton was a theologian of the puritanic school or cult. Puritanism needed a devil, a personification of the power of evil. John Milton seems to have undertaken to supply that need, that demand, in the hero of his world-famous epic, "Paradise Lost." To do this he gathered up the traditions of the "elders," the various writers of the Christian scriptures; also the imaginings of the "father of the church," and out of these he constructed a wonderfully realistic story. To get a striking name for his hero Milton was guilty of a gross perversion of the scriptures he professed to believe and honor. In the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, beginning at the fourth verse, the prophet is directed to "take up this proverb against the king of Babylon." By a bold metaphor, in the twelfth verse, this king of Babylon is addressed as "Lucifer, son of the morning"—the ancient and etymologically correct name of the Morning Star. In no proper sense does the name apply to the personification of evil.

Like too many other modern writers and speakers, Jack London follows Milton in his unscholarlike, not to say dishonest, perversion of one of the most beautiful and inspiring names and symbolisms of astronomic sciences. Milton was too good a scholar not to know better, but in the case of many of his imitators it is a sin of ignorance rather than of intention.

To all who care for the truth of this controversy I would respectfully commend Webster's unabridged dictionary, edition of 1886, page 792, where this use of the name of Lucifer is called "one of those gross perversions of sacred writ," etc.; also see page 1621 of the same volume: "Lucifer is no proper or Satanic title," etc.

I like Jack London and think him a wonderfully strong writer; hence all the more I regret that he puts gamely between the two principles on which all human progress rests, viz: individualism and socialism. All of us are both individualists and socialists!

Am slowly mending, I think. With love always, M. HARMAN.

Here's freedom for him that wad read;
Here's freedom for him that wad write;
There's none ever feared that the truth should be heard
Save them that the truth wad sedet. —Robert Burns.

WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED OF HEREDITY.

Every one knows that there is a resemblance between parents and offspring. To what extent is this common or necessary, and what laws govern its transmission? These questions were wrapped in mystery until recently, but today we are beginning dimly to surmise some of the answers. The present state of our knowledge, most of which is only a few years old, is summarized by Prof. L. Cuénot, of the University of Nancy, France, in a lecture printed in the "Revue Scientifique" (Paris, April 28). Says the speaker:

"The fact must be insisted on that the substance of the new individual is the sum of the two germs furnished by the parents. Now there is no doubt that our good qualities and our defects are both dependent on our material structure. . . . Education and the influence of environment may perhaps modify this heredity, but to what extent? Here is the grave and difficult problem of moral responsibility which confronts us so often in the courts and in society. . . .

"This hereditary descent of all sorts of characteristics has long been noticed. . . . It has been felt that there must be rules to regulate it, and attempts have been made to discover them. . . . Of recent years the application of the experimental method has thrown a bright light on these phenomena. The common gray mouse and the white or albino mouse are both well known. When these two forms are crossed the offspring are like the gray parent, and we may say that there is 'dominance' of the gray characteristics; the white is hidden by the other and is 'dominated' or 'latent.' But continue the experiment; crossing two of the hybrids, we have not only gray mice, but also white ones, fewer in number. If the crossing be continued we find that there are always three grays to one white.

"How shall we interpret this? Here is one hypothesis: The parental elements cannot fuse together; they remain separate, half being gray (G), half white (B). When we cross the hybrids we may thus have four combinations:

Gray X gray (GG).
Gray X white (GB).
White X gray (GB).
White X white (BB).

These four combinations will give the following results:

Gray X gray = gray of pure breed.

Gray X white and white X gray = gray of impure breed, like the parent hybrids.

White X white = white of pure breed.

We may express this result more briefly as follows:

$GB \times GB = 1GG + 2GB + 1BB$,

which corresponds to the results of experience. Crossing a gray mouse of impure breed, containing the white breed in the 'latent' state, we have an equal number of grays and whites. . . . This is because only two combinations were possible:

Gray X white = gray of impure breed (GB).
White X white = white of pure breed (BB).

"Very long and delicate experiments give results that conform so well to the theoretical predictions that there must be some truth in the hypothesis; the phenomena seems widely extended both in the animal and vegetable world. . . . If it be true, man has the wonderful power of being able to transmit to his children not only his visible 'dominant' qualities but equally a host of latent characteristics that he may possess."

This fundamental experiment is due to Gregor Mendel, an Austrian monk, who made it in 1865, but it passed unnoticed until 1900, since which time it has been thoroughly investigated and has brought posthumous fame to its author. The "Mendelian" type of heredity, which it represents, appears to be the most frequent, as it is the simplest. There are others, however, Mr. Cuénot tells us, that are more complex. One of these represents the crossing of a white, red-eyed mouse with another red-eyed mouse having a tawny yellow coat. Says the author:

"We should expect to find hybrids all with red eyes, like the parents, and with yellow or white skin; but this is not the case. The result is rather paradoxical; the descendants all have black eyes, gray backs, and whitish bellies, while their eyes are certainly larger than those of their parents. . . . Instead of presenting the phenomena of 'dominance' the parental characteristics have combined to produce a new result. . . . When crossed again these hybrids produce a strange variety of forms: (1) Black mice; (2) gray mice with whitish bellies like their parents; (3) white with red eyes like one grandparent; (4) yellow with red eyes; (5) pearl-gray with red eyes. These have fixed numerical relations, which appear to be as follows: Of sixteen young ones we have eight with black eyes (two black, six gray with white bellies) and eight with red eyes (four white, three yellow, one pearl-gray). There has taken place a separation of characteristics and also a decomposition, resulting in absolutely new forms."

Thus, the writer tells us, we are beginning to understand some of the rules of heredity, and already we are enabled to explain a few facts that have bothered students in the past. For instance, there is atavism, or the sudden appearance of a characteristic of a long-forgotten ancestor. According to modern ideas, it is not necessary to suppose, as Darwin and Weismann do, that an actual portion of ancestral substance has been transmitted along the line of descent; the atavism is due simply to a combination of germinative elements that reproduces a former combination. The interest of these researches, the author notes, reaches beyond the field of pure science. It is of vast importance in daily life, in the study of history, in the practice of medicine. Personal traits, the ability of a statesman, the talent of a disease in a noble family—all follow, doubtless, the law laid down by Mendel. In closing, Mr. Cuénot gives us this practical advice:

"Almost every one has either visible blemishes or latent tendencies to disease, which last are as important as the first from the point of view of transmission, as we have seen. If you wish, so far as you can accomplish it, that your children should remain untouched, avoid marriage with families that have blemishes or tendencies similar to yours. I am fully aware that advice is easier to give than to follow; man, who has been applying for centuries processes of selection to his domestic animals, has not understood that he might apply the same to his descendants with advantage. Nevertheless, robust health and a safe inheritance are better than a big dowry, as we may well believe."—*Literary Digest*.

DO WE GROW CONVENTIONAL WITH AGE?

I was just reading a letter from a friend, who quotes Ella Wheeler Wilcox as saying that "All men as they grow older tend toward respectability more and more. The paramour does not hold that position in the eyes of the world; hence a man tires of her."

Now, I don't just date on Ella. She is just a little shallow. She used to write passionate poetry that was just on the verge. Then she married a millionaire, and since then has set up to be spiritual adviser to the world in general on the syndicate plan. Men do not grow more conventional as they grow older. Most men—and women, too—are conventional in their beliefs. They are sheep, and follow in the beaten track. But in youth passions are strong, and as passions often clash with conventionality, the weaker impulse goes to the wall and passion wins. Is that case the parties may profess unconventionality, but at heart they think they are doing wrong. As they grow older and passion cools, people such as this profess to have changed their views and become "respectable." As a matter of fact, they always were sheep in wolves' clothing, to transpose the old metaphor—sheep in that they naturally followed the beaten path. The man and woman who are liberal from conviction do not grow more conventional as they grow older. We do not hear that George Eliot and George Henry Lewes respected or loved each other less as they grew older. On the contrary, Herbert Spencer, in his "Autobiography," says of them:

"So far as I saw (and I had many opportunities of seeing) they exceeded any married pair that I have known in the constancy of their companionship, and his studious care of her was manifest. I remember that on one occasion when, perhaps during a temporary mood, I had been saying that, though possessed of so many advantages, I valued life but little save for the purpose of finishing my work, they both of them ascribed my feeling to lack of the domestic affections, and simultaneously exclaimed that their great sorrow was that the time would soon come when death would part them." (Vol. 2, p. 375.)

Ella spends a good deal of her time finding reasons for tying us tighter to Mrs. Grundy's apron-strings. Men who are liberals from principle respect their paramours as much after they get older as they did when they were younger. It is only those who never were liberals at heart who feel otherwise. Mrs. Wilcox's statement is only in line with the general Christian position that all free thinkers recant on their death-beds. This accounts for the stories of the death-bed conversion of Voltaire, Tom Paine and Ingersoll. They are the outcome of the conventional mind which cannot grasp the idea of liberality in thought. They believe in their hearts that all liberals are hypocrites, because the conventional or sheep type of mind cannot grasp the idea of any broader mental horizon than its own.

W. C. COPE,
Louisville, Ky.

A widow was surprised weeping over the tomb of her dear husband. "Ah, signora, your tears will not bring him back!" "That is just why I am crying."—*Il Mondo Umoristico*.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Pauline street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

Mrs. M. E. B., San Jose, Cal.—I have known your father for many years; met him first at Clinton, Iowa, at the camp, where I first subscribed for *LUCIFER*; have always felt an interest in the cause he advocated, knowing full well how much better the world would be and how much more happiness if the teachings of *LUCIFER* were generally understood. You will please find enclosed \$2 to apply on my subscription.

DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, Chicago.—I met a speaker at Clinton Camp who is able, radical and fearless. She is not posted on the postal tyranny. I want to send her documents; but have sent all I had away. I would like you to send her Wakeman's and Post's letters and any other documents you think most educative on that line. She is pretty well posted on the sex question. *LUCIFER* is none the less interesting since its editor is away.

W. C. COPE, Louisville, Ky.—I inclose a clipping from the "Literary Digest" showing that heredity is not a matter of blind chance but can be predicted with a good deal of certainty and controlled by the exercise of forethought. It is a hopeful sign when our popular magazines publish articles such as this and Burbank's article in "Scribner's." When the people become educated persecutions like that of your father will become impossible.

J. W. GREGG, Fargo, N. D.—I have been off on a three weeks' trip to North Dakota. Stood a day or two ago looking at a field of grain where, when the reapers started in with the machines, they would make one trip to the end and only get back at night. Have been reading a booklet by a friend of mine, Mr. George L. Rusk, of New York, that deals with the land question and single tax, and makes one wonder what our children and their children will have to contend with soon.

L. E. STARR, Peppercorn, Mass.—I did not know that my subscription had run out and I am very glad to send the check for its continuation and wish I could increase the check a hundredfold. I know you are fighting a battle for humanity and have to suffer for your advanced ideas. God bless the advance beings who light the way! I think I owe my knowledge of your paper to Comrade John North, of Boston. Unless I die or become demented I wish to see the paper as long as it continues to carry out its present policy.

EDWIN C. WALKER, New York.—I suppose that if the unanalytical later of the word "pardon" should find in a newspaper an article headed, "The Beef Trust in Australia," while the entire article was devoted to tallow culture in Holland, she would insist that the heading exactly described the article. The word "pardon" in the instance under discussion was, as I said, a more technical formality which meant nothing to the framers of the document it headed, the intention and attitude of the writer of the petition being found in the document itself.

J. W. KELLEY, Marion, Ind.—When you write your father please give him my love. I often think of what he is suffering for the cause of freedom. Some day humanity will erect over his tomb a monument around which the people will often assemble to do homage. The world has always crucified its saviors, and the end is not yet. The annual camp meeting of the Indiana Spiritualist Association was held at Chesterfield, Ind. I was delighted to find the grounds, which are very beautiful, in the control of people who are well educated in the philosophy of both spiritualism and freedom. It's a good place to rest and recuperate.

A SCOTSMAN.—By all means keep on printing our grand old man's picture until such time as he removes it himself, and why not, by way of contrast, insert in the same pages a picture of Theodore Roosevelt—one of those which show him engaged in his favorite blood-sports? It would have been somewhat of a degradation to have your father sue for or accept "executive clemency" at the hands of such as he. The creatures he "pardons" are traffickers in girlhood, like Bob Smith, whom he let loose on society when governor of New York. This protected criminal with an awful record was again

before the courts a couple of months ago, this time for the abduction of young girls and holding them in brothel slavery, when Judge Cowling sentenced him to twenty years in the state prison. To my thinking the death penalty, if righteous anywhere, is for such as he.

FREDERICK E. PALMER, Brookline, Mass.—Your letter to Emily P. R. is before me, under date July 16. She has been away from here for two years, having had to take an invalid mother to California. She introduced *LUCIFER* to me many years ago, for which I am very thankful, my life having been broadened and purified by your father's noble writings. I have paid the subscription during all those years, although the paper up to now has come in her name. I enclose \$5, which you may apply to any use you wish outside of a year's renewal of subscription. With most affectionate regard for your father in his persecution and best wishes for the paper.

J. O. HUNTER, Sheridan, Wyo.—I do not want the paper to be forced to succumb, for I am strongly interested in doing what Mr. Harman would wish, as I have the highest admiration for his courage, so I enclose a trifle in this, to be used for whatever you think best; although if it could be used to make the condition of Mr. Harman more comfortable I think I would rather have it invested in that manner than in any other; but possibly he would rather have it used to benefit the paper, so use it as you think best. Would have written to Mr. Harman, but do not expect my letter would pass the officials of the prison. Would like to have a photo of Mr. Harman and grandson. Yours for freedom.

A. TYLER, Springfield, Mo.—I am heartily in sympathy with the lofty ideas of *LUCIFER*, and if I was financially able I would send more than the \$1 herein inclosed. While the sex problem is of vast importance, it is only one of the thousand ills we are subject to under the reign of capitalistic brutishness called, by those who administer it, law. The money power knows nothing but to strangle every free thought and keep the common people in ignorance. Their agitation against "race suicide" is merely for the purpose of replenishing the child-slave market, as a stockman advises the breeding of more mules if he is a purchaser for the cotton fields. I am glad your father is at Leavenworth and got away alive from Joliet.

ARTHUR WARTALL, 3 Amalinda Road, East London, Cape Colony.—No. 1008 is just to hand. I am relieved somewhat to learn by it that your father is making the best of his untoward conditions, and that there is now every likelihood of his pulling through triumphantly. To such as he even defeat means simply "reculer pour mieux sauter." I note, too, that he has at least received one of my monthly letters. It will rejoice him to hear how his hands are being strengthened by the formation of such societies as the one of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis of New York, and the Anti-Puritan League of London. Comstockism must expect to get some pretty hard hits from those quarters, I'm thinking.

I was glad to see Thomas Hardy's poem to an unborn pauper child in your last issue. It has suggested to me a way whereby some at least of the great army of "unwanted," which would seem to be daily increasing, might find the "health, love, friends, scope in full" and all that Hardy dare hope for them on arrival here. The affair is comparatively simple, given the cooperation of a few energetic organizers. Let a Harman colony be founded where land and the means of subsistence are cheap, such as on the high and healthy table lands of British East Africa. The "illegimates" of Johannesburg alone, now for the most part done to death before or shortly after birth, and if allowed to live, certainly deprived of proper parental love and training, would furnish child colonists in plenty to make a start with, and if proper care were exercised in the selection of adult members, and the concern run on lines that Moses Harman would himself approve, I see no reason why successful results should not be obtained. Children of white parents born on the Kikuyu plateau, which is 8,000 feet above sea level and 360 miles from the coast and now reached by rail, have rosy cheeks, which speaks sufficiently, I think, of the suitability of the climate, although the latitude is but 1 degree below the equator.

Are there none amongst *LUCIFER* readers who will join me in some such an effort to practicalise our ideas of freedom here in Africa? I have visited this spot, which Dr. Theodore Hertzka selected as the site for the Free Land scheme, and know of none in the world better suited for this project of perpetuating in a practical manner the memory of the man who is now suffering deprivation of liberty in order that we may enjoy it the more. He cannot be much longer with us at best, and it would be fitting that some such a sur-

prison should be prepared for him on his liberation a few months hence. This is but a throw-out; let those who have better and more matured plans come forward with them, but let us act at once. It was Glinthe who said:

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed."

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Their solemn presence harmonizing so,
With those in gracious contrast. Gaze, and know
That man is ever nobler in man's sight
When midst those acts familiar, fair, and good,
The flowers of fellowship shown day by day,
He still maintains his strength, his hardihood
Of life, and keeps his individual way
Austerely—through the grandeur of his blood
Scorning to be ruled, or to obey.

—From "The Moods of Life," by W. F. Barnard.

THE PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

In looking over old copies of *LUCIFER* for an "editorial" for this issue I found a sermon by Cardinal Gibbons on the divorce question. In it he says:

"I can conceive no scene more pathetic, no appeals more touching to our sympathies, than the contemplation of a child, emerging into the years of discretion, seeing her father and mother estranged from one another.

"Her little heart is yearning for love. She longs to embrace both parents, but she finds that she cannot give her affection to one without exciting the resentment or displeasure of the other."

It happened that I had just read of a scene far more pathetic, a scene in which a "child emerging into the years of discretion" saw her father kill her mother, and then was compelled to give the testimony in court which secured the sentence to death of her father. The *Chicago Tribune* of Sept. 22 tells the story:

"The testimony of his three children convicted Anton Reus yesterday of the murder of his wife on March 2. The jury which brought in the verdict fixed the penalty at death.

"At the trial, which began last Tuesday, Rosie Reus, the 13-year-old daughter, was the chief witness. She testified that her father frequently had beaten her mother and that some weeks before the murder the latter had secured a warrant for his arrest.

"Her father went home and asked to be forgiven, she said, but his conduct was no better and soon after another warrant was obtained. Her father again asked to be pardoned, but her mother refused.

"Father then drew a revolver and shot her," the girl said. "Mother fell and I ran to pick her up, but before I reached her, father shot again. I dragged mother out in the hall and closed the door. I then got her out in the yard, but she couldn't stand up, so I helped her into the house and to bed."

A peaceable separation may be sadder, in the eyes of Cardinal Gibbons, than is this tragedy, but probably would have been preferred by the child, could she have had her choice. Wives are promised protection from some forms of physical abuse by their husbands, but it is the almost universal experience that an appeal to the police is expiated by increased sufferings.

"My Dear Miss or Mrs. Harman: As I do not know how to address you, will you Miss or Mrs. I don't quite understand your attitude on this 'free-love' business when children are born. When a woman is 'bunting company' like the dogs, cats and other animals, and becomes pregnant, who can she look to for support when she can't support herself, as at childbirth? There is a great deal of expense attendant upon bringing children into the world, and a

woman should not be taxed to her utmost. She needs some one to take care of her at such times. Suppose she has the habit of sharing her love with several men, and they all say she belongs to no one in particular, and each refuse her his support, not knowing whose child it is. That happens very frequently. I think a woman is a fool to place herself in such a position. Besides, I call that instinct that leads a woman to all kinds of men 'lust.' It is not mating, nor is it love.

"Perhaps I have such a strong temptation to take what does not belong to me when I am downtown shopping. Should I steal a pair of gloves because I have an impulse to do so? You seem to take for granted that a person should follow all impulses. That could not work out all right, since the human race today is very imperfect, and all impulses are not good. A man might profess deep love for a woman, but if she had children he might shirk the responsibility of helping caring for them, and a woman would be in constant distress for them. Excuse me from your 'free-love' business. I want a man to share the burden of bringing up his children, and if he doesn't, I want a law that compels him to. If you want to have the sole responsibility, I have nothing to say; but I don't think you are justified in trying to convince others that you alone have found the right way to live, and try to influence others to your way.

"That article in *LUCIFER* entitled 'Exclusiveness in Love' settled *LUCIFER* for me. Is it possible Mr. Moses Harman approves of such stuff? And that poor Japanese girl! What fools some people are! A poor girl, with no way of taking care of a baby, will follow her impulses to do that which she knows will bring her one, and she knows she can't take care of it. You ought to be preaching self-restraint instead of license to follow every dirty impulse. See what a mess a poor girl gets herself into when she follows such advice as you give! For shame! that you should encourage such things!

"I have been much interested in Mr. Harman's work, but did not realize it went so far as the last two numbers have gone. It is just a little too far for me. I believe Mr. R. has not yet paid for the paper. Please let me know how much is due on the subscription and I will send it. Please discontinue sending the paper to J. A. R. Very sincerely yours,

"(Mrs.) LORETTA R."

Dear Mrs. R.—: I am quite sure you are correct in saying that you do not understand *LUCIFER*. If *LUCIFER* stands for anything at all, it is for self-control, self-ownership and individual responsibility. Its editor advocates self-control in all things, and deprecates the common tendency to indulge passionate impulse at the expense of undesired and unprovided-for offspring; as is so frequently the case in conventional marriage. Thousands of women have trusted to the "protection" of the marriage bond, only to find that the boasted protection failed to support the constantly increasing flock of little ones brought into being by unrestrained "impulse" coerced by the cloak of marriage.

When women realize their responsibility to themselves and to their children they will hear only those children which they desire and feel reasonably sure will be cared for during immaturity. I think that fatherhood is as important as motherhood, and that every child should have the birthright to the loving care of a good father. But neither the wedding ring nor the policeman's club guarantees the enjoyment of that right. Very few children have the loving paternal care and guidance which I had, and which my two children also enjoy; but no man-made law could have enforced that care. That we had and have it now is due to the love and sense of personal responsibility which was and is felt by my father and by theirs. I should be very sorry indeed to have the misfortune to bear a child whose father even desired to evade his responsibility; but if I should have that misfortune I should not continue to endure the condition,

while bearing child after child, as thousands of wives are doing all over the world. I should consider it a crime against my children.

If a woman associates in any way with any man who has as little respect for her and for her truthfulness that he cannot believe her word in regard to the paternity of her child, she should, if a truthful and self-respecting woman, be anxious to break off such association immediately. No man, either in marriage or out, can have any assurance of his paternity other than his confidence in the truthfulness of the mother. And marriage by no means always gives that assurance. Many married men accuse their wives of attempted deceit,—and yet the children continue to come!

If you have an impulse to help yourself to gloves when on shopping expeditions, and only the fear of being "caught" causes you to refrain from doing so, there will surely come a day when you will think no one is looking and you will "fall." There must be a higher and a better reason for self-control than the fear of being "found out." That reason will often be ineffective. I have never told my child that god, ghost, devil, bogaboo or policeman would get her if she helped herself to the belongings of others. But if I thought there existed any good reason for any certain line of conduct I gave her that reason. For instance, there is a law against plucking flowers in the public parks. I have never even mentioned to her the existence of that law. But I told her that while it would be very pleasant if there were enough flowers in the parks for all to carry away all they cared for, yet, as there were not, the only way in which all could enjoy them is to leave them growing. By so doing we can all enjoy their beauty and fragrance, whereas if a few, in thoughtless selfishness, plucked themselves, soon there would be none for any of us to enjoy. A policeman is not always in sight, but the inner sense of reason and justice can be always with us, and should be cultivated instead of the fear of bogaboos and policemen which is so universally instilled in the minds of little children, and of men and women—children of larger growth—as well.

As to your question regarding father's indorsement of G. V. Lamb's letter: He has not seen it, nor any issue of *LUCIFER* since last February. But it is not to be assumed that he agrees with everything which appears in *LUCIFER*, even when he is at home. One of his fundamental principles is his advocacy of the right of every one to "have his say in his own way," and he believes in making *LUCIFER*, so far as is possible in its small space, a free platform where all sides may be heard, leaving the reader free to choose that which may seem most reasonable. He has never been prosecuted for any of his own writings. Many people have gone to prison in defense of their right to express their own opinion,—as the pilgrim fathers endured the privations of emigration in order to worship their god in their own way and force all others to do the same,—but I do not know of any one besides my father who has gone to prison for the right of others to express opinions at variance with his own.

As to the Japanese story, it was merely a picture of life as it is in Japan. It seemed to me of interest, showing as it does the evils which may result from the customs of parental choice and control of mating, and the abominable restrictions of caste, which prevent the open recognition of love relations between members of different castes. If I have on my walls a picture of a flame-swept prairie it does not necessarily imply that I approve of the fire for burning. The engineer from whose engine the spark flew that ignited the grass may not be to blame. Yet the picture may be of interest, and we may moralize on the ways in which the catastrophe might have been prevented. And the Japanese picture will certainly arouse thought, and thereby its purpose will be served.

Reverting to the question of "impulse" again: I may feel impelled to make a trip to California with a woman friend. Certainly there is no law to prevent my yielding to that desire. But I would, of course, consider the circumstances and count the cost before starting. And if one should do so in regard to a matter so relatively trivial, why not be at least as prudent in relations which may involve into being a new life, with its immeasurable possibilities of good or ill? It was Paul, the great law-giver for women, was it not, who said, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient!"

It is my opinion that "dirty impulses" should be eliminated. Do not forget that it is law which grants "license." And I maintain that if an impulse is in itself "dirty" it cannot be purified by the license of marriage.

In conclusion, and in regard to my name: My father and my mother gave me the name Lillian Harman when I was born, and it has pleased me sufficiently to leave me no desire to change it. My brother was named George Harman, and he has kept his name, also—

"though married." When people address him they have no doubt he has reached maturity, and so call him "Mr. Harman," and do not feel it necessary to ask if he is married and therefore entitled to the prefix "Mr." instead of "Master." Personally, I do not care whether I am called "Miss" or "Mrs." but I think matters would be greatly simplified if all women were called "Mrs.," just as all men are called "Mr."

LILLIAN HARMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR IN PRISON.

From a bundle of letters recently received from Leavenworth I select the following. Many others are equally interesting, and I would gladly print them if space would permit. The friendly writers may be sure that each letter is received and read with great pleasure, and that they do much to lighten the imprisonment:

My Dear Mr. Harman: I think we have the public mind well started. Shaw, Gorky and Comstock are doing great work in calling attention to the stupid proflery of our time. There is no weapon like ridicule against that sort of thing.

I hear you spoken of everywhere with the greatest admiration and affection, which I heartily share.

There was a splendid article, with cuts, in a late *Evening Sun*, New York, laughing at the raid on the Art School. Pleydell sent it to Lillian. These are great times to live, even in prison. Your friend,
BOSTON HALL.

The article referred to by Mr. Hall appeared in No. 1072 under the heading, "The Comstockian Renaissance." It was erroneously credited to the *Sun* instead of to the *Evening Sun*.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., May 13.—Dear Brother Harman: —

In "free America" we write as above—for reasons. Faithfully,
W. G. MARKLAND.

Mr. Markland's interesting letter was written after his failure to "break into" Joliet with a message to its loved and honored occupant.

The following card, dated Detroit, Mich., May 21, though "out of date" is regard to time, will nevertheless, I am sure, interest our readers:

May you, our beloved convict, soon join this circle of ex-convicts who rejoice in their honorable title. On the occasion of the retraction from the dead of one of our number we send you our deepest respect and love, and our hearts go out to the Nestor of free expression, the many-time victim of governmental hypocrisy and persecution. May our love cast a ray of sunshine into the darkness of your nightmare. Affectionately,
ALEX. BECKMAN,
EMMA GOLDMAN,
CARL NOLD.

NEW YORK, May 12.—Dear Friend Harman: Have you read Tom Lawson's series of articles in *Everybody's Magazine*? They are very instructive reading, and you should not have missed them. Lawson is no offensive in certain circles as you are in certain other circles. I have been so busy that only now have I read the May number of *Everybody's*, and I came across a paragraph that I will copy here for your consolation and encouragement:

"Can you blame me if I wanted to throw down my pen and say, . . . 'To hell with the people! They are not worth working to save!'"

"Yet how weak and timid is such an outburst in the face of a cause so momentous! No upward step in the progress of humanity was ever taken save against hostile pressure, no world ever made over in a day, no successful reformer but had to convince his followers before he could convert his opponents. Should a great fight be abandoned because some private have refused to abide by the general's counsel? Positive results count, not reverses. Who cares after ten sheep are folded how far during the day they have wandered? The cause is the thing; blessed he whom fate affords the chance to serve it."

This is the best message I can send you today. I trust its contemplation may promote your happiness.

I have just received No. 1065 of *LUCIFER*. An excellent number. The paper is being well edited during your absence. Yours sincerely,
ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—Moses Harman—My Dear Friend: I thank you very much for the fine list of names for the "Old Guard" of freethought. Have entered them all in the list, and find that there is a much greater interest connected with this list than I at first anticipated. Am sending you today both September *Tomorrow* and *Current Literature*, in which I know you will be interested. Will appreciate any further additions or corrections you care to make of the "Old Guard" list.

I am suggesting in our October number that we make your welcome home from jail equal if possible to Bryan's reception in New York; this in the cause of free press and free speech. Comstock has recently gained the repudiation of the majority of the clear-headed

editors in the United States. Common sense is growing popular everywhere and putting hypocrisy on the run. Yours for the better way.
PARKER H. SEACOMBE.

Mr. Seacombe's suggestion regarding the home-coming was anticipated by the writer of the following card:

WEST LAFAYETTE, IND.—All lovers of free speech and a free press, who know anything about your case, are praying, wishing, hoping that you will be of "good courage" and "never give up the ship," that you will survive the ordeal and receive your crown and a welcome ovation on your return to Chicago, to which that of W. J. Bryan would pale into insignificance and "300,000 more!"

O. L. HARVY, Press Writer.

A foreign card, with no address, bears this message:

A German woman, a very great admirer of you, is sending you her kindest regards, hoping that you soon will feel better, and that her words may tell you how all over the world people are in sympathy with you! I wish I could express better how much I feel with you and your family—how I envy you, and especially your daughter Lillian; how brave you all are! By kindness of a friend I get your LUCIFER, which I love ardently. Yours,
D. SCHULKE.

I don't know what Mr. Shepherd will say to me for printing the following letter, but he will perhaps forgive me. He has been a personal friend of the editor of LUCIFER for many years, and has been a subscriber to LUCIFER since its first issue. He has seriously disapproved of many things which have appeared in the paper, but through all his warm friendship has remained unaltered. The doors of his hospitable home have always been open to us—a hospitality of which I availed myself many times when in Leavenworth for the purpose of visiting the guest of the representatives of "Uncle Sam." I do not know how much, if any, work it was necessary for Congressman Curtis to do in order to obtain the transfer of my father from Joliet to Leavenworth, but the application had to be made by him. His political enemies in Kansas call him the "Indian," but if he has nothing more to his discredit than the Indian blood in his veins he has no cause for shame.

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Aug. 29.—*Monica Harman—Old Friend and Neighbor:* While awaiting the lapse of a reasonable space of time before applying for permission to interview you I was taken sick and have been an invalid ever since, at no time able to leave my premises. A collapse in hot weather always keeps me down till early fall or cool weather. One exception, however, when they took me in a sleeper to my native clime—Michigan. When near Chicago the bracing atmosphere of Lake Michigan came in the car window and revived me and began the work of recuperation. About seventy years ago I was born at Saugeen, at the mouth of the Kalamazoo, opposite Milwaukee, being the first "speemik chetokomas, quakoma, pap-poo" (as the natives called me) born in that then Indian village. The natives came in droves to see me, and later on my kind old Pottawatomie "mammy" nurse was permitted to take me on her back and exhibit me as a "curio" from village to village. Of course, every nursing Indian mother offered me the best and divinest hospitality she had to bestow, and thus it happened that to me came the probable distinction of having sampled the commissary department of more Indian mothers than any other pale-face living. Later these unoffending children of the forest (Pottawatomies, Chippewas and Ottawas) were cruelly torn from their much-loved ancestral homes and the scenes of their childhood and driven to the bleak plains of Kansas. And that was one of the considerations that brought me to this neck o' the woods fifty-two years ago, a youngster of 17. Landing at "Westport Landing" (Kansas City), I inquired for the nearest Indians, and about and about I found them late that night, twenty miles west, and "cracked in" and slept with them (Shawnees). Next night I made "Big Springs," twelve miles west of Lawrence, and the next night I spent with the Pottawatomies on their reservation west of Topeka.

Among my Indian reminiscences is that of my pleasant acquaintanceship with Miss Lalla Pappan, daughter of Louis Pappan, a Frenchman, and his full-blooded Kaw wife. Lalla had been educated at Saint Mary's Mission. I had taken a claim on the north side of the river from Topeka, where I was in the newspaper business, and as I had to pass Pappan's house in going to my ranch I often stopped and gave her such exchanges as *God's*, *Peter's*, etc. I finally took Jack Curtis (father of Congressman Curtis) along with me and introduced him to her, and he wooed her with such zeal that they were married in about a month. And a splendid wife she made him—infinitely too good for him.

But maybe such gossip as this does not interest you. Anyhow, it will be a change from the usual run of letter talk you get. You need variety in thought. Too much ding-dong repetition on free-thought and reform lines is wearisome—unhealthy. Paul said he was determined to know nothing but Jesus and him crucified. That remark convicts him of being a crank. One-ideaism is abnormality—disease. Above all things a man should be whole—complete—evenly balanced—well rounded out—is a word, healthy. The Chinese have the most perfect educational system in the world—competitive, and includes morals, etiquette, self-control, quickness and accuracy of comprehension, kindness, honesty, honor, patience, courtesy, etc., until finally the one in many who after a long struggle of many years attains the highest excellence is honored with the degree of *The Perfect Man*, generally called the degree of the red bottom. No per-

son in China who has not attained this degree can be appointed to any office, high or low.

Since the good wave I have been improving. As soon as I am able will try and see you. Trust in the Divine. Be one with the Infinite. All is Good. Idealize the future life. This world is hardly worth fussing about. Yours fraternally,
S. R. SHORMAN.

The foregoing letter is from one of the oldest of the friends of LUCIFER. The following is from one of the youngest—perhaps the youngest who has written to the editor in prison. But years before Master Bryan was born his mother wrote friendly letters to the editor of LUCIFER in his former sojourns behind prison walls. And I am sure it gave my father pleasure to read these lines, pencilled in the round, child-like characters:

FORTUNE, MOYT, Aug. 10.—*M. Harman:* I haven't much to say, but I can say that you have my sympathy. I enjoy your letters in LUCIFER and am glad you have a pleasant place to stay than at Joliet. Gertrude Vase is my auntie.

I hope that God will not bless the man that said that you had ought to die. Yours lovingly,
BRYAN H. HUFFINGTON.

From far-away Japan this letter comes:

SEVENTH HIGH SCHOOL, KAGOSHIMA, JAPAN, July 26.—*Dear Sir:* Allow me to write you now, although it may be rather improper to do so, as I am quite a stranger to you. I am a student of the Seventh High School—I suppose this is similar to college in America—and learn law here. I am always anxious to know the truth. At first I studied Christianity and I was inspired by the gospel of God; afterward I found that Christianity could not relieve the poor laborers from the economic slavery of the age; and then I at last found the light in the darkness. What is my light? It is socialism.

One day I was reading a Japanese magazine named *Home Magazine* (in Japanese *Katei Zasshi*) and saw an account of the barbarous treatment which you are enduring. After the writer told your story he added: "Mr. Harman is 75 years old. If you, the reader, have sympathy for him, please send him a letter of sympathy and of gratitude for his work as a warrior for humanity."

I have longed for America as the only land of freedom in the world; but now that I realize there is not even freedom of speech and publications in America, what shall I do? Of course, we have neither freedom of speech nor press in Japan. In this country our comrades fight always very severely with the so-called gentleman-capitalist. I believe the cruel capitalist system will be destroyed by and by. The world sorely needs such brave warriors as you for the coming revolution, so take good care of yourself. Yours ever,
K. KOGA.

THE COMMAND TO MULTIPLY.

Great armies, great navies, necessitate constant and increasing taxation of the people, and the more money spent to keep a nation "on a war footing," the less remains for the expenses of public education and for a just encouragement of the arts of peace; while, as nations cannot be fighting all the time, the intervening periods of idleness are a drain upon economical resources and a menace to public morality. It is plain that education is the only means of making the race live rationally and prudently. The reason why the poor and the ignorant propagate more abundantly than the well-to-do classes is that hard work and plain fare develop brute force at the expense of intellectual aptitudes; while the natural craving for enjoyment finds no higher satisfaction than in sensual pleasure. The more man knows, the less will man grovel. The increasing reluctance of the educated classes to rear large families is due to a deeper sense of the moral responsibility undertaken in invoking life, and to a wider knowledge of the appalling waste of vital force which results from overpopulation. This excess is always and everywhere the chief cause of war. In ancient times people desired many children, because the struggle for existence was carried on mainly by fighting. The charge "Be fruitful and multiply" was not a divine command; it was an appeal to the Hebrews to equal or excel their heathen neighbors in the number of warriors ready for strife. Young children were likened to arrows, and the man whose quiver was full of such was to be accounted blessed, not because of any domestic happiness or ambitious hopes which these might inspire, but because of their usefulness when the enemy should appear at the gate. Other races held the same opinion and cultivated the same instinct, and so life went on in its lower stages of development, the superfluity of progeny being decimated by plague, pestilence and famine, as well as by war.

Excessive parentage carried its own punishment then, as now; carefoll and vicious ancestors produced descendants abnormal in body and mind. Nature's laws are immutable; it rests with sentient beings either to conform to them and be rewarded, or to break them and suffer the consequences.—*Elizabeth H. Foss, in Truth Seeker.*

"Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."—*Thos. Jefferson.*



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Birthing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

LUCIFER No. 1976 will be dated October 11—one day before the twenty-sixth anniversary of the birth of its editor, Moses Harman. That issue will be devoted chiefly to biographical matter concerning him. A portrait which has not before appeared in LUCIFER will be printed; also portraits of his family. If extra copies are desired we would like to receive orders as early as possible.

IGNORING AND DEFYING THE COMSTOCK LAW.

Commenting upon the usual miscarriage of justice in the federal courts, as illustrated in the recently tried cases of Lois Waisbrooker and Mattie D. Penhallow, Henry C. Roberts of Bennington, Kan., an old and well-seasoned captain in the Light-Bearer army, asks some pertinent and very timely questions—see LUCIFER No. 935:

"What should be the attitude of free and independent women and men of our country toward arbitrary and invasive laws such as the Comstock law, enacted through raceability and fraudulent methods of unprincipled men? Should not their efforts be constantly to ignore and bring into disrepute such corrupt and vicious laws, to the end that they may be repealed? . . . Cannot the comrades now see that they have slighted the grandest opportunity to trample on the vile creature of Comstock—the law by which the noblest, the most indefatigable of the workers in the cause of the most vital reform of all the centuries, the reform of sex ethics, that is to say, the reform of our antiquated marriage system, are held up and robbed not only of their just meed of praise but of their small savings, the result of forced economy and of the strictest frugality?"

Having waited a few weeks and seeing no response to these timely and pertinent questions, I will venture to give my own opinion in regard to them, promising once more that what I may say is given for what it is worth, and not by authority of LUCIFER, as is notoriously the custom of editors. The closing sentence of Brother Roberts' letter is in these words:

"In fact I cannot avoid the conviction that the question is up to the reformers for immediate settlement—whether a bad, a vicious law should be respected and obeyed or whether it should be rejected, discarded, trampled down and brought into contempt of the people, that thus it may become a dead letter."

A few years ago, within the recollection of many who may care to read these confidential talks, men were sent to prison in this country for the alleged crime of helping fugitive slaves to gain their liberty. Knowing, as we all know, the force of law-abiding habits, of conformity to immemorial usages, it is not too much to say that if it had not been for the rebellious courage of those who went to prison, and who willingly submitted to be held up and robbed of their hard earnings rather than obey the fugitive-slave law, we might today be a nation of slave-catchers and slave-drivers, as in the days when the southern oligarchy dictated the politics and social ethics for the people of the United States.

Is not the Comstock postal law to all intents and purposes a new fugitive-slave law?

Let us see: The old fugitive-slave law was designed to perpetuate the form of human slavery that denied self-ownership to the African race. The Comstock law, as can easily be shown, is designed to perpetuate the form of slavery that denies to woman the ownership of her person, the control of her creative powers and functions. This it does by denying the right of free discussion, free investigation into or upon "sex ethics" looking towards "reform of our antiquated marriage system"—quoting the language of Brother Roberts.

Illustrative and in proof of this statement I will here set numerous consent of my readers while I give a bit of personal history. Sixteen years ago a letter was printed in LUCIFER giving a realistic account of the treatment of a young wife by her worse than brutal husband, illustrating the legal maxim that the crime of rape is unknown in wedlock, that "once consent means always consent." Plain and forcible language was used in this letter, but none of the words that purists and predilets could call "obscene." For printing and mailing this plainly worded protest against the denial to woman of the right of self-ownership I was prosecuted, tried and condemned in the Kansas federal court. When delivering his sentence of five years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$300, Judge Cassius G. Foster read me a fatherly lecture in which he stated with much precision of language that the *prosecutions*, the head and front of my offense was the attempt to bring odium upon our marriage institution. As much as to say that the outrages committed under sanction of marriage laws and customs, the social ulcers sheltered and condoned by our church-state marriage institution, must not be exposed to the light of day.

As some of LUCIFER's household may not have heard of this episode in my life history, I will add that after serving four months of this five-year sentence I was released and granted a new trial on account of informality of sentence—the judge having forgot to add "at hard labor" when sending me to the penitentiary. After many delays and postponements the case was taken up by Judge John P. Phillips of the same court, who sentenced me to one year at hard labor in the penitentiary, without fine. This sentence was served out to the letter in the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth—less two months' credit for "good behavior." Meantime, however, while awaiting the new trial for printing the first letter—written by W. G. Markland—I was tried and sentenced by Phillips to one year in the penitentiary for printing the "O'Neill" letter, written by a New York physician to show the propriety and necessity of such revelations as those contained in the Markland letter. Of this last-named sentence I served eight months in the Kansas penitentiary, the sentence of Judge Phillips having been decided irregular by Judge Brewer, then of the United States Circuit Court.

These various prosecutions occupied nearly ten years, all told, during which years I was either in prison or under bonds awaiting trial—all because of printing a manly protest against the enslavement of womanhood and motherhood under our "antiquated marriage system."

This episode in my personal history is here presented—in as few words as possible—not because I am fond of recalling such experiences, but rather to show that, as men went to prison rather than obey the old fugitive-slave law, so they also have gone to prison rather than obey the new fugitive-slave law. While the prosecutions, as a sword, were held over my head, I republished, more than once, the offending articles, believing I had done no wrong and that it was right and proper that the American public should know just what the offense was that could put a publisher's liberty and property in jeopardy.

In last LUCIFER, quoting from Emerson, I said there were those for whom I would go to prison if need be. This brief recital shows that I have gone to prison for the sake of those whom I consider my best friends, the mothers of the race, the mothers enslaved

by the uneducated, the irrational, the barbarous, the inhuman, the priest and his ever-made marriage laws; the laws that put the person of the wife in the power, the arbitrary, the irresponsible power, of the husband.

Returning to the letter of Brother Roberts, I have only to add that I, too, "cannot avoid the conviction that the question 'is up' to the reformers for immediate settlement—whether a vicious law should be respected and obeyed or whether it should be rejected, discarded, trampled down and brought into contempt of the people, that thus it may become a dead letter." It will certainly never become a dead letter so long as it is feared, respected and obeyed. It is sometimes said that the best way to secure the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it. But how can a law be enforced so long as it is feared and obeyed? A law that is obeyed needs no enforcement. The old fugitive-slave law became a dead letter and was superseded by the "Fourteenth Amendment," because it was not obeyed, and could not be enforced without sending to prison many thousands of American citizens. Now let a similar revolt be inaugurated against the new fugitive-slave law. Let every one who believes in liberty of speech and press openly and fearlessly ignore and violate this law, and go to prison if need be in defense of that liberty, and soon the Constock postal law will share the fate of its illustrious type and predecessor.

I shall doubtless be asked if I am willing to take my own advice, my own prescription, and "take my medicine like a little man," if it should lead again—as it led in the past—to imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Not hastily, not rashly, but with careful deliberation and with the fullest knowledge, based upon experience, of what my words mean, I answer Yes! a thousand times Yes!

As often said before in these columns, I crave not imprisonment—I have no ambition to be a martyr for the sake of the honor and glory of martyrdom. I love my freedom—such as it is—too well to choose the restraints, the privations, the indignities inseparable from prison life; but believing as I do that only in this way can the power of the Modern Inquisition be effectually broken, that only in this way can the emancipation of womanhood and motherhood be achieved—and through the emancipation of mothers from sex-slavery the emancipation of the race be achieved from all other slaveries—thoroughly believing all this, I am willing to serve my kindred, my friends, my race, by still another term behind prison bars, clothed with a "convict's" coarse and striped garments and fed on a convict's ill-selected, meager and unhygienic rations.—M. Harman, in *Lucifer*, October 26, 1902.

ATTENTION, FREETHINKERS!

[Under this caption, the following suggestion appears in *Tomorrow Magazine* for October, and is reprinted here by request.]

The time to organize the forces of free thought, free press and free speech will be when Moses Harman comes home from jail.

Let us have a free-thought convention in Chicago at that time. Let us have delegates from every state, and organize a national association on the widest and most comprehensive lines, with state and local organizations fully provided for.

Let us give Moses Harman a home-coming that will put Bryan's New York reception in the shade, and so impress the opponents of free press and free speech that Harman may be the last martyr in their cause.

Come now, all together—down Constock, up Harman.

NOT FOR SHAW, THANK YOU.

Marc Klaw, of the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, who made the contract with G. Bernard Shaw for the production of his satirical historical comedy-drama, "Caesar and Cleopatra," which will be presented at the New Amsterdam Theater Oct. 29 by Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott, has been endeavoring to induce the Irish author to come to America to be present at the production of his play. Among other inducements Mr. Shaw was assured that he would have "a royal time." Mr. Klaw received this postal card from Mr. Shaw:

"COAST OF CORNWALL, Sept. 2.—It is just that royal reception that makes it impossible for me to come. If I could come quietly, without convulsing America, without delivering a hundred addresses to enormous crowds, without a salute of 101 guns, without the risk of being forcibly naturalized and elected president, and subsequently seized and imprisoned by Mr. Constock, then I might come. As it is, I prefer the quiet and retirement of London. Besides, I am writing a new play—an astonishingly good one. I had no idea I had so much left in me. It has delayed my reply somewhat, but you will forgive me.
G. B. SHAW."

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.



Today Moses Harman is 75 years 11 months and 15 days old. He has served 199 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into *LUCIFER* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *LUCIFER* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5324, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to *LUCIFER*, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Sept. 16, 1902.

My Dear Lillian: The last two letters received from you were dated Sept. 6 and 7, containing letters from Myra Weller and Victor Robinson. My last letter to you was delayed by holiday. Sent you a package of letters by mail about ten days ago. Did you get them? Hope you did. Among the letters sent you are several that I should be sorry to have lost; for instance, one from Arthur Wastall, East London, South Africa; one from Bolton Hall, New York; one from D. Kotoku, Japan, and one from Maude J. P. Hazleton, Kansas City, Mo., who very kindly invites me to call at her place when on my way home from prison. Please write her my sincerest thanks and say I will gladly make her a brief call if other arrangements will permit, provided, always, that I live till the time set for my release, which is the day after next Christmas. Letters just named were not listed in my previous letters to you, having reached me since Sept. 2.

Other letters and cards received since that date are the following, many of the cards being pictures of noted persons or places, with a

ten words of friendly greeting: Philip G. Peabody, 4; John E. Boultonhouse, 12; George V. Williams, 1; Annie Connelly, 1; Flora W. Fox, 1; George Redborough, 4; O. L. Harvey, 1; Parker H. Sercombe (editor *Tomorrow*), 2; Lillian, 2; H. W. Booser (with clippings), 1; J. Francis Ruggles, 1; P. A. DeCrase, 1; Thoma Rathbun, 1; E. M. Dewey, 1; Mrs. F. M. B. Morse, 1; Mrs. Myra Weller, 2; W. W. Miller, 1; Elizabeth H. Russell, 1; Kiechi Kaneko, 1; George B. Wheeler, 1; "Frank," 1; J. Allen Evans, 1; Ada M. Morley, 1; Emma Greene, 1; C. N. Greene, 1; M. E. Sharral, 1; Arthur Wastall, 3; J. Herbert Rowell, 1 (with leaflets). From H. W. Booser, two copies of *Light of Truth*. From P. H. Sercombe, September number of *Current Literature*, also April and September numbers of *Tomorrow*. Tell him Banker Bigelow is here; have met him once for a few minutes. Sercombe thinks Bigelow a "victim of the system." Among papers received are two copies of the *Vineland* (N. J.) *Independent*, containing reprints of articles relating to my case. Please write the editor and thank him for me. One of the reprints was from *Truth Seeker*. The other was from *Southern*. Please write to MacDonald and Rader, thanking them for all they have done for me, if you have not already done so. Please write to Kiechi Kaneko, Silver Spring, East Providence, R. I., thanking him for good letter, and ask him for translation of the editorial in the Japanese paper to which he refers. Tell Theodore Schroeder the copy of his booklet, "Liberty of Conscience, Speech and Press," has been very thankfully received. Hope you can find room for selections from same.

One visit received last week from Fred P. Young, of Springfield, Mo., and his brother, which visit was much appreciated. No visit from George Harman for some weeks. Please write and ask him to come as soon as convenient, and bring me some good apples and peaches. I get cooked dried fruit at the table, also tomatoes and melons, but no raw fruit except lemons. Dr. Yohe is willing I shall have raw fruit, but he seems to have too much business to allow him to look after raw fruit for me. I am still improving, as I think, in health, but feel sure I would gain more rapidly if I could have good apples, peaches and oranges.

Some one has sent me a few copies of *Woman's Tribune* (not regularly), for which I am thankful. In the issue of July 28 there is the best review of Bacon's "A Doll's House" I have yet seen, as I think. Please write Mrs. Colby and thank her for me, and say I would like to get her paper regularly. Perhaps you would think it best to reproduce parts of Mrs. Colby's review of "A Doll's House" if you could look it up. I also get *Progressive Thinker* occasionally; would like to have it and *Light of Truth* regularly. A few copies of *Literary Digest* have reached me.

You advise me to distribute papers and pamphlets among the prisoners. This I have done, both here and at Joliet. Here in the hospital I use them as a sort of "circulating library," to which all are made welcome. Many prisoners have no reading matter except one book per week from the prison library, and seem glad to get to read my papers and pamphlets.

Write Dr. Pfeiffer and say I answered his registered letter a good while ago and have heard nothing more from him. Did not register, as the warden thought it unnecessary.

You are quite right in regard to coming to meet me when released, or to visit me before that time. The distance is too great to bring baby George without some one to help you care for him, and the expense of a helper too great—unless in case of a serious change for the worse in my health. Since I have been permitted to write my will I am not nearly so anxious to see you and other friends as I was before such permission was given. So long as I can see son George occasionally, and hear from you and the home office once or twice a week, I shall think myself fortunate.

Be sure to write Mrs. Weller, now at Kansas City, and say I hope the warden will allow her to give me a personal visit on her way to her Dakota home. Tell Brother Wheeler I get the *Sunday Record-Herald* every week; many thanks to him for same, and for his continued helpfulness to you in the routine work of the office.

Replying to P. H. Sercombe's request for corrections in his list of the "Old Guard of Free Thought," please say to him that J. S. Loveland and J. L. Loveland are evidently the same; the correct name and address being J. S. Loveland, Summerland, Calif.; age 88. Elizabeth H. Russell's postoffice address is San Jose, Calif., 828 South Seventh street. A. H. Frank is at Red House, N. Y. E. M. Dewey is Fourteenth street, East Oakland, Calif.; not Cincinnati, O. A. J. Davis and Andrew Jackson Davis are the same; his age is 80, I feel quite sure. Mr. Buxton's home is Milford, Mass. Dr. M. R. Levermore may be addressed care of Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., 120 Lexington avenue, New York; Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer, 500 Fifth avenue,

New York. Dr. L. Mann Hammond, Bluefield, Kan. S. R. Shepherd, Leavenworth, Kan.

[The prison rules limit each letter to only one sheet, with no interlining. But it seems that a concession of an extra sheet was given; probably for the purpose of enabling the editor to reply to the following letter:]

"Dear Mr. Harman: Will you please answer the following: Name your ten favorite humanitarians of the nineteenth century. I ask only those whose opinion I consider of value to contribute to this symposium, which will consist of 100 contributors. If you find it convenient to comply with my request I will be ever so much obliged to you. Truly yours,

VICTOR ROBINSON.

"By a humanitarian I mean one who has benefited humanity, or has attempted to do so."

The most difficult request to answer is that of Victor Robinson. It is quite impossible to do this to my own satisfaction. Please say to Mr. Robinson that if I had space to give reasons for my choice in each instance the task would not be quite so embarrassing.

After many changes I have decided on the following, as my favorites as leaders in the Grand Army of Humanitarians who lived, thought, spoke, wrote, labored and suffered in the nineteenth century of the Christian chronology: First, Thomas Paine; second, Victor Hugo; third, Ralph Waldo Emerson; fourth, Charles Darwin; fifth, Charles Bradlaugh; sixth, Herbert Spencer; seventh, Robert G. Ingersoll; eighth, Andrew Jackson Davis; ninth, Walt Whitman; tenth, Leo Tolstoy. The first-named belongs more to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century, but he lived till 1809, and therefore belongs to both.

For a second list, several of whom I should like to see in the first list of ten, after careful consideration I would respectfully submit: First, William Lloyd Garrison; second, Thomas Jefferson; third, Emily Zola; fourth, Henrik Ibsen; fifth, August Bebel; sixth, Pest Shelley; seventh, Grant Allen; eighth, Henry D. Thoreau; ninth, Charles Dickens; tenth, George Bernard Shaw.

I might without much trouble name a third list of ten, including several now living and in the prime of life, in this country and in Europe, but to do so would probably subject me to the charge of personal favoritism—that is, of judgment biased by personal obligations.

The most serious criticism, perhaps, that I shall have to meet, as I apprehend, will be that I have named not one woman as a leader in humanitarian work. If so, I would briefly reply: First, I have had in mind pioneers, pathfinders in radical thought; writers and speakers, rather than those who have devoted their lives to hard, self-sacrificing labors for the good of others. In the economies of nature, as I see it, the task of opening new fields for human endeavor is masculine man's peculiar work; woman's work is to conserve, to utilize, what has been gained by man's aggressive effort, by man's perilous adventure.

Take the case of Bradlaugh and Besant. While Bradlaugh lived, Annie Besant was a most effective factor in English secular work; perhaps more effective than Bradlaugh himself; but no sooner was Bradlaugh numbered with the dead than Besant repudiated her best work, as I see it, and became a reactionist instead of a progressive humanitarian.

Take the case of George Eliot. Few writers of the nineteenth century have made a greater impression for good than has Marian Evans. Whose thoughts did she put into "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "Felix Holt," etc.? Consciously or unconsciously, if I see the matter aright, the writer of these books wrote into them the thoughts she had absorbed from G. H. Lewes, Herbert Spencer and other radical thinkers with whom she was closely affiliated. The proof of this is that as soon as Lewes was dead Marian Evans became Mrs. Cross—a seion of "conventionalism," an exponent of British conservatism.

Take the case of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the book that more than any other brought on the cyclone, the earthquake, that changed the American federation of semi-independent states to an imperialism; a Nation with a big N; an oligarchy consisting of a few bankers and a few railway kings. The early apostles of the anti-slavery gospel in this country were Quakers, Unitarians—that is, they opposed war under all circumstances. The family of Mrs. Stowe were anti-slavery people, hence she easily absorbed the ideas of Amy Post, the Fosters, the Garrisona, all of whom looked upon the slaveholders as victims of a system they did not create; as brothers to be reasoned with, not as enemies to be killed. But Henry Ward Beecher preached the gospel of "rifles," of hate and revenge, and his sister wove this latter gospel into the same web with the gospel of peace taught by the Fosters and Garrisona. Hence her failure as a humanitarian leader.

My two sheets are full. Write me soon. With love always.

M. HARMAN.

POSTAL STATUTES AND COURT DECISIONS.

The larger part of Comstock's power to oppress and harass is not derived from statutes, but has been given him by executive and judicial usurpation. As a postal inspector he enjoys the privilege of meddling with any one's mail, although not a government official in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He thus has an advantage even in court, due to his extra-official position, while not responsible to superior officials and public opinion, as would be an ordinary police or federal officer.

The federal statutes prohibiting the mailing of obscene matter are often invoked to reach persons who would not be convicted in the state courts. And these statutes have been stretched far beyond their original purpose by court decisions to the effect that neither the intent of the author nor the general character or teaching of a book can be admitted as evidence, but conviction may be had solely upon a detached paragraph. An impartial application of this ruling would put into the penitentiary every one who mailed a dictionary. As though this were not enough, the federal courts have held further that the jury can decide only as to the fact of mailing, and that the question as to whether any publication is obscene is one of law, to be decided by the judge only. Such a ruling was made in the case of Ida Craddock, whom Comstock hounded to suicide.

The far-reaching effect of such rulings is obvious when it is considered that there is no way of calling public attention to the injustice of any conviction under such prosecution, because in this class of cases it is a crime to circulate the matter offered in evidence for the original issue of which any one is convicted. The lawyer who defended Ida Craddock, when challenged in a public meeting to show the basis for the decision rendered, had to admit that he did not dare do so; or even exhibit the book containing it, although he had the latter in his pocket.

The states should be left to deal with the propriety of matter printed within their respective borders, and the federal government should not attempt to decide upon the character of publications mailed. But if it does continue to do so, there at least ought to be a provision in the statute that in every such case the jury should, as in libel cases, be judge both of the law and the fact. This would permit the introduction in evidence of a publication in its entirety and allow the jury to consider the character and intentions of the accused.—A. C. Heydell, in *New York Herald*, Aug. 25.

BUT IT'S NOT SO EASY TO FORGET.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry quotes the following from the Cincinnati "Post" in her pamphlet on "Marriage and Divorce":

Here is marriage from two viewpoints:

The man who makes possible all marriages in Hamilton County, Ohio, was asked what he thought of the marital estate.

The man who undoes what the other has done was asked the same question.

Their views come from widely different surroundings.

THE LICENSE CLERK.

Clerk Ferd Baden issues them.

A handsome young chap; a pretty girl. He's 25, she's 19.

Hearts a-throbbing, eyes a-sparkling, smiles a-spreading, hands clasped.

Chatting friends, teasing relatives, congratulating acquaintances, glad some friends.

This is the side of matrimony Ferd Baden sees. What does he think of it?

"It's a grand success! The greatest thing in the world. Sort of a rose garden in Paradise. Only 75 cents invested and you've a lifetime of happiness," says Ferd Baden.

THE DIVORCE COURT.

Judge James B. Swing presiding.

A red-faced man, a tearful wife. He's getting old, so's she.

Hearts a-sobbing, eyes bleary, tears on faces, fists doubled in anger.

Spitting lawyers, opposing relatives, a battery of witnesses, clerks indifferently glum.

This is the side of matrimony Judge Swing sees. What does he think of it?

"Ah, young man," and there was a note of sadness in the jurist's voice, "I do not allow myself to think. I spend my time in forgetting."

"THE MOODS OF LIFE."

Every radical who has felt dearth of poetic thought and feeling as one of the defects of our especial literature, I mean the literature of anarchism, should read "The Moods of Life," by William Francis Barnard. They are a redemption of the desert. Full of exquisite tones and colors, melodious, delicate, one listens and is glad to know that the old spring is welling yet, and that here in the dust and

strife, in the chokingly prosaic, in the maddeningly commonplace, the singing voice is heard again, the Grecian flute is playing still; glad that the new thought, the thought which is to consume the old life in remorseless flame, the thought which alone can redeem mankind from the chains of their own forging, which must go down, therefore, into the smelt of the mine and the grind of the mill and be one with the uttermost prose of existence in order that it may be understood, can yet recloth itself in the glory and the music of dream,—answer to man's more intangible aspirations, fill him, lift him.

I will not say it is a Master Voice; some note of strength, some fire, somewhat, just escapes the verses. One feels the author will never be one to seize the language and forge word-iron of it, make it clang and crash with vibrant power. But they are bluebird notes, high and clear and sweet, prosing the coming chorus,—wild melodies of dawn.—*Follies de Clegre*, in *Mother Earth*.

[The author has donated ten copies to be sold for the benefit of LUCIFER. Price, \$1 each.]

THE BOOK EXCHANGE.

I HAVE AN IDEA.

Most of us have good ideas now and then, but how few of us ever go any further than having the idea!

Now if you think my plan a good one help me to help you.

MY IDEA:

Make a list of all the books, pamphlets, magazines and radical papers you have to sell, exchange or give away and send me that list.

Some one has that missing number of LUCIFER, or that book you have been looking for so long is growing dusty on the shelf of some one who would rather have one of your books in exchange.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 11, P. M. 206 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1076

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

Oh, brave Apostle, thou hast truly said
It is a trivial thing indeed to be
Judged of man's judgment! Conscience must be free,
Nor blindly nor dogmatically led,
Either by living oracles or dead;
For truth admits of no monopoly,
And where it points each for himself must see
Nor fear an independent path to tread.
Honor to him who speaks his honest thought,
Who guards his reason as a sacred trust,
Demands the truth for every dogma taught,
And turns disaster only when he must!
For he shall rise by whom the light is sought,
To the high plane where stand the wise and just.
—William Lloyd Garrison.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE OF MOSES HARMAN.

By Lillian Harman.

This is a "birthday" number of LUCIFER. Tomorrow will be the seventy-sixth anniversary of an event of great importance to the writer of these lines—the birth of her father. The question whether children owe anything to their parents for the blessing of life (or the curse, as the case may be) is one often discussed and never settled. The old idea was that, no matter what the conditions of life, the child owed the parents an unending debt of gratitude; that, no matter how little worthy of respect the parents, the child owed unquestioning obedience and respect—yes, and love, too, regardless of any neglect of loving care bestowed on it. But a new idea is gaining ground—the idea that by far the greater obligation is due to the child. If it is a crime to rob a being of its life, how much greater crime it is, we are told, to thrust beings into life under conditions wherein they must almost certainly endure disease, hunger, cold and deprivation of vitally essential opportunities of growth and happiness, as is the fate of countless thousands. Usually those parents who give the least are the most insistent that the love and gratitude of children is a duty; while those who do most to make the gift of life a blessing are least certain of the duty of their offspring to be grateful; the payment demanded is in inverse ratio to the service given. My own conclusion is that parents are somewhat in the position of dealers who send merchandise on approval, but with the disadvantage to the recipient that he cannot easily refuse to accept life or send it back to the giver if he feels that it is not worth the price. If the parents give the child a personality and opportunities worth having they will naturally receive its grateful love; but if they fail to insure its right to be well born and well nurtured they owe it, at the very least, an apology for calling it into existence.

Ever since I was old enough to see the difference between my father and the fathers of many of my companions I have felt myself very fortunate, and with each succeeding year I have felt an added sense of gratitude to him for my life and its opportunities. And so it is of Moses Harman, the father and the home-builder, the teacher and the comrade, that I wish to write on this anniversary of his birth.

Technically, the editor of LUCIFER is in prison for sending obscene matter [LUCIFER] through the mails. This charge is manifestly absurd, however, when we realize how great is the existing demand for literature which appeals to the popular taste for "obscenity." The people who are on the lookout for such literature could not be induced to read LUCIFER for its serious discussions of

unpopular theories do not appeal to their tastes. In reality my father is in prison because certain persons believe—granting them the virtue of sincerity—that his ideas, if adopted, would disrupt the home and cause the neglect and desertion of children. But denial of the genuine is not logically implied by the rejection of the spurious. It is because of his love for the real home that he protests against its counterfeit. He sees the necessity of homes in which all may be free and happy; homes in which each inmate may find opportunities for the highest development; homes in which motherhood and fatherhood are assumed gladly and proudly, and in which children are reared tenderly and wisely; homes which love and freedom alone can build and maintain. It is because of this—because he believes in "the right of the child to be born well if born at all"—that he registers his protest against the abominations, the prisons and the bells which exist under the name of "home." The real home cannot be broken up by outside influence. The monstrosity which is its counterfeit bears in itself the seeds of its own destruction. Such "homes" are in process of disintegration every day. A "home" in which the mother is a plaything or a slave; a "home" to which the father returns only when absolutely necessary, and away from which he finds his interests and his pleasures; a "home" which to the children is a battle-ground and a prison from which it is their most earnest aspiration to escape as soon as possible—is the only kind which can be "broken up," and the sooner the break occurs the better.

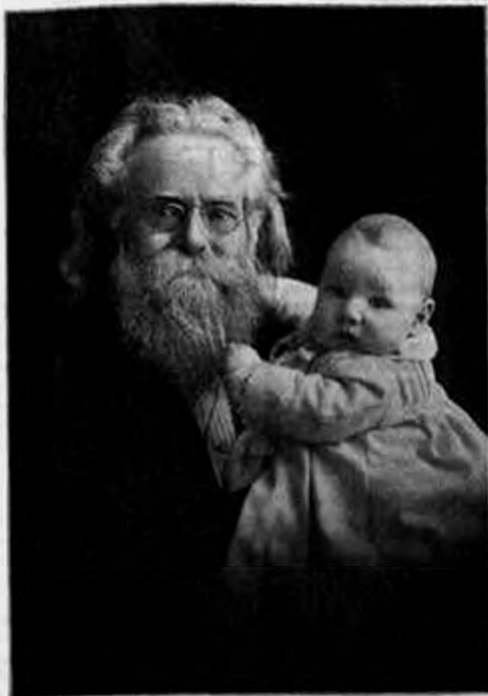
"The warm family affection your letters are saturated with makes me wonder at your lack of reverence for family ties," said a man in a letter written to my father while he was in Joliet.

"Harman—I know the name. I have heard the editor of LUCIFER speak at the meetings," a woman recently said to me when we were introduced. On being told that I was his daughter she exclaimed, "Why, it never occurred to me that he had a family?"

Knowing my father as I do, I laugh at the absurdity of the misconception evidenced in these and similar remarks; and yet feel some survival of the old childish indignation I used to experience when I fancied some one spoke without proper appreciation of the one who, in my eyes, was a perfect being. But I realize that such misunderstandings are the inevitable experience of the pioneer in an unpopular work. "How'd you like to have your daughter marry a nigger?" he was asked, in common with other abolitionists, when he, a citizen of a slave state, advocated the emancipation of the slaves. This question was considered an unanswerable argument by the pro-slavery people, but my father was not convinced by it, nor did the threats which were made, that he would be "tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail" unless he kept his mouth closed, impress him with the justice of the institution of slavery. It is probably needless to add that his views on marriage have not resulted in homelessness to his children, and equally superfluous to say that the veins of his grandchildren are free from African blood, despite his fight for abolition. Indeed, it would be very interesting to know how many of the grandchildren of abolitionists are of mixed blood. I have never heard of the existence of any; and to the best of my knowledge and belief the prophecy that the daughters of abolitionists would "marry niggers" has not been fulfilled in a single instance. Not by the daughter of the abolitionist, but by the son of the slaveholder, has the blood of the two races been mixed.

My father never feared that any inducement could break up his home. Love was the all-powerful tie which maintained it. Left, by the death of my mother, with two small children, he was, in so far as lay in his power, both father and mother to us. As a child I was

morbidly sensitive (a condition which time, experience and philosophy have enabled me to overcome) and peculiarly dependent on the love and sympathy of father and mother. A day's separation from "papa" seemed an eternity, and to have been taken from him by the breaking up of our home would have caused pain which to me



MOSES HARMAN AND GRANDSON.

would have seemed unendurable. He understood and sympathized with these feelings, and wherever he went, there, too, was his little daughter. More than once he refused an otherwise desirable position as teacher because the directors would not allow a child from outside the district to attend their school, and to be away from him would have caused me pain. Had our home been an abode of strife, inharmonious and petty tyranny, like so many households to which the word home is a sad misnomer, I would probably have welcomed any opportunity of escape. I do not believe I ever heard harsh words between father and mother, but clearly remember the astonishment and fear with which I witnessed some of the scenes in the homes of my playmates.

My father always believed that there were natural reasons why, if irreconcilable differences of opinion should arise, the mother's should be the controlling voice in the guidance of the children. Those reasons have been elaborated by him in the columns of LUCIFER, so I will not repeat them here. For that reason we were taught the orthodox beliefs in regard to heaven and hell, god and devil, by our mother, though our father had outgrown such beliefs. And even after her death, when I would go to him with the problems with which my mind was perplexed, he would, while telling me his own opinion, give me my mother's also, adding that I should consider both views to the best of my ability and decide for myself.

A document written forty years ago, and marked "private and confidential," comprises their real marriage agreement. I have every reason to believe that the provisions of this agreement were faithfully lived by both. From it I quote these sentences:

"We voluntarily and solemnly agree to be governed in our conduct towards each other by the law of Love. Accordingly, we agree to avoid controversies as much as possible, and when one unavoidably arises, each agrees to state his or her reasons in as few words as possible, calmly and kindly; and if neither is convinced, and a decision be necessary, then the most loving will yield the point at issue."

"We agree not to vex, tease or scold each other."

"We agree that each shall live independently on his or her own way."

I have good reason to be thankful that my parents disapproved of teasing, and that they saw no pleasure in the prevalent custom of playing with children in a way to tease, mortify and annoy them, causing them to fly into a passion, and laughing at their fury. It has always seemed strange to me that people who would not allow a spirited horse to be tantalized will permit and even enjoy such treatment of their children. All training, it seems to me, should be in the direction of self-possession and self-control, and to tease and confuse a child has the opposite effect. In speaking to me of the causes of inharmoniousness between lovers, father once said that he thought the custom of saying cutting things in jest is responsible for a great deal of misery. It does no harm while both are in the mood for this form of fun—a form which is coarse, at best, based as it is on the suggestion of cruelty. But some day Mary will not be feeling in the humor when John makes some unkind remark in play. Mary feels that he ought to understand and respect her mood and not intrude with his ill-timed jests. Then John is offended because of Mary's failure to make allowance for his good motives, and the trouble is on, intermittently, from that time forward. These suggestions have been of inestimable value to me.

Whitman's "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" always brings my father to mind, and these lines seem especially applicable to him:

"Have the elder races halted?

Do they droop and end their lessons, wearied over there beyond the seas?

We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

"All the past we leave behind,

We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

"We detachments steady throwing,

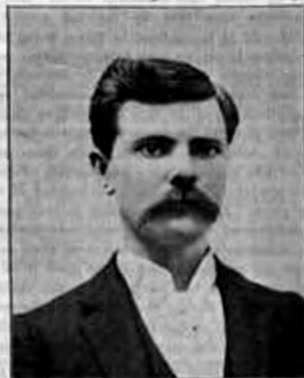
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

"We primeval forests felling,

We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mires
within,

We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

The earliest experiences of my father were emblematic of his future life in the material world and in that of the intellect as well. When but little past infancy his parents left their Virginia home and made the journey in the usual primitive manner to a new home in Mercer County, Ohio—a wooded wilderness near the Saint Marys River. The land, though hard to clear of trees, logs and brushwood,



GEORGE HARMAN, SON OF MOSES HARMAN.

was fertile, and the place might have been satisfactory but for the impurity of the water. This latter caused malaria, so they decided to remove to the hills of southern Missouri, where, they were told, were to be found the finest springs of clear water in the world. In his autobiography, writing of this event, my father says:

"In the fall of 1838 this journey of some six hundred miles by a somewhat zigzag route was made in wagons drawn by horses and covered with heavy cotton cloth to keep out the rain. At night we

camped in the woods beside roaring log fires. . . . The weather was generally fine and the roads good. We took plenty of time, spending nearly two months on the road.

"Altogether I think this was the most enjoyable as well as most memorable of all the journeys I ever made. At no time of life, as it now seems to me, is the mind more open to vivid and lasting impressions than in the mind of the youth of eight or ten years, and therefore I regard this journey overland from Ohio to Missouri as one of the most important of all the educational events or episodes in my life's history."

He enthusiastically entered upon the pioneer work in the wilderness. He was eager to help his father, even when a small boy, for the pleasure of the work itself, the satisfaction of knowing he was thoroughly enjoyed the companionship of his father, who had the happy faculty of entering into comradeship with children. He early became an expert woodman, and has never forgotten the lessons then learned. Only a few years ago it became necessary to cut down helping his family to make a home, and last, but far from least, he a large tree in front of this house. He helped to do the work, and his assistants and passersby were astonished by the accuracy of his work with the ax—each stroke was exactly placed, and when the work was done the stump was almost as clean-cut as if the work had been done with a saw. Others thought it would be necessary to use ropes to guide the tree in falling so it should not strike the house, but he applied his woodman's bore to such effect that it fell exactly where he wished, and with no assistance. He felled the trees, hewed the logs and built the house in which his children were born—and the house is used as a residence to this day.

It is, however, as a pioneer in the realm of reason that Moses Harman's work is of greatest interest and value. Because he used his own intellect instead of adopting current beliefs he has ever been in advance of his environment. All his life has been spent in blazing new trails. Without having read a freethought work he reasoned his way out of orthodoxy. He was an abolitionist at a time and place in which the life of every man who avowed those principles was threatened. He was a republican in Missouri when to be such was more disgraceful than to be an anarchist in Chicago in '87.

As a school teacher, also, he was a pioneer. In many ways he departed from the customs of the time, and some of his methods are now employed by the best teachers. At the time and place of his work as a teacher it was generally believed that to "spare the rod" was to "spoil the child." I cannot say that in his many years' experience in teaching school he never whipped a child; but I have never heard of such a case, and do not believe it ever occurred. There was always a larger liberty and more individual responsibility in his schools than in those of other teachers; his relation to his pupils was more that of a fellow-seeker for knowledge than that of a superior and all-wise being and stern master, as was the conventional

in it the desire to develop a self worthy of confidence. Hence his talks to the disturber of the peace of the schoolroom were always private and confidential—the talk of a friend and comrade, rather than the commands of master to slave. He thus applied the principles of "suggestion," the best part of so-called "new thought."



SON AND DAUGHTER OF LILLIAN HARMAN.

in his school work. He knew there is good in all children, and that to let them know he believed in them was the surest way to help them to make that good manifest. When a child is told it is "bad" and must be punished its mind is filled with discouragement and fear. If, however, its acts of misconduct are treated as mistakes and faith in its desire for improvement is expressed, hope and courage enable it to be a "good" child.

These reminiscences must of necessity be very fragmentary. I had intended to write more, but on looking over father's unpublished autobiography to select a few paragraphs I find so much that I want to use that I will fill the remainder of the available space with selections from that work. In compliance with the wishes of myself and other friends who had often urged him to write an extended story of his life to be published in book form, my father began the work several years ago, but has never finished it. His failure to carry it to completion has been due partly to the pressure of other work and partly to reasons given in his letter, which appears in another column.

One of my first and now very dim recollections is of a house and orchard on a mountain side, the property of my maternal grandfather. Apples, pears, peaches, cherries, etc., grew in great abundance and perfection in this locality. Chestnut, walnut and other nut-bearing trees flourished also, and bore abundant crops on these slopes of the Alleghany range of mountains.

These environments, the influences exerted by them prenatally and postnatally, had doubtless much to do in shaping the tastes, characteristics and habits of my life. . . . The fact that my birthplace was on a mountain side so steep that wheeled vehicles were seldom used—nearly all articles of merchandise or convenience being transported on the backs of horses or mules—accounts in a measure, perhaps, for another fact—namely, that I have always wanted to live in a mountainous or hilly country, and have never been quite reconciled to live on the level plains or broad prairies of the western or middle states of the American Union.

Parenthetically, as it were, I wish to say here that I feel disposed to congratulate myself, and to mentally pat myself on the back, for having made so good a choice of locality in which to be born. I regard the physical and geographical environments of birth as

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 601]



LILLIAN HARMAN, DAUGHTER OF MOSES HARMAN.

pose of the teacher. I can remember seeing him take the big "bad" boys out, at noon or recess, to talk to them, and it was always with good effect. It was ordinarily held to be in the interest of good discipline to punish children and shame them before the whole school, in the belief that public disgrace would make them "good." He did not agree with this theory. He held, in theory and practice, that the best way to help a child is to help it to an understanding of the necessity of self-control, to inculcate self-confidence, and to arouse

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bearing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

MOSES HARMAN: AN APPRECIATION.

By R. B. Kerr.

I have been rather lucky in seeing and meeting great men. I have seen and heard Browning, Lowell, William Morris, Pasteur, Helmholtz, Virchow. I have listened to the oratory of Gladstone, Chamberlain and Parnell. I have crossed the Atlantic with Kropotkin, and held delightful conversations with Bernard Shaw. But I consider my two visits to Moses Harman at Chicago more important than any of these events. Moses Harman will be remembered when all the others I have named have been forgotten.

We live in an age which is absolutely unique in the history of the world. Owing to the advance of science and industry, and the spread of education, the great mass of mankind have for the first time conceived the idea of consciously altering their whole environment, so as to produce happiness instead of misery. This awakening has necessarily led to two great movements. Science has shown us that hunger and love are the two chief facts of life. It is, therefore, natural that we should have one great movement to satisfy hunger and another great movement to make love free. These two movements are the greatest things that have ever happened in the world. All the religious and political revolutions of the past are the merest trifles in comparison. Each of these movements has produced a man who is more conspicuous than the rest. The economic movement has produced Karl Marx, and the sex movement Moses Harman.

Harman has rendered three great services to the sex movement. First, he has founded the only free-love paper in the world which has lived. There are many books on the sex question, but LUCIFER has done more than all of them put together to make the movement widely known, and to draw large numbers of persons, especially women, into sex discussions. Secondly, he has done for free love a similar service to that which Marx did for socialism. Marx found socialism a movement of a few literary men and rich philanthropists. He left it an organized movement of the working class. Harman found free love a movement of poets and artists, mostly male, and of a few eccentric, religious cranks in isolated places. He saw that if the sex movement were to be a great movement, it must be a woman's movement. Just as the essence of our economic system is the oppression of the working class by the capitalist class, so the essence of our sex system is the oppression of the female sex by the male sex.

The double standard of morality shows that at once. But Moses Harman saw that there was no more chance of the ruling sex making a sex revolution than there was of the ruling class making an economic revolution. He therefore addressed himself especially and almost exclusively to women, and today we see the result. While men care almost nothing for the sex question, a spirit of revolution is spreading everywhere among women, which will, in the next twenty years, bring forth tremendous results.

Thirdly, Moses Harman showed that freedom in love would not only make grown-up people happy, but would improve the heredity of the race. Before his time the children question was the weak point of the sex movement. The early free lovers thought chiefly of the pleasure of men and women, and did not like to be asked, "What about the children?" Moses Harman changed all that. With him the great question was the rights of the unborn, and he showed clearly that children could never be well born until women were free. This new view of the matter enormously strengthened the movement.

It would be unfair to say that these new ideas sprang from Moses Harman alone. Several others, and especially Lois Waisbrooker, have been saying the same thing all their lives. Nearly all original ideas occur to several persons at once. But it can justly be said that Moses Harman, by his long editorship of LUCIFER, and his repeated sojourns in prison, has done more than any one else to make these views widely known and to stamp them indelibly on the sex movement.

EDWARD BLISS FOOTE.

On Saturday morning, October 6, Dr. Foote, one of the oldest and best friends of LUCIFER and its editor, breathed his last. Though not unexpected, the news of his death comes as a shock to his many friends. He lived seventy-seven years, and accomplished great good. He enjoyed the love of thousands whose lives were made more worth the living because of his work. A sketch of his life will appear in our next issue.

Lizzie M. Holmes will deliver an address before the Social Science League the last Sunday evening of this month. Alexander Berkman and Voltairine de Cleyre are announced for the first and second Sundays in November. Subjects will be given later. In another column will be found further information regarding the league.

We can still supply copies of LUCIFER No. 1060. This is the special number devoted to the prosecutions of the editor of LUCIFER and the attempted suppression of his paper. Price, 25 cents a dozen.

Copies of this issue of LUCIFER are for sale. Price, 25 cents a dozen.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

HOSPITAL, U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Sept. 30, 1906.
My Dear Ladies: Your two letters, one dated September 20 and the other September 27, came all right. Very glad to know that you and baby are well of your colds. Glad to know that No. 1075 of the paper went to press and was mailed promptly on time. Glad also to know that you are going to have your picture and that of Baby George [give the boy a hearty hug and kiss for LUCIFER], also Verna's and your brother George's, in next number of LUCIFER; also that you will write the greater part of that number yourself. It is all right, perhaps for this time, for you to write and print something of a biographical sketch of myself, as this next anniversary of my birth will be my third in prison, if I live to see it; but for myself I prefer to ignore birthdays, as such. Looking back over my life, I find so little accomplished that is worth remembering that my seventy-sixth anniversary seems a reproach to me, rather than an occasion for self-gratification or rejoicing. "We live in deeds, not years."

E. Elsworth Carey says: "The student of psychology sees in birthdays only suggestion of old age, decrepitude, decay and death. The giants of California forest—3,000 years old—have no birthdays. A birthday means a nail in the coffin. . . . Suppose birthdays were abolished; what would be the result? The average use of the human race would increase by leaps and bounds. . . . Birthdays are responsible for the psychic dead-line of three-score years and ten, which is more deadly than a machine gun. Thousands and tens of thousands die because they think they have reached the age limit; they die because they think they must. In nature there is no age limit. There is no inherent reason why one should die at 50 or 75 or 150. . . . Love expressed at the birthday festival or at a funeral is of very little use in the dull, gray homogeneity of everyday existence." See the article, "Shall Birthdays Be Abolished?" in the magazine Suggestion for October.

I think it is largely owing to thoughts like these that I have not finished the autobiography begun several years ago. A life history finished is a suggestion that it is time for the subject thereof to die. More important, it seems to me, that I be doing something worthy of being recorded in an autobiography. Still, I feel the justice of the criticisms I have received in regard to my tardiness in

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

this matter—after promising the book to subscribers. M. Florence Johnson, in a late letter, reminds me of this, and urges me to write the book while in prison, saying there will be so many things to take my attention when released that it will again be postponed. From Mr. A. B. McKim's office, also, comes a hint of like nature in a revised clipping showing how many valuable books have been written in prison. Please say to these good friends for me that I would gladly be at work on said book, these fine autumn days, now that I have in good measure recovered my usual health, if I could get permission to do so. Warden McClungberry seemed willing I should write the book, when I spoke to him about it, but said he would have to write to headquarters at Washington before granting such permission. I made the same request at Joliet, but as yet have received no answer. However, through the kindness of Warden McClungberry, I have been allowed to write my will and to add, to matters of business, some paragraphs giving my matured thoughts on ethical and religious questions, as my legacy to mankind. While these additions to my will cannot be called an autobiography, they will serve, to some extent, as a substitute for a life history.

Please say to Editor Sercombe that I sincerely thank him for publishing so much in my behalf in the October *Toscorover*. Also thank Lois Waldbrooke for her *Whitmanian* poem in my honor—the only fault I find being that it gives me *extremely* too much honor. Also thank the writer of the poem on next page from Mrs. W.—the name of which writer at this moment is forgotten, and the copy of the magazine just now loaned to one of the clerks.

Our good friend Hammersmark, of Chicago, gave me a very pleasant call some ten days ago and talked his views in regard to the plan for the public meeting spoken of by Brother Sercombe. Am glad to know that the public demonstration is to have a much wider significance than simply a friendly welcome home to the United States prisoner.

Please see that my present address is properly given in each issue of LUCIFER. I have reason to believe that many letters fail to reach me on account of wrong direction. July 10, at Portland, Ore., Harrison D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualist Association, mailed to me a much appreciated letter of hope and good cheer. This letter was addressed to me at Joliet, but the name was improperly spelled and the prison not mentioned. After being "advertised" it was sent back to Oregon, but as Brother Barrett is constantly on the wing it did not overtake him till he had reached the "happy land of Canaan"—not the promised land of the Israelites, but the town called Canaan "way down in Maine," from which place it was sent to the right address, reaching my hand a few days ago. Please thank Brother Barrett for the kind remembrance. His home address is *Banner of Light*, Boston, I think, of which paper he is, or was, editor.

George came over from Valley Falls yesterday, bringing good news from the Valley Falls folks and some fine fruit, all of which was very welcome.

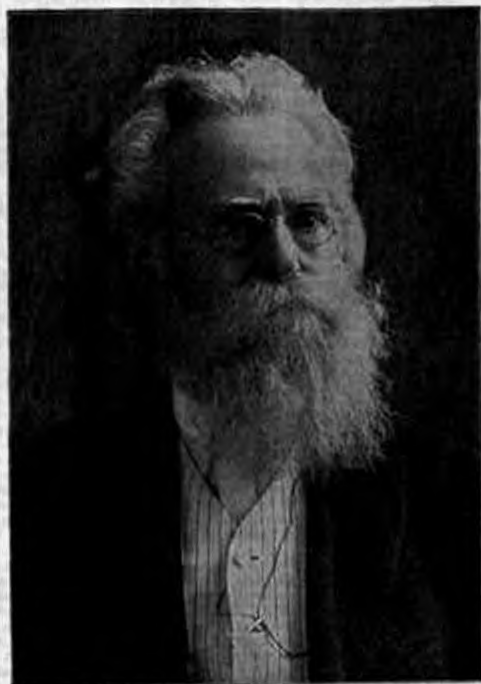
If you can spare the time, please write a few lines to poor, dear Mrs. Russell, and say I much regret to learn from her last letter that most of her time is spent in bed now. Say that I sincerely sympathize with her and the family of Harry Russell in the sad affliction caused by the terrible accident at the enamel works in Cleveland. Say that I hope the fall weather will help her so much that she will live several years yet, and that I hope to call on her again if I live out my present term of imprisonment.

When writing to Warden McClungberry don't forget to thank him, for me, for the privilege of using two sheets of letter paper instead of one. This is a special favor; I do not know how long it will be continued.

Of pamphlets and magazines since last writing I have received "Brief and Argument for M. Harman before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals," by Stedman et al.; *October Physical Culture*; *September Health Culture*; *August Philanthropy*; *July Thought and Action*; two copies *Woman's Journal*; *August Staffed Club and Vanguard*; *August and September Pseudoscientific Journal*; *August Science and Unity*; *July and August Higher Science*; *September Naturopath*; and, I think, some others. Most of these came from you, but some from publishers, I think. Some one is sending me regularly the *Deseret Semi-Weekly News*, for which and for all other similar favors I sincerely thank the donors. This literature is used by the patients in the hospital and much of it goes also to the prisoners outside the hospital, for which I receive many thanks.

A company card comes from Oscar Schleif, Max Velek, David Glick and Ezekiel Gilmore, at Physical Culture City, N. J., with pictures of same and friendly greetings. Of those who send picture cards our old young friend John E. Bontenhouse takes the prize. For the past two weeks he has averaged one every day. Letters and cards not yet mentioned: E. L. Smith, 1; Philip G. Peabody, 4; George Bodborough, England, 4; Dora S. Segelbe, France, 1; J. Allen Evans, 2; Clara J. L. Pierce, 1; Thirza Rathbun, 1; S. Rockhill, 1; Lee Garcelon, 1; A. Wangemann, 1; C. N. Greene, 1; Dr. R. Greer (with copy of *Progressive Thinker*), 1; James W. Adams, 1; Dr. G. W. Brown (with copy of *Progressive Thinker*), 1; "Jim" Myers, 1; Lucinda B. Chandler, 1; Grace Moore, 1; George D. Remington, 1; Hubla Potter Loomis, 1; Charles Turner Brown, 1; J. P. Mitchell, 1. William Francis Barnard sends a combination letter from himself, M. Koleschstein, Louisa Edelstadt, B. Capes, M. H. Newman, J. M. Livakis, A. Barnard, J. Bloomfield, Jake Capes, Anna Livakis, Anna Roelich (or Radich), M. Fishman, Peter Livakis. A fine lot of clippings, taken from the *Record-Herald*, came from some one. For all these letters, cards, papers, clippings, etc., I wish to return heartfelt thanks, and wish ever so much that I could write a letter to each.

Please say to Brother Elbertus that I am on Nippee to see the



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

Today Moses Harman is 75 years 11 months and 29 days of age. He has served 213 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matters pertaining to LUCIFER, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

development of the scheme by which he and Luther Burbank are going to supersede the "old, crude, rude, aliphahd, faulty, wasteful and dangerous plan of producing humanity from the seed!" Why did he not add "obscene" to his string of opprobrious epithets? "In producing humans science has never been given a show." Right you are in this statement, Brother Elbertus, but you will please pardon me for doubting the possibility of "producing a race of men and women, in body and intellect beyond anything the world has ever seen," by ignoring and treating with contempt the universally accepted fact in nature expressed in the aphorism, "Like begets like"—as very plainly indicated in your talk.

It is very true that like does not produce like in the absolute sense. There is always some variation, some combination of hereditary elements that prevents any two humans, any two animals or plants from being exactly alike, and well it is that such is the fact, else there could be no progress in breeding, no betterment in any department of animal or vegetable life. But this variation confirms instead of invalidating the axiom—as true as an axiom in logic or mathematics—that like begets like. Take, for example, the maize plant—Indian corn. By judicious crossing, or by accidental crossing, many varieties have been produced, better in many respects than the kinds found in this country by white men 300 years ago. Corn

has been planted and cultivated for the seed, the kernel, not for the edible husk, as in the case of the apple, mentioned by Elbertus, and hence the farmer finds that big, yellow corn produces the kind with sufficient certainty year after year. The husk of the corn is also edible—for cows—and it is conceivable that by careful breeding for many generations a corn husk might be produced as much superior to the common corn husk as is the husk of a "Spy" apple to the husk of the common "crab," and if the farmer should try to raise the improved husk (corn) variety from seed, he would find that his pet variety would "hark back," just as the seed of the Spy apple harks back. If the farmer wishes to continue his big husk variety he will have to resort to grafting, as the orchardist does; that is, he would have to resort to *lopering*, as is done with the stalks of the sugar cane.

Nature looks after the life of the race; this means the seed; she cares but little for such by-products as the husks, whose really important use is to protect the seed.

Does not this explain why genius in the human does not reproduce itself? Genius is a by-product, it is an abnormality, a freak, produced by exceptional conditions during gestation, as was undoubtedly the case with Napoleon, mentioned by Elbert. Hence the harking back to common stock as shown by Napoleon's son. There were other causes, but fully in line with the axiom that says like produces like, that made "L'Aiglon" a conspicuous degenerate. But my two sheels are full and I can say no more at this time. Please ask Elbert to send me his paper regularly. Love to all.

M. HARMAN.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LIFE OF MOSES HARMAN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 595.)

having much to do with the formation of character. A careful examination will, I believe, show that the love of freedom, love of nature, love of the grand and majestic, also the instinctive feeling known as "patriotism," or love of home and country, are much more apt to be incarnated in those born in mountainous countries than in those who first see the light surrounded by level plains, or amid the artificialities of city life.

By heredity I am Teuton mainly—the Teutonic being one of the leading branches of the great Caucasian family. My father was wholly German and my mother German and Scotch-Irish. In selection of immediate parents, too, I feel thankful, or, rather, am disposed to congratulate myself; and though my mother and father were by no means perfect, I think I anticipated by several years the advice of H. W. Beecher to the young man who asked how best to secure success in life. "Rule first," said the great preacher, "choose a good father and mother to be born from."

For several generations my progenitors were born and lived on American soil, mainly in the mountainous region of Virginia and western Pennsylvania. Originally the Harman of West Virginia—German spelling, Hermann or Herrmann—came from Württemberg, Germany, as I have heard my paternal grandfather say.

My paternal grandfather, Jonas Harman, was a man of superior endowments, physical and mental, inherited mainly, as I have reason to believe, from his mother, Christiana, born Henkel. Christiana Henkel was a matriarch among her people; a "woman doctor," and one who exerted a wonderful influence over not only her own children and near relatives, but over a wide circle of acquaintance. She lived a long, active and very useful life, dying at eighty-three years of age.

She gave to her eldest son, Jonas, a splendid physique—six feet tall; well formed; a fine head and majestic cast of features; a mind far above the average of men for the time and country in which he was born. He possessed a very fair education in both German and English; was a land surveyor, a school teacher, and was often collected "justice of the peace." In religion he was not devout, never joined a church and seemed inclined to agnostic views. Was regarded by his neighbors and acquaintances as a very upright man in all his dealings, industrial and frugal in habits, inclined to mechanical pursuits, never accumulated more than a modest competence, and died a poor man in 1864, aged seventy-six. He was the father of fifteen children, of whom my father was the eldest.

Of my paternal grandmother, born Harper, I know very little, but think she was without any very pronounced characteristics; easily swayed, and inclined to take refuge from the storms of life in the worship of an assumed overruling power. She died young, leaving five small children.

My maternal grandmother was born a Redman, of Scotch Covenant origin. It will be remembered that a Scotch-Irish regiment from the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania bore an important part in winning the battle of Saratoga from the British under Burgoyne, and that after the war was over these same freedom-loving mountaineers gave the general government much trouble by refusing to pay the "whiskey tax." Of this sturdy and freedom-loving stock came my maternal grandmother, if my sources of information have not misled me. She was the mother of six children, of whom my mother was the third. She died comparatively young, the victim of a by no means uncommon blunder—the wrong poison, administered to cure some temporary ailment that would doubtless have yielded to careful nursing and nature's recuperative power if drugs and the doctor had been ignored.

My mother's father was a man of very marked peculiarities. An original thinker; a rebel against authority as such; an outspoken opponent of chattel slavery, though living in a slave-holding state. He had no use for clergy, and never joined a church; taught his children that every one makes his or her hell or heaven, and carries it with him into the hereafter—if there be a hereafter for mortals. . . .

His parents had named my father John, and it was often remarked by those who knew him well that he had been rightly named. Always cheerful and helpful, except when looking at the gloomy aspects of his religious creed; sanguine, if not visionary often, in plans and prospects pertaining to business. Always candid, truthful and transparently honest himself, he could not imagine that others were not also honest, truthful and reliable. Hence he was often the victim of the scheming and narrowly selfish, especially of religious sharpers or sharpers. He could never get it through his cranium, it would seem, that a man who could "ask a blessing" with sanctity at the table, one who could make a fervent prayer in "meeting," or especially one who could preach with eloquence, with "demonstration of the spirit and with prayer,"—could be other than honest and trustworthy in business matters. Even when compelled to confess that he had been sadly duped my father would find ready excuses for the delinquent when he was else could, and would stoutly maintain that the "devil," or human depravity inherited from Mother Eve and Father Adam, was at fault, and not the man's "religion"; that without religion people would be far worse than they now are. He was a very conscientious as well as a very religious man, and these two qualities he regarded as being identical or at least so nearly related that they could not be separated. As it has been so graphically said of another, my father was often a "minor ably religious man." Thoroughly dominated by his devotional, his emotional and his sympathetic nature, and by fear of hell and hope of heaven, he could brook no compromise, no parody, with "doubt" or with religious skepticism. To him belief in a literal hell, an orthodox hell, for the unbelieving or for the finally impenitent, was realistic and abiding. All doubts concerning this cardinal doctrine were regarded by him as suggestions from the great "adversary of God and man," the devil, in whose personality, omnipotence and almost omnipotence my father seemed to have the most implicit faith. To omit any of the more important religious duties as enjoined by his spiritual advisers was to invite the punishments of heaven in this world and to endanger his eternal salvation in the next.

At times, as I think, his intellect tottered, or trembled on the verge of insanity, of downright madness. At such times he could scarcely eat, work or sleep. His eyes would be red and swollen with weeping because some of his loved ones were yet "out of the ark of safety." Especially was he concerned for the spiritual welfare of myself, the most heretical of the family and the one from whom he had hoped so much—so very much—as a learned and valiant defender of the "faith once delivered to the saints."

If it be possible for any man possessed of average intelligence to be an honest believer in the Arminian doctrines of free will and of endless hell, and be at the same time thoroughly humane and sympathetic, and still retain, without his mental balance sufficiently to keep out of the madhouse—that man was my father.

He did not have the miserable poor consolation of believing, with Jonathan Edwards and his brother Calvinists, that "God had ordained everything that cometh to pass," and that if any of his family or near relatives were to be finally numbered with the "lost," it would be no fault of his; that it would be his duty—and his happiness, also—to acquiesce in the "damnation" of his friends; and of himself, even, if "God's glory" be enhanced thereby.

Not his religious creed did not permit such lofty flights of self-remuneration as would be implied in praising God for consigning to the torments of eternal fire his own sweet loved ones, and himself also, if such were the will of the infinite despot he worshipped each night and morn.

On the contrary, he looked upon himself as responsible, not only for his own fate in the hereafter, but to a great extent responsible also for the future weal or woe of his wife and children whom this same God had committed to his care. Hence the mental rack upon which my father was tortured for the greater part of a life that extended some years beyond the scriptural limit.

And now, although a little premature in this life history, it is, perhaps, quite as well to say at this place that it was largely, as I think now, because of seeing the evil effect of his religion upon my father's power of mind, and upon his bodily health and prospects for longevity, and also because of seeing the utter lack of agreement between the daily lives of church people and the doctrines professed by them, that I became early in life a doubter of the fundamentals of the Christian religion, and have, in consequence of such disbelief, for more than forty years been trying to do what I can to free the minds of others from what I must consider one of the greatest curses under which human beings live, struggle, suffer and die.

How is it possible, I have often mentally queried, that intellectually sane and sympathetically humane men and women can believe such doctrines and yet live the daily lives that most of them live? Why do they cry out, as did one of old, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears!" Why are their eyes not constantly red and swollen with weeping—as I have so often observed in the case of my father—because of a realizing sense of the dangers to which the unbelieving and the impenitent are exposed?

Is it strange that I early came to doubt the sanity, the humanity or the sincerity of my Christian friends? Especially did I learn to doubt the intellectual honesty of the Christian clergy of my acquaintance. When I compared the average clergyman in his pulpit with what I knew him to be as a man, and in his daily walk of life, I found it simply impossible to make the two harmonize. In his pulpit, on Sunday, I knew the Christian minister could be severely logical. I knew he could prove the truth of eternal torment for the impenitent from his Bible. I knew also that he could show the sin-

erity of his belief by sobs and tears while pleading with his hearers to "give the truth to come" and to "make their peace, smiling and rejoicing."

And yet I knew, by daily observation, that this same man, when out of the pulpit, could almost immediately become as other men. I knew that he could show by the manner of his daily life that he possessed no deep nor abiding sense of the terrors of his creed, nor of the awful responsibilities that rested upon himself as the shepherd of souls, as the pattern and exemplar of the "way that leadeth unto death"—to death eternal. I knew that the minister could eat, drink and be merry as other men. I knew that he could tell funny stories—stories such as he himself would call "broad" or even "smutty," especially when in company with his brother ministers only, or when he thought none of the ungodly "soffers" were within hearing distance. I observed that he could even crack jokes at the expense of his creed—could talk about the awful features of his faith with as much levity and unconcern as though he were talking of commonplace problems in mathematics or of the crudest fables of legendary lore.

One instance only is illustrative of what I here refer to. While making maple syrup by night near my paternal home I was visited by our itinerant preacher, who, as usual, was making his home with us while on his rounds. Coming to near the open fire of the furnace he was momentarily in danger of falling into it, when with a merry chuckle he exclaimed: "O ho! I was about to tumble into the very pit of hell!"

Can it be possible, thought I, that this man believes what he preaches? What he tells us with such an air of sincerity from his pulpit? Can he really believe that his fellow human beings are pouring branding into hell—like dead flies in an endless stream, as Heber puts it—and yet laughingly refer to hell, when out of his pulpit, as a very proper subject of mirth? Just as we would expect a mature man to jest about the childish stories of Santa Claus, or the creations of the renowned and veracious Baron Munchausen? In short, is this preacher a hypocrite or an infidel monster? Or is he a combination of both?

On later reflection I incline to the opinion that the incongruity indicated by the unseemly merriment and jollity of many clergymen is evidence simply of a healthy rebuke, a sane or rational reaction against the unnatural, the irrational and the horrible in their creeds; the creeds that their ordination vows and commission as ministers compel them to preach; the creeds that they honestly think are taught in their Bibles; and that they honestly try to believe; the creeds which most of them, perhaps, think they do believe; the creeds, concerning which, if they have honest doubts, they lack the moral courage to openly renounce and denounce, for fear of losing their salaries and their positions as social leaders.

Returning from this temporary digression: In striking contrast with my father's gloomy creed—the creed that hung as a funeral pall over his life, often shutting out completely the light of day—was my mother's mental attitude toward religious questions, and toward myself, as an avowed free-thinker or rationalist. My mother never took my skepticism seriously, to hear. She welcomed it, rather, as I now think, and hoped it would prove to be the correct view, although, for prudential reasons, she said but little about it. Believing me to be honest in my unbelief, my disbelief, she had no fears as to my "salvation" in a future life. She seemed to think "an honest God" could not afford to damn an honest man. Her only concern, or her chief anxiety in the matter was that the avowal of heretical or "infidel" opinions would seriously interfere with my success in any vocation of life I might choose to follow. That her fears in this regard were only too well founded I had very good reason to know as the years went hurrying by.

I am this minute and particular in giving the characteristics of my parents because in no other way, as I think, can I so well describe my own leading traits. I find in myself a combination of all or nearly all that I have described as the salient points in the make-up of my parents, with the traits of my mother predominating.

To my mother, then, I regard myself as chiefly indebted for what I am, have been, and for what I have been enabled to do or to endure. In good sooth, I strongly incline to the opinion that, primarily and directly, I owe everything to my mother, while secondarily and more indirectly, I owe much, very much, to my father.

Of this whole question, however, of parental influences, prenatal and postnatal, and the part that each parent performs or sustains in the work of child-building—and whether, after all, the child does not mainly build itself, using both parents, as well as all other environments, as means or materials out of which to create its body, physical, mental or psychic—I shall probably have something more to say later on.

For the present I content myself with saying that my mother gave to me her own physical characteristics, so far as framework and fiber of body are concerned. My height is about five feet eight inches; normal weight about a hundred and fifty pounds; symmetrical, compact, sinewy, lithe and active. As a boy, and before the misfortune that made me a lifelong cripple, I excelled in all athletic games or contests with boys of my own age, and often with boys much older and of larger and heavier build.

As did my mother, I habitually recover quickly from fatigue, and like her I have large capacity for long-continued labor. With her and from her I inherit a plentiful lack of the devout, the worshipping, the worshipful, the adoring instinct or impulse. With her and from her, I see nothing and am conscious of nothing in the wide universe, or outside of and beyond the physical universe, to which I want to bow the head or bend the knee. With her and inherited from her, I find nothing too holy, too precious of nothing too sacred, to be questioned, to be investigated or rigidly analyzed.

Inheriting from her I am first, last and all the time a utilitarian. I would turn everything into a practical channel for the use and benefit of sentient human beings.

"Happiness is the only good"—that is, human happiness primarily, and that of brute beasts, birds, etc., secondarily—seemed to be a prime article in my mother's creed. She could never bear to see a beast beaten or otherwise abused. As for the happiness of "God," the "glory and honor of God," or of the gods, if there are such beings, my mother seemed to think it need not be any concern of ours. Being "unconditioned," being wholly independent of conditions such as bring happiness or misery to mortals; being infinite in power, infinite in knowledge and infinite in duration, or term of life, the gods cannot, logically, be considered as dependent upon human beings for their happiness, and therefore it is simply and forever impossible for us to "sin against God," or do him an injury of any kind whatsoever. All our duties, then, my mother would argue, are human duties, secular duties, and finite religion means belief in and duties towards a god or gods. It follows that our religious duties vanish into nothingness.

I will not say that my mother's conduct and utterances were always in accord with these views. I am now speaking of her conduct and words during what I regard as the best, the bravest and most truly characteristic period of her long and useful life—the period of child-bearing and child-rearing. She had probably never heard of Franklin's suggestions to his father to "say grace" over the winter's supply of meat to bulk, to save time, but I distinctly remember that on one occasion my mother protested against my father's habit of giving thanks at table, because of what seemed to her a needless waste of time; and often in early spring, when the "sap" of the sugar maple trees would be going to waste on Sundays, she would insist that it would be better to stay at home and save the sap than to go to church. Not that my mother was constitutionally parsimonious or covetous of riches. It was not greed, but simply her utilitarian bent of mind that would not endure needless waste, and also her inability to see that any supposed god could be made happier or human beings better by words of prayer or songs of adulation and praise one day in seven.

When brought near to death's door at the time of the birth of her youngest child she asked for no prayers in her behalf, neither did a word of prayer escape her lips, so far as I know, though in full possession of her mental faculties. I think my mother was quite fearless of death and of what might be her fate after death of the body—not because she had made her "peace with God" by "repentance and faith," but rather because she had no belief in the existence of a vengeful god.

From both parents I inherit the habit and the love of early rising; also the habit and the love of hard work, both physical and mental. More than all things else, perhaps, I enjoy the exercise of my faculties in useful occupation. Idleness, lack of useful occupation, is torture.

From both parents I inherit a large share of human sympathy, in the general sense. I find it hard, very hard, to feel comfortable or to be merry and joyful when I know that others are in want of food and shelter, or that they are unhappy or uncomfortable because of lack of something that I can give, something that I can do for them. In this regard my mother's habit of mind was phenomenal, perhaps abnormal; so much so that very often she would make her friends quite uncomfortable by over-solicitude for their comfort. I am accused, very frequently, of a like failing.

I think it was largely because of her sympathy for suffering and because of her habit of looking for ways and wherefore that my mother was skeptical in regard to the existence of a god such as theologians describe. She built her god after her own heart. She could not love, worship or assimilate herself with a being who is able to alleviate and to prevent human suffering, and yet who stands idly by and refuses to rescue the perishing and who will not "lend a hand" to soothe the needy.

And if she were living today I think my mother would reject as I do the "god-him" incorporated in the creeds of certain reformed theologians—the "Infinite Intelligence" idea. If infinite intelligence exists anywhere in the universe, such intelligence must be woefully lacking either in sympathy for suffering or in power to prevent or cure suffering. To say that infinite intelligence permits suffering for a good purpose only shifts the difficulty; it does not remove it. If infinite intelligence permits human suffering for a good purpose, then it is simply presumptuous impertinence when finite intelligences interfere with this "let-alone" policy of the superior, the wiser intelligence.

To my mother's mind and to my thinking, a far more rational theory or cosmic concept is that there is no infinite intelligence anywhere to care for human sufferers, or to prepare conditions such as would secure good heredity for all and an equal share of nature's bounties. If there were, it would prevent the necessity of so many religious hospitals and so many eleemosynary institutions of all sorts, and also would forestall the need of so many prayers to infinite intelligence (and infinite benevolence!) to take better care of its children than it is now doing.

As I see it, Victor Hugo's philosophy is far more reasonable when he says: "Humanity has not a moment to lose. Let us hasten. The miserable (Les Misérables) stand with their feet on hot irons. They hunger, they thirst, they perish," etc. That is to say, "Not the 'gods,' not 'infinite intelligence,' but humanity itself is responsible for the existence of and the removal of the evils that afflict humanity. If humanity does not help itself, then no god, no infinite intelligence, will help it or us."

Both my parents were too generous, too sympathetic, for their own material welfare; and often, as I think, their generosity, their

sympathy, was not wisely directed. Often the financial aid extended by them to others, and especially to their grown-up children, was, as I now believe, injurious rather than beneficial to the recipients—taking from them the sense of self-help, self-dependence.

Another endowment, another fundamental characteristic for which I have my parents to thank, is my strong and persistent love of life, my unconquerable desire to live for the sake of living. And as I view the matter, the child that comes upon the stage of mortal existence without such endowment, without such inheritance, has been sinned against, most grievously sinned against, by those who were chiefly instrumental in bringing it upon that stage.

My parents were young—in their twenty-third year of life—when they gave the initial impulse that resulted in the organization, the incarnation, of the writer of these personal memoranda. Both were then strong, vigorous, healthy, hopeful, buoyant. Life to them was full of golden dreams, of joyous anticipations. They were then planning to migrate, in the near future, from their ancestral homes on the steep and comparatively sterile slopes of the Alleghenies to the newer-settled, more productive, more fertile lands west of the "Belle Riviere," as the French explorers called the Ohio River,—to them a veritable land of promise; a land of boundless resources, of limitless possibilities; a land that to their excited imaginations would soon be made to flow not only with milk and honey but with all other earthly blessings. These hopes, these rose-colored expectations, were doubtless incarnated—ingrained and interwoven—prenatally into my mortal organism, and hence my very large endowment of hopefulness, and of what phrenologists call "vitaliveness," or love of life. Professor O. S. Fowler, the most famous of American phrenologists, in a professional examination (1866) said to me: "I take you to be a hard one to kill. Your desire to live and your hold on life are tenacious and strong."

And still another endowment for which I have my parents to thank is my strong desire to know—to know for the sake of knowing; my insatiable thirst for knowledge; my unconquerable desire to get at the facts, the basic facts, the hidden causes of things—of phenomena, appearances, terrestrial and celestial; my insatiable and wholly irreverent desire to unlock the "arcana of Nature" and possess myself of her most secret treasures. My parents had themselves been blessed with but very meager advantages in the way of scholastic education—just enough to make them keenly hungry for more. My mother was only nine years of age when, by the untimely death of her own mother, she was left to take the place of mother to her three younger sisters, and largely also to her two brothers, older than herself. Her father, George Harman, never remarried. When urged to do so his invariable answer was, "Never! No step-mother shall ever play the tyrant over my children." As his business, that of millwright and carpenter, took him from home most of the time, my mother knew little of parental care after her tenth year; and six weeks of "schooling," when quite young, was all of pedagogic instruction that fell to her lot.

In my father's case the fates had been a little more propitious. His father, Jonas Harman, having been himself a teacher, in a small way, and having been a fairly good scholar in both English and German, it was but natural that my father—though the oldest and to some extent the bread-winner for a dozen or more younger brothers and sisters—had enjoyed better opportunities for getting a common-school education than did my mother. At that time, however, the standard of literary acquirement and general culture among the mountaineers of West Virginia was very low, and hence it is not surprising that when married—in his twenty-first year—as I have often heard my father say, his book learning did not extend beyond mastery of the spelling book and the first or elementary rules of arithmetic, and his knowledge of these was by no means perfect.

But notwithstanding unfavorable environments of many kinds, both my parents had received a taste of learning and culture sufficient to give them a keen appetite for more, and that appetite, by hereditary transmission, became a leading characteristic in my own intellectual make-up.

Looking for causes, I strongly incline to the belief that it was a fortunate circumstance for me that my parents had not been surfeited with school and books in their youth as a preparation for parenthood. If, during their tender years, they had been compelled to go to school continuously as most young children now are, and if their immature minds had been crammed to repletion with "facts and figures" for which they would naturally have but little appetite and less comprehension—at a time of life when nature stoutly rebels against indoor confinement and asks for the young only a chance to bask in sunshine and fresh air, with plenty of healthful food and plenty of sleep and rest when tired of play—if such unnatural confinement and untimely mental labor had been the lot of my parents, then, as I now believe, they would have failed to transmit to me the inextinguishable desire for knowledge that I have ever regarded as my best patrimony.

To generalize a little: One chief reason why children often surpass their parents in learning and culture is because of inherited hunger for these things—hunger for opportunities that had been denied by fortune to the parents. The strong but disappointed longing, the unrealized hope in the mind of the parents, becomes the satisfied desire, the realized hope, in the next generation. For a like reason one chief cause of the frequently observed indifference toward learning and culture on the part of the children of teachers, preachers, lawyers and others whose literary acquirements are many and great, but which acquirements are utilized for bread-winning purposes, or for social, political or clerical advancement—this commonly observed indifference on the part of the second generation is the natural and necessary result of satiety, or surfeit, and of consequent disgust, revulsion, existing in the minds of such parents toward

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learning and culture when their children receive prenatal bias and endowment.

In my own case, as already intimated, fortune stood my friend, in that I was born with an unconquerable thirst for knowledge, for learning, and with at least average capacity for acquiring the same.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY holds regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Corinthian Hall, seventh floor, Masonic Temple. Free discussion. *LUCIFER* on sale at meetings.

Oct. 14.—"The Relation of the Strenuous Life to Nervous Exhaustion," by Dr. T. W. B. Wiggins, University of Illinois School of Medicine.

Oct. 21.—"Reincarnation," by Sakharan Ganesh Pandit, Bombay, India.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE LEAGUE holds public meetings every Sunday night at 8 o'clock in Room 412 Masonic Temple. Free discussion after each lecture. *LUCIFER* on sale at meetings.

Oct. 21.—"The Crime of Capital Punishment," by Abram Adelman.

Oct. 24.—"Single Tax," by H. H. Hardinge.

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The latest photographs of the editor of *LUCIFER*, taken alone, and also photographs taken with his infant grandson, are for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents each.

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WHOLE NO. 1077.

FREEDOM.

How does the meadow flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and in that freedom hold;
And so the grandeur of the forest tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its own divine vitality.

—William Wordsworth.

THE NATIONAL PURITY FEDERATION.

Several hundred earnest and well-meaning persons met at Abraham Lincoln Center, Chicago, October 8, and attended the annual conference of the National Purity Federation. From the *Liberator*, a magazine published in support of the work of the federation, these statements are taken:

"The National Purity Federation recognizes the existence of a traffic in girls and is taking steps for the abolition of such traffic.

"This federation shall labor for the promotion of purity in the home and in society generally. It shall labor to secure legislation to make the teaching of purity a part of the public school course.

"It opposes every form of police or state regulation of the social evil, and urges the rigid enforcement of law for the suppression of vice and the legislation of laws [sic] that will insure better protection to girlhood.

"Recognizing the fact that the responsibility of parenthood should rest in the same measure upon fathers as upon mothers, the National Purity Federation resolves that fathers of illegitimate children shall assume the full responsibility of fatherhood, and that children shall share the father's property and bear his name."

What is purity? The word pure comes from the Latin word *purus*, meaning clean. The Greek *pur* (*pur*), *purus*, means fire. Both are from the Sanskrit root *pa*, to purify, to make clean, to purge by fire. So the word has changed little if any from its original meaning. In a moral sense the purifying, instead of being by fire, is by light—the light of knowledge, truth. Hence the name *Lucifer*, the Light Bearer, the bringer of knowledge to purify minds.

Lucifer, therefore, stands for purity, for the light of knowledge which will do more than legislation to eradicate vice and protect girlhood and boyhood, womanhood and manhood, from the effects of ignorance.

Lucifer recognizes the traffic in girls as an appalling evil, strangely enough due in great degree to the policy pursued by millions of well-meaning persons who seek to abolish it by legislation instead of enlightening children as to the nature of the sexual functions and the consequences of their abuse. *Lucifer* agrees with the Purity Federation in opposing "every form of police or state regulation of vice," but it does not believe that "the rigid enforcement of law for the suppression of vice" will "insure better protection to girlhood." The experience of thousands of years in the "enforcement of laws for the suppression of vice" has proved the futility of such a course.

Ignorance is the mother of vice. Ignorance on the part of those who are fighting vice nurtures it instead of eliminating it. With a few notable exceptions, those engaged most zealously in the battle against the social evil disregard the scriptural injunction, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." If first they would purify their own minds and realize that there is nothing inherently unclean in the sexual functions or the serious discussion of the sexual relations, they would join with *Lucifer* in a campaign of enlightenment, instead of carrying an insanely absurd and bootless war for suppression of knowledge and the promotion of ignorance.

Most of the legislators who enact "obscenity" laws are men of unclean notions of sex; men who practice in private the "obscenity" they enact laws against. Why? Because their minds are unclean and the laws they enact are for the prosecution of others, they themselves hoping to violate those laws without being caught. With these men, then, the crime is not in violating the law, but in getting caught.

At the purity conference Bishop Fallows read a statement from Anthony Comstock, telling how the Comstock "obscenity" law was passed after midnight of the last hours of a session of congress. He did not tell that it was passed by a congress which was denounced by democratic and republican papers alike as the most corrupt that ever disgraced the American republic. He did not tell of the riotous scenes on the floor of congress among the debauched and drunken lawmakers at the time those unblushing thieves and debauches were passing the law which many good people believe was made for the protection of the American homes, but which has been used since by the zealous ignoramus Comstock and his supporters for the cultivation of vice by the prosecution of such persons as Dr. Alice B. Stockham, Ida Craddock and Moses Harman, who were striving to enlighten the people in such a way as to make sexual vice a rare abnormality.

No person acquainted with Dr. Stockham, Mrs. Craddock and Moses Harman could possibly doubt their sincerity and pure-mindedness. Because their minds were clean they discussed the sexual relations delicately, sanely and intelligently. Thousands of women and men can and will gladly testify that their minds have been made cleaner, their bodies purer and their lives happier by the teachings of these three persons, who have been hounded by Comstock as if they were the enemies instead of the benefactors of society.

Dr. Stockham was convicted and fined in the federal court for publishing a typewritten letter giving in chaste and delicate language information to young persons in regard to sexual hygiene in order to make their married lives sweet, happy and uplifting, instead of disappointing, bitter and degrading. For the publication of a similar letter, which had the approval of physicians and ministers of high standing, Ida Craddock was imprisoned in an insane asylum and in the house of correction on Blackwell's Island, New York, and at last was driven to suicide by the unrelenting and unclean-minded Comstock, whose hideous law makes it a crime to send by mail any information in regard to sexual hygiene.

Moses Harman's experience is known to all the regular readers of *LUCIFER*. Several times he has been imprisoned because of the publication of articles in *LUCIFER* advocating mental enlightenment in regard to the sexual functions as the best means for the eradication of vice. Because of his antagonism to the impurity of the Movement for the Promotion of Ignorance he now is serving a sentence of one year in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Yet it is extremely doubtful if there is any man living with a cleaner mind in regard to sexual matters than Moses Harman. It is doubtful that anybody ever heard him use a vulgar or so-called "obscene" expression, ever heard him tell a "smutty" story or ever heard him speak lightly or jestingly of the sexual relations.

What hope is there for the decrease of sexual degradation when such persons as these three are hounded to death or imprisoned for their efforts to cleanse the minds of the "purifiers" and strike at the root of the tree of ignorance which bears the deadly fruit of sexual degradation?

Moses Harman, too, advocated the "teaching of purity (sexual hygiene) as a part of the public school course." He regards this

as the most important study for the welfare of the human race, and contends that the greatest of rights is the "right to be born right."

In regard to the Purity Federation's demand that illegitimate children "shall share the father's property and name," it might be remarked that this result cannot be accomplished by law, for the reason that it frequently is impossible in such cases to determine who are the fathers and it would open a wide door for blackmail. It is impossible that a woman properly informed as to the actual functions would consent to allow a man whom she could not trust to become the father of her child. But trusts of this nature are betrayed even in wedlock, and many married men desert their wives and children regardless of laws against it.

The great fight of Moses Harman's life has been against the abuse of maternity and for the right of women in or out of wedlock to the control of their own persons. For this also he has been attacked by the "positives," who believe that a wife belongs to her husband, and that it is unreasonable and wicked for her to refuse him his so-called "conjugal rights." Yet practically the same stand is taken by Professor Newton N. Riddell in his book "The New Man," from which the following excerpt is taken:

"Men, the abuse of maternity is the crime of Christendom. All nature protests against it, animals resist it to the death, savages rarely practice it and only in Christian lands is it common. What a sin! What a vice! What a crime! Think of intelligent men, even Christian men, men who have taken their vow at some church altar to 'renounce the world, the flesh and the devil'; men, living in the morning of the twentieth century, enjoying all the advantages of our enlightened age, being so controlled by habit and dominated by passion that they will prostitute maternity, defile the creative office of the Most High and stamp the ensign of sin upon a forming soul!"

"Is it any wonder that children are born with vicious tendencies? Is it any wonder that the gospel of Christ fails to purify society? Is it not a wonder that a righteous God does not smite the earth in indignation?"

"When men and women are willing to live pure lives and direct their creative forces to the brain, then, and only then, will the mass of mankind develop as they should; then, and only then, will the divine ideal of matrimony be realized; then, and only then, will parentage become a sacred privilege, children be well born, vice and crime decline and the gospel of Christ reclaim the world from sin."

The National Purity Federation can accomplish a great work by devoting its attention to the education of the people as to the sane and proper relations of the sexes and less to demands for useless legislation. Let the purifiers cleanse their own minds by reading Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age" and other sane works which show the real cause of sexual degradation.

ADONIS TUCKER

WOULD DIVORCE BE WORSE?

PHILIP G. PEARSON, Boston, Mass.—The very day I read the first page of LUCIFER regarding the sadness of a home where children are without both parents—a *c.*, where divorce exists—and the excellent statement that it is sadder to have a child see the murder of its mother by its father, I read the following three items in a daily paper:

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 28.—Discovered in the attempt at suicide by inhaling gas, Henry Summan was today taken in charge by the police. Later he confessed to the murder of his young wife as she lay asleep in a room in the Glenwood hotel last Wednesday morning. Summan said he had endeavored to induce his wife to go to LaCrosse with him to testify in his behalf in his trial for forgery. She would not agree. He said they quarreled all night, and then he shot her.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Greeted affectionately by his wife on his return from the penitentiary today, Giuseppe Conte, a cigar manufacturer, shot her twice, mortally wounding her. It was in the presence of their five children and of her sister-in-law. Conte made his escape.

MAHANOT CITY, PA., Sept. 30.—Angered because the visit of the stork to his home resulted in a girl when he hoped for a boy, Wallace Gederich beat his wife so badly that her life is despaired of. He is under arrest.

"To invest the public magistrate (and more especially a private vice society) with the power of restricting opinion would be to trust the progress of information to the mercy and pleasure of a government (or the manager of the vice society). More formidable dangers are justly to be apprehended from arming the constituted organs of authority with a power to arrest the career of human intellect than from all the evils attributable to licentiousness."—P. 181 of Workman.

EDWARD BLISS FOOTE, SR.

[The following sketch of the life of Mr. Foote was written by Samuel P. Putnam for his book, "Four Hundred Years of Free-Thought" (1894). T. B. Wakeman delivered the address at Dr. Foote's funeral, which was held on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 7. This address, together with other matter of interest, will appear in a memorial pamphlet which his son, Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., will issue shortly.]

There are several biographies extant giving the career nearly or quite up to date of the well-known physician and medical author whose portrait appears in this volume. (See "Men of Mark,"



EDWARD BLISS FOOTE, SR.

"American Biography," C. Edward Lester's "American Advancement," the "National Encyclopedia of American Biography," and "The World's Sages, Thinkers and Reformers.") In this sketch we shall speak only of Dr. Foote's record as a liberal, prefacing it with a brief glimpse of his early environment.

Edward Bliss Foote was born in the village of Cleveand, Ohio, Feb. 20, 1829. Village it was at that time, although it has since become one of the largest and handsomest cities of the "Buckeye State." While in his infancy, his father, Herschel, and his mother, Pamela, removed to a small village seven and one-half miles to the westward of Cleveland, where stood the first church that was built on the Connecticut Western Reserve. Around or near this church edifice clustered a neighborhood of eastern people, most of whom were from the staid old state of Connecticut. Herschel Foote was the village merchant, the postmaster and the squire. His home was literally a free hotel for ministers, school teachers and singing masters. On one Sunday three of the Beechers were entertained—Dr. Lyman, Dr. Edward and the Rev. William Beecher. Mr. and Mrs. Foote were choristers at the one Presbyterian church. Libraries were little thought of by the pioneers of Ohio. On the book-shelves of the Foote family could be found "Pilgrim's Progress," Watts' "On the Mind," Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and similar religious publications, but no such volumes as Paine's "Age of Reason" or the works of Hume or Voltaire. The young doctor was taught to regard Paine, Hume and Voltaire as frightfully vicious men. The term "young doctor" is used advisedly, for the subject of this narrative was called "Doctor" in the neighborhood when he was in pantalettes, for the reason that when he was asked as to what would be his occupation when he grew to manhood he always replied that he would be a physician; but with the limited opportunities at that time in that sparsely settled region the prospect of acquiring the necessary equipment for the medical profession was not encouraging. At twelve years of age the young doctor, in the absence of any religious revival, became a member of the Presbyterian church, and true to his disposition to perform well his part in every cause in which he enlisted, his attendance upon the weekly prayer meetings was regular and punctual.

About this time the boy became deeply interested in the biography of Benjamin Franklin, and when he learned that Dr. Franklin obtained pretty much all of his preliminary education in the printing

offer he conceived the idea of apprenticing himself to the art of the printer. Parental objections were manifested for manifold reasons, but in the face of great opposition the first opportunity presenting itself was eagerly seized by the youth of fifteen and one-half years. In the printers' composing room, away from the atmosphere of the pious home, evolution began, and that, too, without the aid of liberal literature, for the early settlers of Cleveland were mostly devout people. After serving a three years' apprenticeship in a newspaper office, and acquiring in the meantime considerable facility with the pen, he became the editor of the first paper published in New Britain, Conn. About this time the Rochester and Stratford knockings occasioned no little excitement throughout the country, and the sober press was generally disposed to ridicule them; but Editor Foote took the position in his editorials that investigation rather than ridicule was in order. Without becoming a spiritualist, he has ever maintained the right of the new faith to exist. When Theodore Parker was filling Music Hall in Boston every Sunday with an enthusiastic and admiring audience, Foote was a resident of New York, and although the "Hub" was not then, as now, a suburb of New York, he found the time and means to visit Boston now and then to listen to the great independent Unitarian preacher. The young doctor became a liberal Unitarian, and later, in New York, attended upon the preaching of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who, like Parker, was a liberal Unitarian. It was while entertaining the Unitarian belief that Dr. Foote wrote his far-famed "Plain Home Talk," and this fact accounts for all in the pages of the first edition of that book which has a pious flavor. Since writing that work its author has become an agnostic.

When D. M. Bennett started the *Truth Seeker* a warm and lasting friendship sprang up between the doctor and the infidel editor. The mother of the present editor of the paper founded by D. M. Bennett, Mrs. Macdonald, went about among the handful of liberals in New York and sought help for the new paper. Dr. Foote's contributions were not withheld, and the fearless, able and industrious editor had his full sympathy.

In 1872 the first Comstock bill was presented in the New York legislature. This bill Dr. Foote opposed with both argument and money. Alone he battled with this new kind of legislation. When he found the bill had passed both branches he submitted his objections in writing in a letter to Governor Dix, but he subsequently found that the governor's signature to the bill was dated on the same day on which his letter was written. After a law of this character found its way into the statutes of the Empire state it was a comparatively easy matter on the part of the Comstock people to procure the passage of a similar bill in congress, creating through the postal regulations an odious censorship of the press. This was effected in the winter of 1872-73, and in 1874 Comstock retaliated upon Dr. Foote for his opposition to his measure by arresting him on the charge of violating the postal laws. In this suit, before Judge Benedict of the United States circuit court of the southern district of New York, in 1876, Dr. Foote was fined \$3,500 for having sent through the United States mails an innocent pamphlet treating on physiological subjects and advocating the right of married people to regulate the size of the family through the use of contraceptives. Shortly after this came the arrest of E. H. Heywood and D. M. Bennett, charged with violating the postal laws. Liberals are familiar with these trials and their outrageous results. Then came the formation of the National Defense Association to oppose the Comstock laws and their odious enforcement. Ever an active member of this association, Dr. Foote has contributed freely to its support and given much of his time in carrying out its objects. At his residence, 120 Lexington avenue, the association set in motion the preliminaries which led to the immense and enthusiastic gathering at Cheltenham Hall to welcome D. M. Bennett on his release from Albany prison. The doctor was a member of the committee sent to receive Mr. Bennett as he emerged from the somber atmosphere of his cell. It was also at Dr. Foote's residence that the association met to devise means to send the eloquent and persuasive Laura Kendrick to Washington to plead for the release of Ezra H. Heywood from Dedham jail, and her mission was a success. Dr. Foote was one of the monument committee after the grand old man Bennett passed away, and when the trustees of Greenwood cemetery sent a message to the committee that the inscription designed for the monument would not be permitted, Dr. Foote was among those of his colleagues who stood firmly for no compromise. He was in favor of putting the inscriptions deep in the granite even if the block had to be excluded from the cemetery. He would join in purchasing a

site for it just outside the cemetery where it would forever be in view of the narrow-minded guardians of the noted burial ground. The monument was set up in Greenwood, and the inscriptions as originally prepared were conspicuously inscribed upon it without the least modification. In all of Moses Harman's troubles Dr. Foote has been the persecuted editor's fast friend and has given him no small amount of financial support. The doctor also contributed largely to aid Bradlaugh and Besant in their fight for liberty of the press, and also for the defense of Trevelyan.

In everything the doctor is liberal. He is in full sympathy with the exclamation once made by Eugene Macdonald, that "he would fight for the right of another to differ from him." For instance, Dr. Foote is a regularly registered physician in the state of New York, but from the beginning of medical legislation in the state in 1874 he has steadily opposed by argument, and money freely contributed, the imposition of penalties upon those who would seek to relieve human ills by methods not approved by the regular profession. He has fought in legislative committees and in the medical societies to which he belongs for the right of Christian scientists, mental scientists, faith cures, magnetic healers, etc., to practice the healing art.

From the moment he became an editor, almost half a century ago, he advocated woman's suffrage. When, in 1873, Susan B. Anthony was fined \$100 for daring to cast a vote in Rochester, the doctor sent his check for \$25 to assist in paying the unjust fine. It may also be remarked in this connection that when C. B. Reynolds, the liberal lecturer, was fined \$25 in New Jersey for blasphemy, Dr. Foote made haste to send his check for that amount, but Colonel Ingersoll, who so ably pleaded Mr. Reynolds' cause, generously paid the fine and all costs, so that the doctor's check was used for other purposes connected with the cause in which Mr. Reynolds was engaged. The doctor is a member of the Federation of Free Thought, the Secular Union, the Manhattan Liberal Club, the Institute of Heredity, the National Defense Association, the National Constitutional Liberty League, the New York Public Health and Constitutional Liberty League, the American Psychological Society, and in politics is an enthusiastic populist. Wherever the banner of advanced thought is unfurled a field-glass will not be required to find the subject of this sketch.

"The judgment of the dead" is the admonition and inspiration of the living. Mr. Wakeman's estimate was honest, careful, clear. His eulogy of the dead leader was as deserved as it was glowing, a sounding of the long roll anew to the never-ending battle for liberty and high life in human service. No struggle in history is one man's work, but we cannot, dare not imagine how far back our defense of liberty of thought and utterance might have been borne had it not been for Dr. Edward B. Foote, who is now dead as time measures death, but who lives again in the son who bears his name and holds steadily aloft the unfading colors of our cause.

With dry eyes we said Good-bye, for the sorrow is ours, not his, and it is weak to weep for ourselves when there is so much work that calls for wide and keen vision and unshakable determination. Our tribute to him is our labor for the truth and justice and freedom to which he gave his thought and hope and purse.

EDWIN C. WALKER.

Dear Lillian: I have elsewhere expressed some part of my realization of the magnitude of our common loss in the death of Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr. His work for liberalism can never be too highly estimated, and is, in some respects, not to be paralleled by that of any other human being, living or dead. His position for half a century in the very forefront of the battle for a common humanity deserves, I feel, some more permanent recognition than our simple verbal tributes, which are so soon forgotten; and I desire through you to ask the sense of LUCIFER's readers as to some appropriate form of a memorial which may tell the next generation that we were at least not wholly ungrateful to one who has done so much for us. I trust this matter will be taken up with heartiness. As soon as suitable suggestions are made I know there are hundreds of us who will count it a privilege to participate in carrying them out.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

244 West 145th Street, New York, N. Y.

Hypocrites and bigots have cunningly devised the crime of obscenity and caused it to be entered upon the statute books of the country, by which they are able to imprison, annoy and disgrace independent thinkers."—Bennett.

LUCIFER

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-bringing or Light-bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

HOSPITAL, U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Oct. 14, 1906.

My Dear Lillian: Am glad my letter of two weeks ago reached you all right. Glad you got copy finished in good time for No. 1076. How I wish I could see a copy of that number, with pictures of the family and your comments on my life-work. Did you get your mother's picture with the rest? Hope you did.

Please say to Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., that I much regret to hear of his late bereavement. I had been led to think that the senior's health was better and that his years of useful work were not ended. I well recall his personality, his strong though venerable appearance in 1893, when I had the pleasure of meeting him and spending considerable time with him while attending the Liberal Congress of that year in Chicago. While life lasts I can never forget what he did for us and for the paper with which we have been identified for so many years. The work done by Drs. E. B. Foote, senior and junior, through their *Health Monthly*, their *Encyclopedia of Medical, Physiological and Sexual Science*, and other books, pamphlets, etc., has never been surpassed, if equaled, by any other two physicians. I hope you will get up a good sketch of the senior's life in No. 1077. Of course you cannot do the subject justice in one issue of the paper. Perhaps Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., will send you an article for a later number, supplementing, in a measure, what you must leave out. His biography ought to be published in book form. Did he not leave an autobiography in manuscript? I hope he did.

Since writing last I have had two visits, one from our good and faithful friend M. H. Coffin, of Longmont, Colo., and one from son George and his good companion, Nellie, of Valley Falls. As always, these visits were much appreciated by United States Prisoner No. 5326, not only for the honor and pleasure bestowed by the visits themselves, but also for the donations of apples, that king of fruits, and most nearly essential to health of such confined fruitarians as myself.

Please say to Louisa Deutscher, 203 Mettler street, Toledo, Ohio, that I got her good letter and the book "Autology," for both of which I thank her most sincerely. Am reading the book and find it very interesting; will try to say something more about it later on.

From J. H. Lohmeyer, California, I received seventeen copies of the *Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, some of which are duplicates of copies already received from the editor, I am inclined to think, but they will be appreciated by the patients in the hospital and pris-

oners in the cell-houses. Please thank him for me; also, thank Brother Francis, if he is sending his paper to me.

Also received four copies of a quarterly magazine called *Free Trade Broadside*, from which I should like to send you selections for publication in LUCIFER if I were permitted to do so. The *Free Trade Broadside* is published at 8 Beacon street, Boston. Membership in the American Free Trade League is \$1 a year. Thank the league for me and say I would like to see more of their publications.

Please thank the editor and publisher of *Mother Earth* for the September number of that very excellent publication. Hope it will live long and prosper. It is published at 210 East Thirtieth street, New York City.

A. Wangemann, Chicago correspondent of International Stage Tax Press Writer Corps, sends me copy of the *Workers' Advocate*, Chicago; also copy of *World's Advance Thought*, Portland, Ore., with good letter. In a previous letter he mentioned that he had seen comments on my imprisonment in many foreign single tax papers. Will you ask him to kindly make translations of such comments for me?

W. H. Burr, Washington, D. C., sends copy of his poem, "All About Angels"; also leaflet in regard to Shakespeare and Bacon, dated April 15, 1896.

Dr. Robert Greer, Maywood, Ill., sends copies of the prospectus of his new book, "The Angel's Message."

Of foreign cards with brief greetings I have received since last letter-day four from George Bedborough, London, Eng.; one from Emma Best, Sydney, Australia; one from D. Legelke, "A German woman who found her home in England." Of cards from American friends, John E. Boultonhouse, New York, again heads the list with eleven—nearly one for each day of the fortnight. Next in number comes Philip G. Peabody, Boston, with six.

Forwarded from the usher's office, Joliet prison, I am in receipt of ten letters written in the early part of March last, and held from my eye because considered improper for me to see—I naturally infer. Now, it seems, the authorities at Joliet have decided to let me have them. They are as follows: One each from "The Chaplain" (A. Johnson), San Francisco, Cal.; Dr. S. A. West, Rockport, Mo.; Joseph Steiner, Washington, D. C.; Ed W. Chamberlain, New York City; J. Allen Evans, Cripple Creek, Colo.; Anna Fish, Newburg, N. Y.; Hannah S. Fish (nine years old), same place; H. W. Hunt, Federalburg, Md.; George R. Wheeler, Chicago; J. Bloomingdale, Clifton, N. Y.

Of letters and cards not yet mentioned, received since last letter-day, I thankfully acknowledge the following: Katharine S. Fry, 1; E. B. Kerr, 1; Hulda P. Loomis, 1; J. D. Wilkie, 1; C. N. Greene, 1; Emma Greene, 1; J. R. Phinney, 1; W. H. Boomer, 1; Henry C. Hanson, Illinois, 1; Walter Brown, 1; Ada M. Morley, 1; "The Chaplain" (A. Johnson), 1; G. B. Wheeler, 1; "Frank," 1; Oscar Schelf, 1; Thirza Rathbun, 1; H. P. Elers, 1; J. Allen Evans, 1; W. P. Ward, 1; Dr. A. B. Stockham, 1 (this letter was written August 1 and was delayed enroute); G. W. Morgan, 1; Gertrude Voss, 1; Bonnie Outrom, 1 (with sprig of cedar from Puget Sound); George Hoecklin, 1; Myra, 1.

Say to Brother Phinney that I would gladly accept his kind invitation to visit him at his Springfield (Mo.) home on my return to Chicago (if I should live to return), but that it will not probably be in my power to do so.

Say to E. B. Kerr and to Emma Greene that I much appreciate their friendly criticisms in regard to what I said in a recent letter to you in reference to women as leaders in humanitarian work. I knew I would "catch it" when I wrote the paragraphs, and wanted much to mention the names and work of such women as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, and many others living and dead, but I did not have room at the time.

Brother Kerr mentions that "all Europe is stirred up over woman suffrage owing to the activity of Teresa Billington, Annie Kenney and other English women known as 'suffragettes'." I am glad to hear such news—not that I expect much good to follow in the near future from the entrance of women into the field of machine politics, but rather because I think the agitation of woman's wrongs in this particular will help to arouse the public conscience to a sense of the wrong done whenever man attempts to govern either woman or man without the consent of the governed. It will help to bring people to see, with Abraham Lincoln, that "no man is good enough to govern another man," and if not good enough to govern his fellow man it will easily be seen that no man is good enough to govern a woman—with or without her consent.

I have long contended that woman should have all the civil and

political rights that men have; that she should vote and be voted for, if she so desires, or leave it alone if she so desires, as I have practically left it alone for the past twenty years. This means that I have little faith that the entrance of women into active politics will do any good so long as our fundamental laws are what they now are—our land laws, money laws, tariff laws, transportation laws, etc.—and I have little faith that women will help to change these old-time laws that build up privileges for the few and rob the many. Women are by nature more aristocratic, more conservative, more monopolistic than are men. See what the women did in Colorado. It was a populist administration, a populist wave, that enfranchised the Colorado women. What did the women do to show their gratitude? I do not need to say that they overthrew the populist administration and gave the political control to the conservatives, the monopolists. Why? Because, as just said, women's sympathies are towards conservatives, not towards radicals; towards the old, the "respectable," the venerable, and not towards the new, the untried, the plebeian, the democratic, the equalizing of rights and privileges. Of course, I now speak of women as a sex; there are many honorable exceptions, and with the possession of political power it is to be hoped more women will do their own thinking than now; that a sense of responsibility will cause them to reason more and not allow themselves to be governed by emotion and prejudice so much as now. But, as with the masses of masculine voters, women will follow the leaders, the bosses, both political and clerical. In Kansas women vote for certain officers in municipal affairs. I once knew a clergyman in a small Kansas town to threaten his women parishioners with "the constable" if they did not go to the polls and vote his ticket. In the *Woman's Tribune*, Washington, D. C., dated July 28, 1906, under the head "Woman Suffrage Coming," Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, "one of the most honored of the Catholic bishops," is quoted as saying: "The time will come when women will vote, and then we will see the greatest voting the world ever saw. We [the Catholics] are not afraid of woman suffrage. Our women will save the day for us."

Women do not like politics; it is too much like war. They prefer to stay at home and raise sons to go to war—of bullets or ballots—if fighting is necessary; but from a sense of religious duty, as outlined above, women may go to the polls and vote—vote as their religious confessions instruct them to vote. It has long been predicted that woman suffrage would result in civil war, and would bring back the days of the "Holy Inquisition," when heretics and infidels were banished, imprisoned, tortured and burned at the stake. I do not share this view, but that there is reason to expect a serious reaction towards a hierarchy I think probable.

Time up. With love,

M. H.

[Since writing the above letter my father has received a copy of *LUCIFER* No. 1076—the second copy of his paper that he has seen since he went to prison last February. We have no good portrait of my mother, and I would not wish to print a poor picture of her. But even had I possessed a good picture I would not have cared to publish it in that issue. The pictures of my father's children and grandchildren were given place, not because of any interest which the reader might possibly feel in their personality, but because as his descendants they have their place in the record of his life's work. For that reason, also, nothing was said of them except as I found it necessary to mention myself in my recollections of my father's experiences and observations.—L. H.]

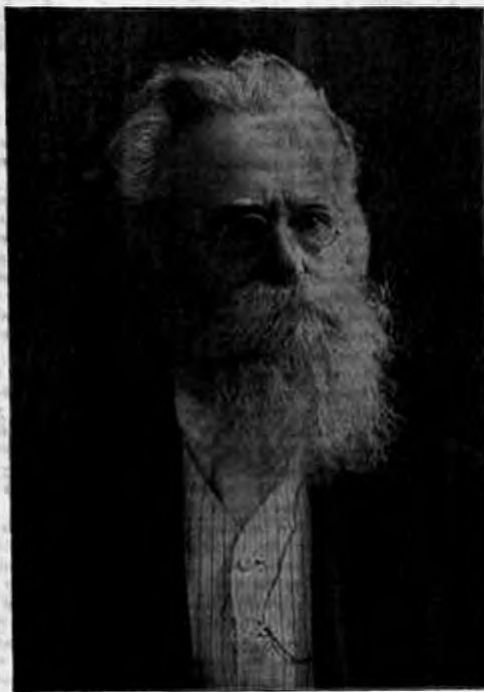
We can still supply copies of *LUCIFER* No. 1060. This is the special number devoted to the prosecutions of the editor of *LUCIFER* and the attempted suppression of his paper. Price, 25 cents a dozen.

FORTIFY YOUR CHILD WITH THE TRUTH.

If your child is old enough to go to school, and you have not told it something of the principles of life, nature's wise and beautiful laws for perpetuating the flowers, the birds and the animals, and human beings, your child is keeping concealed from you a morbid curiosity which is injuring it. Innocence is "purity of heart, freedom from that which is harmful." If you would make the false and vulgar speculations of ignorant playmates forever uninteresting to your boy or girl, start it with the truth, so far as you know it.

Maybe your own child is so unfortunate as not to have been born of love. If so, you can at least imagine one more purely born. Make a story of it and tell it to your boy or girl. Are you ashamed to do so? Why then did you bear a child? Do you want him to be

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

Today Moses Harman is 76 years and 13 days of age. He has served 227 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into *LUCIFER* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *LUCIFER* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to *LUCIFER*, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

ashamed that he was born! If not, make no mystery of the story of creation. If your thought is high and pure and your words frank and honest, you will see the eager little face of your listener soften with loving confidence and satisfaction. No more wondering, no more mysteries, no more lies.

And you need not fear that your plain speaking will be promiscuously advertised among the other children. The child that knows, generally keeps still. It is the unsatisfied mind that speculates and investigates and talks.—"H." in *Truth Seeker*.

"Personally I feel that it is an extremely foolish law, and if I had been a legislator I never would have voted for it."—Judge John R. Brady, on Comstock postal law.

"As to the evil which results from a censorship, it is impossible to measure it, because it is impossible to tell where it ends."—Jeremy Bentham.

THE IMPURITY OF PURITANS.

The letter of Mrs. Loretta R. (in No. 1075) is much to be welcomed as an honest and naive expression of the opinion of our opponents, and in its way as important as the clear-headed reply to it of the editor. Sometimes we may learn from such expressions what influences coming from older ideals are to be cherished—influences which perhaps may be weakened or lost because conservative people are seldom earnest and capable enough to set them forth.

But in this letter we have chiefly to note the essentially low view of those who defend bond love. Truly their very souls seem in bondage, and their intellectual vision darkened by the obscurity of a dungeon of the mind.

It is all there. First there is the contempt for sex love. Though I am not fond of theological threats, I must here quote that true saying of the Koran: "The contemptuous shall not enter Paradise." No moral loss can be greater than that of those who do not know that sex love is the most beautiful of all human instincts which make for a noble civilization. Its intense and passionate manifestations are to be studied and welcomed as the sailor welcomes the strong wind and uses its strength. It would be a poor yachtsman who would never go to sea for fear of the storms that sometimes come.

Mrs. Loretta refers to sex feeling and courtship as "dirty impulses" and "hunting company." Contrast these words with those of Gladys V. Lamb: "Never regret having loved. Be sorry if you must for anything but that. The days when you hated, blamed, condemned you will recall with sorrow; but give a shout of joy, let your heart exult for every precious moment when you gave love freely!" Which spirit is the more likely to guide the future, the spirit of honor and joy in sex, or the spirit of contempt?

Then there is the view that the one great maternal duty is to provide material support for the children; and this materialism of maternal ideal is so insisted on that it is thought right that a woman should sell herself for life to a man to insure, or try to insure, its fulfillment, regardless of the love needs of either man or woman. But man does not live by bread alone. How many men and women continue to love deeply under the exclusive bond of marriage! What kind of education have the children of an unloving pair who are bound together, daily witnessing the effects of jarring temperaments? We may scarcely blame a woman who is compelled to sell herself, for a day or for a lifetime, in order to give her children bread; but surely this cannot be our ideal; and until such time as maternity is honored and supported by the community it is best that women who aspire to motherhood should try to secure a self-respecting position of work, though it may be double work, as women's work so often is. Free and honored motherhood is becoming easier in America. Paternal care which is only compelled by law is not worth having. And, as the editor also well reminds us, undesired children are much more characteristic of bond unions than of free unions. Sex radicals advocate the teaching of knowledge and self-restraint—the teaching that Comstock persecutes and suppresses.

I would like to say something on sex love in "dogs, cats and other animals," as to which Mrs. Loretta seems to me to be not only contemptuous but inaccurate. The ways of domestic animals are especially instructive and even afford moral lessons; and we should note that they are races which are bred by selection and have been largely selected for gentleness as well as for other qualities.

It is certainly not characteristic of the female of any species, nor of the human species, to seek the male. When the queen cat goes abroad to hunt it is usually to bring home a rabbit or other prey for her kittens. She prefers being courted to courting. Breeders of dogs say that the female often insists on her own selection, usually a former mate, firmly refusing others; and finely-bred animals are probably much more instinctively selective than male man is. Our marriage system, which is so unfortunately dominated by bread-and-butter needs, suppresses this important principle of selection.

DORA FORESTER.

Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may measure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself—that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency—is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes, and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his innermost conviction, leaving it to produce what effect it may.—Herbert Spencer.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

W. W. M., New Haven, Conn.—I saw in No. 1075 a suggestion, taken from *Tomorrow Magazine*, that upon the release of Moses Harman from prison there be held in Chicago a convention of free thinkers to organize an association and to celebrate Mr. Harman's release. I think this a grand idea and sincerely hope it may be carried out to a grand success. I should be delighted to be present at such a convention. I don't think it possible for me to be present; nevertheless I would be willing to bear a small portion of the expense—what I can afford. I will inclose \$1 as a voluntary contribution toward such expense and will further pledge that, if the convention is held and the funds received should fail to meet the expense, I will contribute another dollar toward it. Anyway, if there should be no convention, still there should be a celebration to welcome home our dear old martyr-editor. I hope a universal effort will be made along these lines among the readers of *LUCIFER* and letters of Moses Harman. If such an idea is to be carried out, it is sure too early to begin now.

O. S., Chicago.—Dear Uncle Moses: Lillian says today is your birthday. Now, I'm not writing for that reason, but just because I want to. Virna, Mr. R. and I attended the Wednesday afternoon session of the Purity League conference at the Abraham Lincoln Center, Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. We went particularly to hear Theodore Schroeder, attorney for the Free Speech League. When we arrived the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones ushered us to comfortable chairs. A man was reading a paper on "The Work of Trade Unions in the Promotion of a Pure Life," written by John R. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor. The part we heard was very interesting. He concluded by saying that no church or other organization had done so much for purity among the working people as had trade unions. I suspect that statement was not thoroughly appreciated by the clergymen present. The next speaker was Mr. Schroeder. What he said was evidently quite shocking to some of those present. Around us were heard such remarks as "Did you ever," "Well, I never in my life," etc. Every word he uttered was right to the point. His subject was "Liberty of Press and Speech Essential to the Purity Propaganda." After quoting from the statutes relating to obscenity, he read the judicial formula for the test of obscene literature and pictures, which is, as you already know, "Whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscene is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." Then he cited a number of cases in which books and pamphlets, after having been read, approved and commended by ministers, educators and other influential and honorable persons, had been seized and destroyed, and the publisher or bookseller fined or imprisoned. The courts have ruled that if one paragraph or sentence is adjudged obscene, the entire publication is to be adjudged obscene. Calling particular attention to this ruling, Mr. Schroeder mentioned the case of a man who had been challenging a minister to debate on certain texts from the Bible. The preacher accepted the challenge and the man wrote the text for the debate on a postal card and mailed it. He was arrested, tried, convicted and imprisoned for sending obscene matter through the mails. Now, asked Mr. Schroeder, why was not the entire Bible destroyed as had been done in cases of other books?

To arouse the attention of the masses of the people to the purity propaganda there must be some means of disseminating knowledge of the causes and effects of, and the remedies for, the present evil conditions. To do that there must be a free press and free speech. As long as the present laws are in operation we are prevented from taking the most effective steps. So his remedy is to repeal all laws on obscenity and pass a law forbidding unions receiving mail until it had been inspected and approved by the parents or guardians. This is only an inkling of what he had to say. He did not mention *LUCIFER*'s case. His time was so limited that he could not deliver in full the speech he had prepared. Let us hope that some at least who heard him will awaken from their lethargic state and begin a fight for free speech and a free press. . . . With the exception of a few statements, the paper on "The Foundation of Obscenity"

acter," by Mr. Mary Wood-Allee, of Brooklyn, editor of *American Motherhood*, was excellent. It was a psychological study of the various periods of life—the periods of childhood, of adolescence and of womanhood and manhood. She urged that parents teach their children when young the function of all their bodily organs and the proper care of them. She emphasized particularly the care of boys and girls during the period of puberty. In my opinion she erred in intrusting to the church the education in sexual matters of boys of widowed mothers. She said, in effect, something like this: "Take the example of a widowed mother's young son. Now, there is a chance for the church to do its work. This boy can win the friendship of some good man in the church who will give him the information he should receive." Why couldn't the mother instruct her boy as well as her girl? It is an injudicious mother who cannot. The ideas of the Purity League are away behind the age of your work, yet it has its place and is a stepping-stone to broader and wider fields of thought.

J. ALLEN EVANS, Box 723, Mitchell, S. D.—Kindly give notice to all our comrades of my change of address to this place, and also convey my thanks to all comrades who have written to me and who have extended other favors.

GEORGE B. FAYTON, St. Louis, Mo.—I enclose \$1 for this year's subscription, which expires January 18. Would miss *LUCIFER* very much, so do not drop me from your subscription list as long as the paper is published. I consider it one of the pioneers, if not the pioneer, of the new era which is beginning to dawn on the antiquated prudish, foolish and contemptible heritage of the dark ages, misnamed modern "civilization."

ED SECRET, Randolph, Kan.—The last number of *LUCIFER* is certainly "a daisy," with its intensely interesting literary contents as well as artistic merit in the way of fine portraits. I sat right down and wrote a congratulatory note to your father at Leavenworth on his seventy-sixth birthday. Was very glad to hear of his regaining his usual health. I hope my message passed muster this time. I enclose 25 cents for eight or nine copies of your last week's issue, if any are left.

J. M. GIBBERT, Randolph, Tex.—Find inclosed 75 cents, for which send a copy of *LUCIFER*, No. 1076, to each of the following names. I greatly appreciate the last issue of *LUCIFER*. I am much pleased to see the pictures. They are all fine. The "Hemlockes" make excellent good reading. By reading it we can see that Moses Harman is great. He rises superior to all the beggarly elements. I would like to have the finished autobiography. I hope I may have a chance to get it in the near future.

JAMES MEYER, Cooke, Mont.—I notice in *Tomorrow Magazine* for this month (October) a suggestion for a meeting in Chicago about the time of your father's release for the purpose of organizing all the forces of free thought, free speech and free press. I want to shout Bravo! to the wise and timely suggestion of that able and fearless magazine. I want to second or indorse the suggestion. It may be there are others who have good suggestions to make relative to what ought to be and what might be done when your dear father comes home from jail. I for one suggest that *LUCIFER*'s columns be thrown open for suggestions (in as few words as possible) as to the best method of action and procedure, so as to bring the outrage heaped upon Mr. Harman by the postoffice autocracy before the people. Good and effective propaganda may be made for free speech, press and thought at the time of your father's release from prison by bringing the cause and arrest of Mr. Harman before the people of this land. Those who cannot attend the convention and reception to be held in Chicago, as suggested by *Tomorrow* can send letters to be read, or hold similar meetings in their own home town or city, reports of such meeting to be made and sent to as many radical publications as possible.

D. L. HAUCHER, Lincoln, Ill.—I received the book, "The Strike of a Sex," and have read it with a great deal of interest, and I regard it as a very good story, well written, on a very important subject, calling attention to many of the notorious abuses, abominations and infidelities of married life. I do not regard the large family alone as responsible for these, but the abuses of the "husband's privileges," which are popularly supposed to be such as few men would dare to take with any other woman than his wife. I would take issue with the author of this little book on the question of it's being easier to raise a small family (say one or two) than

a large one. The labor bestowed on the efforts to make children comfortable and happy must not be regarded from a commercial standpoint. It all depends on the nature of the mother. If she loves her children more than the blandishments of society, and is unselfish in her labors, child-bearing is no great hardship, unless she be unfitted by temperament or physical adaptation. To some women it is almost death to bear children, while to others it comes as natural and almost as easy as breathing.

BRUNO LEHMANN, New York.—Inclosed \$1 on subscription to *LUCIFER*. I wish to express my sincere sympathy for the work you are engaged in and am furious over the outrage committed against your noble and venerable father. I heartily hope Mr. Theo. Schroeder in his speech before the purity folks will succeed in striking a heavy blow to all Comstockery and fashionable amateur reform fads. I trust that Mr. Harman may come out of his undesired confinement unimpaired in body and mind, and shall be happy if I may be able to meet him personally to tell him how I appreciate his labor of love for mankind and his unflinching courage to defend his principles in spite of all. As a true and enthusiastic adherent and advocate of freedom, I am, yours respectfully.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY holds regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic Temple. Free discussion. *LUCIFER* on sale at meetings.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE LEAGUE holds public meetings every Sunday night at 8 o'clock in Room 412 Masonic Temple. Free discussion after each lecture. *LUCIFER* on sale at meetings.

HUGH O. PENTECOST lectures every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street, New York. *LUCIFER* for sale at meetings.

THE LOS ANGELES (CAL.) LIBERAL CLUB meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at Blanchard Hall, 233 South Broadway. Seals free. The public is cordially invited.

"Our Monthly Programme" a neat and interesting little magazine of eight pages and cover, is "published in the interest of the Los Angeles Liberal Club and the general cause of free thought." It is in its second volume, is distributed gratuitously at the meetings and sent by mail for 25 cents a year. Ask for sample copy.

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BY AGNES BENHAM.

An excellent companion to Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age." The keynote of the book, found on page 14, reads thus: "The soul itself is pure and heavenly, and it is at the moment of conception and through the prenatal time when it is building its earthly house it could meet with entirely responsive and congenial conditions, then would the earth be peopled with a race of gods." Price 12. Published by the author, Agnes Benham, Adelaide, South Australia.

M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

Communism and Conscience—Pentecost and Paradox— Crimes and Criminals.

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WHOLE NO. 1078

THE "SCIENTIFIC" CARE OF CHILDREN.

Several times lately I have been drawn into discussion of the Home Colony now being organized by Upton Sinclair and others, and have been asked to give my opinion of the "scientific" care of children as proposed in "A Prospectus," by Mr. Sinclair. The temptation is strong to give my opinion of the whole prospectus, but I will try to confine myself to that portion relating to the children. Adults going to the colony can leave on being disillusioned, but children have no such alternative and need defenders.

I do not think all children should be kept with their parents all of the time. In fact, I think it is better that they get away part of the time and see life from other surroundings, meet new faces, learn the ideas and observe the manner of living of different persons, and thus escape getting into a rut. For this reason I would not want a child that is dependent on me to pass its time in a colony home, because any institution conducted according to fixed regulations, with the same doctors, nurses and teachers day after day, develops a deeper rut than the ordinary family can make before its child becomes of age. Our public schools are fair examples of this, but the pupil is saved by changing teachers every year. Before the child becomes completely affected by the mannerisms of one teacher it is transferred to another. Then it lives at home, where the society of its parents and friends exerts a countervailing influence.

But in the Home Colony "each would erect his own home, according to his own taste—a home, of course, of a kind hitherto unknown, with no provision for the cooking of food, or the training of children, or other trades and professions. It would be a place where the family met to rest and play and sleep." Further along, in the description of the establishments for children, there is mention of night watchmen, nurses to dress children, etc., so it evidently is not meant for the children to sleep at the parents' home. The family does not include children.

"Children should be cared for in accordance with the principles of science." As the ideas presented in "A Prospectus" seemed to me in many cases incorrect, I sought Webster's definition of scientific. "Science, knowledge, penetrating and comprehensive information, skill, experience, and the like." Do the rules laid down in "A Prospectus" represent "penetrating and comprehensive information, skill, experience, and the like"? If those who have succeeded in child culture would write, we might learn more on the subject; but those who have failed are the ones who think science is needed. Science is needed, but those who fail are not the ones to tell what is scientific in child raising. Sinclair says of his boy: "I have had him two weeks in a New York flat and seen him turn four able-bodied adults into fit subjects for sanitarium treatment." Is he the man to tell how children should be trained?

Again I quote, numbering the points I wish to criticize:

(1) "There should be two separate establishments—one for infants who like to sleep and one for children who like to run and shout. Both should be scientifically constructed and ventilated, and kept as clean as an up-to-date hospital." (2) The food should be prepared under the general direction of a physician. No building for children should be beyond the reach of children. No matches or exposed fire should be permitted, and there should be a night watchman, fire-extinguishers and automatic sprinkling apparatus. (3) Three establishments should be under the supervision of a board of women directors; and (5) the actual work of caring for the children, washing, dressing and feeding them, playing with them and teaching them, should be done by trained nurses and kindergarten teachers who live in the colony. . . . Playgrounds for children where there are no stoves and no boiling water, no staircases and wells, (6) no cats and dogs, (7) no workbaskets, lamps, pianos, sewing

machines, jam closets, inkstands and authors' writing tables. Instead there should be sleeping rooms and bedrooms, and sun parlors for nursing mothers; a separate building for the sick; kindergarten rooms and indoor playrooms for bad weather, and a big all-outdoors romping ground, with sunny places and shady places, swings, rocking horses, and piles and all other accessories of a children's heaven. (Of course, any mother should come and play with or care for her own children just as much as she pleased, or take them home as she chose; though I think that no one would care to assist this plan who did not believe that children should be cared for in accordance with the principles of science and (8) preserved from the corrupting influence of grandmothers and aunts. Of course, any mother who believed that her work in the world was caring for children, and who wished to care for her own and others, according to the (9) methods of the commonwealth, would be free to do so and to earn her living by doing it."

Sinclair talks of a colony of one hundred families, and the idea is to have society for the children and keep them from all bad influences. Sinclair's boy "played with a little girl who stuttered. After a week or two we found that he was stuttering, too, and stopped the visits, but too late; and now, for all I know, he may continue to say every word three times over as long as he lives." If stuttering children cannot play with little David, can David play with children who do not stutter? Is it not as contagious from him to others as from others to him? Is he to be isolated? Surely it would be as unscientific to allow him to associate with children who do not stutter as it was to allow him to get the habit from the country girl. Are no children to be admitted to the colony who have defective speech? Or are such things not contaminating in a colony?

But to the quotations:

(1) Infants do not sleep all the time, and there is nothing that amuses an infant better or teaches it more than watching and playing with older children. Nothing gives greater development of character in sympathy, love, strength and tenderness in older children than the caring for and amusing of infants.

(2) Under what kind of a physician should food be prepared—allopathic, eclectic, homeopathic or a no-drug doctor? Few physicians understand diet, and even if they were supposed to understand the subject, can any one imagine one hundred fathers and mothers agreeing to the dietetic rule of one doctor for their children?

(3) The windows of any room for children should be so low that a child could lie in bed or sit on the floor and look out of doors. To imprison children in a room, night or day, in sickness or health, where the windows are above their reach, would rob them of many advantages and pleasures. Children love to gaze at the sun, moon, stars and clouds; love to see the trees bend in the wind, and watch the leaves toss and hear them rustle in the breeze. Is everything aesthetic to be taken from the life of a child when it is put into the hands of scientists? Where, then, are our artists to come from? There must be scientists within an hour's ride of New York who could think of some plan by which children could be kept from breaking glass or falling from windows and still be allowed the privilege of looking out. One old grandmother suggested "they might nail chicken-wire over the windows; the children could see through that." There would surely be a few sane children who ought not to be imprisoned in such rooms. There might be some reason in making windows above reach in rooms for authors, that their minds be not taken from their work by passing objects.

(4) Why women directors? Men as well as women are interested in children. Some men understand children and their needs. Some women do not. One of the chief needs in the ordinary home is a father's influence. Children scarcely see their father, as work

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TWO STUDIES IN DISAPPOINTMENT.
[An English correspondent sends us the following interesting sketch by H. O. Wells. It is No. XXVII. of a series under the title "The Future in America. A Search After Reality," by the well-known author.]

TWO STUDIES IN DISAPPOINTMENT.

the person and not the thing.
I fear Stokely will soon find the socialist, married members as hard to manage as the "virgins and gossamers," predominantly for the reason that they will find that putting their children under an "obligation," where he does not want the money they may not have the relative's disapproval for which he pays. "My dear little Stokely," I have said, "I have no objection to your being a socialist."

A home colony may be a better place for some children than they have at present. But for children with parents who will protect them in their delinquency, give them a chance to be themselves, win an opportunity to live their lives all rising from delinquency up, the change would be bad. We never lose of great men and women who were reared in an institution, and child-life as represented in A. Froe-derickson's "Institution," and pictured and restricted. Child-reformers should run up with reform and change, and learn to respond as certainly.

(9) Who is to decide the methods of the treatment?

(2) *Workbooks, maps, globes, sewing machines, and typewriters, or any other useful or interesting thing that is attractive to a child—should be in the playroom, should be the children's, who should be both men and women, should let the children keep one item.* Children enjoy nothing more than little lamps and hampers, and I taught to care for them, little boys, they are less likely to get hurted when they left alone a little hampers and lamp. Learning to use such things as an interesting as a new toy. Children like to print words on a typewriter as fast as they learn things are not the same that would be with them when left alone. (3) *If a woman is a good mother, having proper behavior and she is not the same that would be with them when left alone.*

be permitted to show the relation to living coops, cats or other pets, and the caretakers claim that such pets are beneficial to the development of character. Again imagine one hundred families agreeing on that point.

(6) One of the most successful treatment devices for children takes form not extended even to dressing the child when bathed.

(3) Some of the most disreputable children are the daughters of men with failed names in coaching (that, as a rule, their maintenance with failed names is continuing), and an extended as-

[illegible]

My first week in New York was the period of Clark's advent.
Exposition was at its height, and one might have found a
resembling, a history-making campaign. The American nation
seemed concentrated upon one great and unifying idea—the freedom
of Russia, and upon Clark as the embodiment of that idea. A
great figure of liberty with the torch was to make it flame
valley half-way round the world, restoring tyranny.
Clark arrived, and the last was immense. We stood him, we
honored him, we were photographed. In his company by Shanghai,
I very gladly shared that honor, for Clark is not only a good master
but the best I possess, but a splendid personality. He is one of those
people to whom the common does no justice; whose work, as I know
it in my English translation, forfeited me at least five handsly

them down in infinite perfectly.

Now again is a case I fail altogether to understand. The author implies that there is a touch of the hysterical in the subject, but called his "psychic."

Then I assisted at the wedding of Maxim Gorky and witnessed many intimate details in what Professor Eldridge, that courageous

It is ill-served by its press, no doubt, but surely it under-

...of these which, indeed, joins in quite effectively against the nation, which has it seems, a sort of moral indignation for the

[illegible]

The people who think things are all right as they are," have bit back in the most devious way they can, according to their lights. That, I think, accounts for the sustained quality of the thing in this case, and, indeed, for the whole situation. He is in jail on perjury, and without personal answer, just as they used to be in the old days. The police

The plain truth is that no one intends to be in jail on his

There is an active press campaign against the release of "The Unsubscribed Manoeuvre," and I do not believe that Mr. Whitaker will object on those lines. But to have outsiders coming in—!

[illegible]

other people. "When I'm making trouble, I'm asked, 'Court Judge in Washington, a lawyer in New York, and several'

She lady admitted the sentence was funny; "he might have said given his mother to cool off," she said. I protested he ought not to have been given a day. "Why did he do that?" said a Supreme

“But he hasn't anything to say with me either,” I argued the case over again—quite missing the point of that objection. “Whenever I had a chance in New York, in London, in Washington, even missed the conversation of a Washington dinner-table, I dropped up the case of Margaret. Nobody seemed indiffer-

...What will the property owner in Palermo say to us if the
...the matter who ought to be in jail for that.

[illegible]

convey his peculiar quality. He is a big, quiet figure; there is a curious power of appeal in his face, a large simplicity in his voice and gesture. He was dressed, when I met him, in peasant clothing, in a faded blue shirt, trousers of some shiny black material, and boots; and, save for a few common greetings, he has no other language than Russian. So it was necessary that he should bring with him some one he could trust to interpret him to the world. And having, too, much of the practical helplessness of his type of genius, he could not come without his right hand, that brave and honorable lady, Mme. Andreieva, who has been now for years in everything but the severest legal sense his wife. Russia has no Dakota, and although his legal wife has long since found another companion, the orthodox church in Russia has no divorce facilities for men in the revolutionary camp. So Mme. Andreieva stands to him as George Eliot stood to George Lewes, and I suppose the two of them had almost forgotten the technical illegality of their tie—until it burst upon them and the American public in a monstrous storm of exposure. It was like a summer thunderstorm. At one moment Gorky was in an immense sunshine, a plenipotentiary from oppression to liberty; at the next he was being almost literally pelted through the streets.

I do not know what motive actuated a certain section of the American press to initiate this pelting of Maxim Gorky. A passion for moral purity may perhaps have prompted it, but certainly no passion for purity ever before begot in brazen and abundant a torrent of lies. It was precisely the sort of campaign that damned poor MacQueen, but this time on an altogether imperial scale. The irregularity of Mme. Andreieva's position was a mere point of departure. The journalists went on to invent a deserted wife and children; they declared Mme. Andreieva was an "actress," and loaded her with all the unpleasant implications of that unfortunate word; they spoke of her generally as "the woman Andreieva"; they called upon the commissioner of immigration to deport her as a "female of bad character," quite influential people wrote to him to that effect; they published the name of the hotel that sheltered her, and organized a boycott. Wherever dared to countenance the victims was denounced. Professor Dewar, of Columbia, had given them a reception; "Dewar must go," said the headlines. Mark Twain, who had assisted in the great welcome, was invited to recount and contribute unfriendly comments. The Gorkys were pursued with insult from hotel to hotel. Hotel after hotel turned them out. They found themselves at last after midnight in the streets of New York City with every door closed against them. Infected persons could not have been treated more abominably in a town smitten with a panic of plague.

This change happened in the course of twenty-four hours. On one day Gorky was at the zenith, on the next he had been swept from the world. To me it was astounding—it was terrifying. I wanted to talk to Gorky about it, to find out the hidden springs of this amazing change. I spent a Sunday evening looking for him with an ever-deepening respect for the power of the American press. I had a quiet conversation with the clerk of the hotel in Fifth Avenue from which he had first been driven. Europeans can scarcely hope to imagine the moral attitudes at which Americans hotels are conducted. . . . I went there to seek Mr. Abraham Cahan in East Side, and thence to other people I knew, but in vain. Gorky was obliterated.

I thought this affair was a whirlwind of foolish misunderstanding, such as may happen in any capital, and that presently his entirely tolerable relationship would be explained. But for all the rest of my time in New York this immense campaign went on. There was no attempt of any importance to stem the tide, and to this day large sections of the American public must be under the impression that this great writer is a depraved man of pleasure accompanied by a favorite cocotte. The writers of paragraphs racked their brains to invent new and smart ways of insulting Mme. Andreieva. The chaotic entertainers of the music-halls of the Tenderloin district introduced allusions. And amidst this riot of personalities Russia was forgotten. The massacres, the chaos of cruelty and blundering, the tyranny, the women outraged, the children tortured and slain—all that was forgotten. In Boston, in Chicago, it was the same. At the bare suggestion of Gorky's coming, the same outbreak occurred, the same display of imbecile gross lying, the same absolute disregard of the tragic case he had come to plead.

One gleam of comedy in this remarkable outbreak I recall. Some one in intellectual protest had asked what Americans would have said if Benjamin Franklin had encountered such ignominies on his similar mission of appeal to Paris before the war of independence.

"Benjamin Franklin," resorted one bright young Chicago journalist. "was a man of very different moral character from Gorky," and proceeded to explain how Chicago was prepared to defend the purity of her home against the invader. Benjamin Franklin, it is true, was a person of very different morals from Gorky—but I don't think that bright young man in Chicago had a very sound idea of where the difference lay.

I spent my last evening on American soil in the hospitable home in Staten Island that sheltered Gorky and Mme. Andreieva. After dinner we sat together in the deepening twilight upon a broad veranda that looks out upon one of the most beautiful views in the world—upon serene large spaces of land and sea; upon slopes of pleasant, window-lit, tree-set wooden houses; upon the glittering clusters of lights, and the black and luminous shipping that comes and goes about the Narrows and the Upper Bay. Half-masked by a hill contour to the left was the light of the torch of Liberty. . . . Gorky's big form fell into shadow; Mme. Andreieva sat at his feet, translating methodically sentence by sentence into clear French whatever he said, translating our speeches into Russian. He told us stories—of the soul of the Russian, of Russian religious sects, of kindnesses and cruelties, of his great despair.

Ever and again, in the pauses, my eyes would go to where New York, far away, glittered like a brighter and more numerous Pleiades.

I gauged something of the real magnitude of this one man's disappointment, the immense expectation of his arrival, the impossible dream of his mission. He had come, the Russian peasant in person, out of a terrific confusion of bloodshed, squalor, injustice, to tell America, the land of light and achieved freedom, of all those evil things. He would receive him, help him, understand truly what he meant with his "Russia." I could imagine how he had felt as he came in the big steamer to her, up that large converging display of space and teeming energy. There she glowed tonight across the water, a queen among cities, as if, indeed, she was the light of the world. Nothing, I think, can ever rob that splendid harbor approach of its insinuating quality of promise. . . . And to him she had shown herself no more than the luminous hive of multitudes of busy and busy, greedy and childish little men.

MacQueen in jail, Gorky with his reputation wantonly bloodguilted and hung aside; they are just two chance specimens of the myriads who have come up this great waterway bearing hope and gifts.

A. JOHNSON, 207 Cherry Street, Walla Walla, Wash.—Have been "down and out" since "God destroyed 'Frisco for its wickedness," as a Christian lady here told me he did. I asked her to go downtown with me and I'd show her something on Main street that 'Frisco would not tolerate. She blushed and declined. Just got hold of 45 yesterday, so inclosed find \$125—the 25 cents for extras of No. 1070 your write-up. Think it great for propaganda among Christian women here—women are bound to admire that baby of yours and will read your article—fine tribute to a noble father. I always smile when I think of our first breakfast in 'Frisco. He told me what morning he would be up, and I thought I'd "spread my self" on a swell breakfast, the same as a Christian woman does for her preacher. I had my own flat and "hotbed" alone. When I had things fixed—white table-cloth, flowers and all; hot muffs, eggs, bacon, Saratoga potatoes—I called him in. He sat down and said, "I'll just take a glass of hot water." Talk about one's heart being "bowed down"—there I had to sit and eat my swell breakfast alone; but I forgave him because of the intellectual banquet he gave me.

GEORGE G. DIXON, Caladonia, Pa.—I was greatly pleased that you gave such lengthy reference to Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., as he has been my ideal man for nearly forty years. I went to see him twice at Chicago while he was attending the World's Fair in 1893. I was more favorably impressed with him than any man that I have ever met. During the last two months of his life I received two friendly letters from him and at the same time he made me a present of two radical books, which I shall always value very highly. In my opinion Dr. Foote was the most practical reformer of modern times, if not of all time. In one of the last letters I had from him he said: "I am glad to see that you are in sympathy with Mr. Harman. It is a shame that he is spending this hot weather in a prison cell. He is simply in advance of his time, for the time will come, and the sooner the better, when people will be meted with reference to the quality of stock they can raise, rather than from any plain standpoint." Trusting that Leconte will continue to shine.

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Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringer or Light-Bearer, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

In response to inquiries regarding the "Home-Coming" of the editor of LUCIFER, will say that a committee is taking the matter in hand. I am not able to say just what arrangements are being made, but those interested may send suggestions to and make inquiries of S. T. Hammersmark, Norwood Park, Ill. My personal conviction is that my father should not come home at all before spring. The climate of Chicago has never agreed with him very well, especially in winter, and I think it would be best for him to go to the Pacific coast for the winter. I presume, however, he will desire to come home for a few weeks at any rate, to see his many friends and to take part in the work of issuing his paper.

There will certainly be a public meeting, with a number of speakers, probably including one or more from the east. Before making definite announcements the committee wishes to hear from as many as possible of those interested in the matter. L. H.

THE HOME-COMING OF MOSES HARMAN.

"TOCHSANT," NORTH MIAMUS,

P. O. CONCOG, CONN., October 20, E. M. 306.

Dear Mrs. Harman: Things beyond my control prevented my writing the article I promised you, but it will come some day—and I think before long.

I must stop just now to congratulate you on LUCIFER of the 11th inst., containing the pictures of Moses Harman, yourself and brother, and your daughter and son, and the account of your father as a teacher and pioneer reformer. These are the best documents that have been offered in evidence yet, and if "by their fruits ye shall know them," they go very far to carry your case. The way you all stand by each other in sustaining your father and illustrating his teachings, if persisted in, will make you invincible as far as you are right, and will throw upon your opponents the task of showing that you are wrong. Until they do this you will stand as the long-sought exponent of a new life—the woman "who dares" and conquers! If one leads safely and happily into the new world of "the love of the future," millions will follow.

Perhaps the next best step will be to reap well the harvest which your opponents have sown by their persecution of your father. The retrograde, cruel and immoral motives of these persecutors must be kept before the public until all intelligent, honest and human people shall begin to see what reform and advance in love affairs really means. Then these persecutors will become as heartily ashamed

of themselves as the farmers of Illinois and Kentucky would be if they were alive today—as are these persecuting successors.

To this end "the home coming" of your father should be celebrated as a notable event as it is. Would it not be well if some of the local friends of persecuted progress should act as a committee to make suitable preparations and invite other such friends, who could reply in person or by letter?

Another matter of still greater importance is to secure the future of LUCIFER upon a firm foundation—by a decisive increase of its circulation. Just as the persecution of D. M. Bennett, the editor of the Truth Seeker, was the insurance of the future of that paper, so the imprisonment of your father should insure the future existence, growth and improvement of LUCIFER. But that result can only follow from decided efforts of the free-minded people of every kind in a common devotion to the sacred cause of the rights and liberties of all.

In this cause your father has served long and well, and this late service in prison is likely to become the most precious of all. As such it should be paid for in part—in full it never can be—by a pecuniary recognition. It would be well and the proper thing if he should find a check for a respectable sum—say \$5,000—awaiting him when he next reaches home. How some well-to-do friend of Liberty would honor himself and his cause by such an act of payment?

But for fear that may not be done, the committee might offer to receive that or some sum from the thousands of such friends of Liberty—of free thought, free speech and inviolate mails throughout our country. Let that be considered by every one as the payment of a personal obligation. In the hands of the editor of LUCIFER it would, of course, only mean that its star would become a greater "Truth-Bearer" than ever! Hoping that thousands will so think and act, I remain, sincerely yours,
T. R. WARREN.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

HOSPITAL, U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Oct. 28, 1906.

My Dear Daughter: Two letters from you since last writing day, dated October 11 and 15; also a copy of LUCIFER No. 1076, sent by special messenger from the warden's office, with autograph permission, dated October 17, 1906. That I was agreeably surprised and much delighted to get it can easily be imagined. My surprise was double. First, to get a copy of the anniversary number, and, second, to find in it pen pictures of myself so flattering, so eloquent, that I scarcely recognized my own identity therein. First, I want to thank you, but cannot find words that adequately express what I feel, for your "reminiscences" of my life, as you recall them. I only wish I deserved your high opinion of myself better than I feel that I do. Am specially glad you resurrected that old "prenuptial contract." I had not seen it for so long I had almost forgotten its existence. If no other reward had come to me, outside my own internal consciousness, for what little I have done and endured in the past thirty-three years (since your first recollections of me), this published statement of yours, which I believe to be perfectly sincere and honest, though naturally more or less partial, would be regarded by me as ample reward. No other person now living has known me so long, so well and so continuously as you have done.

The same criticism, if such it may be called—namely, that the estimate of me and of what I have done is overdrawn—applies, as I think, but in still greater degree, to what Brother R. B. Kerr says of me in the same number. While it is very true that quite early in life I was impressed with a sense of the crying need of radical reform in our popular, conventional and law-protected marriage system, to the end that motherhood could be untrammelled and children born well, if born at all, I have never regarded myself as a pioneer in the movement for Free Motherhood—erroneously called "free-love" movement. Lois Walbrooker, mentioned by Brother Kerr, was a writer, publisher and lecturer along these lines of reform long before our "Son of the Morning" was started, as was also Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Dr. Alice R. Stockham, Lucinda B. Chandler, and others now living, not to mention many who have gone "to join the majority," such as Dr. E. B. Foote (lately deceased), Stephen Pearl Andrews, Mary S. Gove and many more that could be named. While claiming no originality as such, I will say that when young I avoided reading books that assailed conventional marriage, for the same reason that I avoided those that assailed popular theology. Study of physical science made me doubt the current theology and personal observation made me a skeptic in marriage ethics. On leaving the church of my parents I could say with truth that no "infidel" writer had led me to doubt the "plenary" inspiration of

the Bible, and when I wrote a "presumptuous contract," quoted by Lillian in No. 1076, believing no other ceremony, useful and believing the usual promise "to have while life lasts" to be an essentially universal promise; I could say in all candor that I had never read Rousseau's "Confessions" nor any book more pronounced in its opposition to Christian marriage than is the Christian New Testament itself. What I mean by this statement is that while giving all honor to those who have been my generous and faithful helpers in the publication of the only "free-love" paper that has lived," quoting Brother Kerr (I prefer the term sex-reform paper), I have not followed nor imitated other and older workers in the same field—not consciously followed any one. While making this simple statement I wish to give full credit to all others who have helped to give our little "Star of the Morning," now in its twenty-seventh year, the success to which it has attained.

First among these helpers, I think all will agree, stands my daughter Lillian; next, perhaps, should be placed Edwin C. Walker, who was for several years my partner in publication, co-editor and general canvasser for subscribers. Among the earliest helpers a prominent place is due to son George, also to my kinsman, Noah H. Harman, and his wife, Emily. Then follow, thick and fast, a multitude of names of those who with tongue and pen and pocketbook united to send the little white-winged evangel on its mission wherever the English language is spoken, and even to countries in which English is not spoken, except through interpreters. While it is quite impossible to recall the names of all those who deserve an honored place in this list, I will venture to mention a few without whose faithful and unselfish cooperation the paper must have gone the way of its many predecessors and contemporaries in the same field of reform. Giving precedence somewhat according to age, I mention with deepest gratitude, not to say reverence—Elizabeth H. Russell; Elmina D. Shaker; ex-Governor Charles Robinson (deceased), with his honored companion, Sarah; T. D. Robinson; Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr. (deceased); Almer J. Pope; John Ernst; Joseph Anthony; T. C. Doet and companion; Susan and John Reinherter; Delos Dutton; Lois Walshaw; Lucinda B. Chandler; Harriet Garner; Dr. Juliet H. Severance; C. Amory Stevens; Colonel James S. and Aunt Phoebe Freeman; John S. Barber; Dr. Mark Rowe and wife; "H. M.," New York; Henry M. and Annie E. K. Parkhurst; Ed. W. Chamberlain; Oswald Dawson, England; Agnes Benham, Australia; Lady Florence Dixie, Scotland; Judge Warner Mills; C. B. Hoffman; Arthur Westall, South Africa; F. W. Frankland, New Zealand; George Bedborough, England; J. William Lloyd; Lillian M. Holmes; Lillie D. White; C. L. Swartz; Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr.; Henry E. Allen and wife; Robert B. Kerr and Dora E. Kerr; Emma Wardlaw Best, Australia. This list might be extended much further, but time and space forbid. Many of these made donations of books that were sold to keep the light of LUCIFER burning. Others gave hospitable entertainment for weeks, if not months, to the old editor when obliged to seek recuperation of energy and health in travel.

Whether I shall live long enough to achieve anything worthy of a place among the honored names mentioned by my very partial friend, R. B. Kerr, remains to be seen. "While there is life there is hope." Meantime, I beg him to accept sincerest thanks for his highly eulogistic opinion of my humble self.

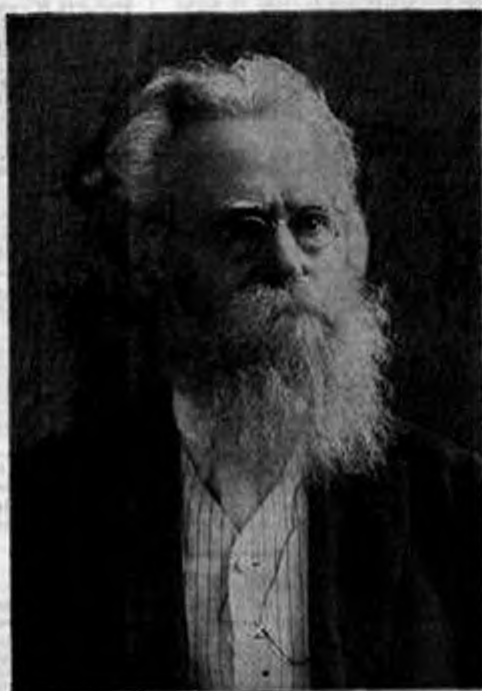
I am not getting the Chicago Tribune now, so did not see the reference therein to Brother Schroeder's address at the purity conference. Should be glad to see it. Saw Schroeder's article in Critic and Guide, Chicago, for October. Please "ex" with that magazine and see the article on "Etymology of the Social Evil" in same number. Wish you could see part of same in LUCIFER.

Had a pleasant call from Mrs. Tuxor, of Kansas City, Mo., at whose house I visited three years ago, while on my way to California.

From George Bedborough, London, I have received "Meredith Pocketbook," also "People's Songs" and "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and several picture cards, since last writing. From F. A. de Crane, Iowa, a beautiful photo of Evadne de Crane, with good letter. From Elbert Hubbard an autograph copy of "Love, Life and Work," a most beautifully gotten-up book. Two copies of Light of Truth, with marked articles, from Lucinda B. Chandler, with good letter.

Of magazines, have received November Tomorrow and Physical Culture; also October American Magazine; also Arena and Balance. Channing Severance sent marked copy of Progressive Thinker. Please ask Severance to send me copy of "Chicago Cave Dwellers." Will try to pay him from here. From W. H. Wilgus came a copy of his monthly, The Whole Simple Truth, and letter. From John E.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

Today Moses Harman is 76 years and 27 days of age. He has served 241 days of his sentence to imprisonment for one year at hard labor.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to LUCIFER, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

Boultonhouse came about sixty picture cards (unaddressed) and nine addressed to me, different dates, with brief messages.

A letter addressed to Dr. Yale, physician to the U. S. P., dated October 22, 1906, and signed D. Ryan, 219 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City, says, among other things: "Mr. Moses Harman, in his LUCIFER, speaks of a convict's ill-selected and meager and unhygienic rations." Will you kindly write to Mr. Ryan and ask him in what number of LUCIFER he finds such language. I have no recollection of using such language and certainly such statement would not be true in reference to this hospital, or to the general convict's table. Tell him to write to me, if possible.

Under date of October 18 our dear old friend Elizabeth H. Russell writes to correct the statement made in No. 1076 in reference to the accident at the Cleveland "cannal" works. It was Harry Lees, son of our old friend Thomas Lees, who lost his life in the explosion, and not Harry Russell. I don't know how I got the matter so badly mixed. It was my fault. Our ungenerous friend says she is much pleased with the anniversary number, as in fact

ceivable form. Smallpox smears and infected rags have been mailed to him. The knife of a would-be assassin has left a long scar on his face. But the interest of his trials has been the unending misrepresentation which has often deceived even the elect. Very respectfully yours,
W. G. BALLANTINE.

The editor of the *Republican* remarks:

"Mr. Comstock's work merits all commendation, and there has been with the *Republican* to attempt whatever to depreciate it. Not so work can be made meritorious enough to justify such practices of the character in question. There is no difference between Mr. Comstock's action on behalf of excluding obscene matter from the mails, in charging up mileage to the government when there is no expense of mileage, and the action of a congressman in doing the same thing while on his way to Washington to enact an anti-obscenity law. We have not hesitated to take the free-pass congressman to task for charging the government for expenses not incurred, and can see no reason why Mr. Comstock's similar performance should be excused. If Mr. Comstock is regularly attached to the mail inspection service and travels free under a government contract with the railroads, then nothing is to be said against him on this score. Otherwise something would have to be said in consistency with the effort to reduce the railroads strictly to a business basis, free from discriminating relationship even with the most worthy of moral causes which are to be supported by the people and not by business enterprises considered simply as such."

The incident in court which occasioned these comments was reported widely in the daily press. The following brief notice is from the *New York American* of October 19:

"Lawyer Hugh Gordon Miller, who once punished Anthony Comstock in the jail in answer to his epistle of 'war,' attacked the same gentleman again yesterday, but this time in words. 'I charge this man Comstock with being a faker and grafter of the first water,' thundered Lawyer Miller to a jury in the United States circuit court, where his client, Ernest Hensel, was on trial jointly with Joseph J. Koch, charged by Mr. Comstock with improperly using the mails."

"He never fights the big fellows, but persecutes the little ones," said Mr. Miller. "Yesterday, when he contended that he thought he had a moral right to charge the government mileage, he did not tell you that to get this money he had to swear to an affidavit that he had expended such sums in the government's behalf. But swear to it he did until Marshal Hensel refused to pay him further witness fees and mileage."

"At this point Mr. Comstock, upon whom all the jurors had concentrated their gaze, consulted a notebook and suddenly left the courtroom."

"The jury freed Richardson, Mr. Miller's client, but held Koch guilty, and he was remanded for sentence."

A GERMAN FREETHINKER, New York.—Have received the copies of *LUCIFER* and enjoyed them immensely. Hope you will get your father back in good health. I wrote a few lines to him and hope to see him some day and clasp his hand. I shall carry his name and fame to Germany, where I expect to be in a few weeks. Your years ago myself and sweetest yielded in temptation and a little girl was the result. The mother is not able to give the child a home and proper education, and marriage between us is impossible. I intend to bring the little girl over to America and hope to find some German-speaking freethinker's family which will, for moderate remuneration, give a temporary home to the child, for I shall not permit the church to get possession of its work. Will you, therefore, insert an advertisement seeking educated family living in the country in healthful location to rent an offer and terms. I intend to go west after my return from Germany, as I wish to change my occupation. Since I left school I have been in the cooking business in hotels, restaurants, steamships, railways and for the last three years in private service of American millionaire families. The longer I am in it the less I like it, for it is a soul-killing occupation. As a "servant" of the American plutocrat it is especially degrading—this food destroying to fatten the palates of a small number of parasites and a dozen or so spoiled and ignorant servants, who have neither instilled nor individually left after a few years of faithful service. I hope to find a place where I can make a decent living and have my evenings and Sundays for myself and child. I can see no charm in the mere making or possession of money, but I am often sorry that I am not wealthy, that I might be able to fight ignorance and superstition in all their forms.

[Persons desiring to communicate with writer of above letter may address Freethinker, care of 300 Fulton street, Chicago.]

MRS. M. B. BOWEN, Miller, Mo.—Dear Mrs. Harman: I wish to congratulate you on *LUCIFER* No. 1070. Mr. R. and I both thought it most excellent and we both wanted to go right down to Chicago to see and hug "baby George," but of course we couldn't. Mr. R. bought the extract from your father's auto-

biography well worth the price of the paper. I would suggest through *LUCIFER* that a fund be raised to present to your father at the convention to be held in honor of his home-coming, the fund to be turned over to him to use in sustaining *LUCIFER* or in any way he may think best for the work for which he has sacrificed so much. I would suggest a dollar donation, as nearly all of *LUCIFER*'s readers could possibly spare that much for such a special occasion. If the names, with proper words of appreciation, were printed in some nice style for preservation and presented to him I think he would appreciate that also. However, act on your own good judgment about that, but it seems to me a most fitting occasion to raise a fund which will help *LUCIFER* and at the same time show appreciation of his work, and convince Comstockery that Mr. Harman's imprisonment resulted in a boom for his work rather than the death of it.

Mrs. W. N. F., Los Angeles, Cal.—You deserve abundant congratulations upon bringing out the birthday number, with its splendid tributes to your noble father. How interesting it is to be permitted to come thus much closer to the lives of those we are happy to count dear. It enables those too far away to know you personally, to feel so much better acquainted. I cannot agree with the attitude of Mr. E. E. Carey in regard to suggestions attendant upon birthdays. What he opposes I deem the negative side of the matter, though, alas, it is too generally so regarded, I admit. But why not come out strongly on the positive side and claim it as the natal day it is—the day that marks the dedication of an individual life, when it became distinct from another's—its mother? Let it signify the beginning of a new year always, not the close of one; another year to be filled with the worthy endeavor of a constantly maturing, progressing being. Age should stand for ripeness—that delicious mellowness when the flavor is best—not senility and decay. Our standards need readjustment. For the sum enclosed please send me half a dozen copies each of Nos. 1060 and 1070, the birthday number. A year ago I was in Chicago and had just a peep at yourself, the then new baby and Miss Virna, when Mrs. Florence Johnson carried me off to the Spencer-Whitman Center, where I met the "prisoner in bonds"—what a precious memory!

We can still supply copies of *LUCIFER* No. 1060. This is the special number devoted to the prosecutions of the editor of *LUCIFER* and the attempted suppression of his paper. Price, 25 cents a dozen.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY holds regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Corinthian Hall, second floor, 400 North Dearborn. Free discussion. *LUCIFER* on sale at meetings.

Nov. 11—"Comparative Living-Human Law-Giving," by Milton R. Terry, D. D., Northwestern University.

Nov. 18—"The Making of Law," by William Otis Wilson, Secretary of the Legislative Voters' League.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE LEAGUE holds public meetings every Sunday night at 8 o'clock in Room 412 Masonic Temple. Free discussion after each lecture. *LUCIFER* on sale at meetings.

HUGH O. PENTECOST lectures every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at Lyric Hall, 2100 Avenue, near Forty-second street, New York. *LUCIFER* for sale at meetings.

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Administrative Process of the Postal Department.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 22, P. M. 306 [C. E. 1906].

WHOLE NO. 1079

WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF ITS FRIENDS.

In the old *Pull Mall Gazette* days Mr. W. T. Stead made himself a name as a partisan of puritanism. He led the movement in England which culminated in what we know as the criminal law amendment act of 1885. (It is probably better known in America as the age of consent raising act.) Mr. Stead and the National Vigilance Society of England have, of course, performed at times work which seemed to conflict with a liberal interpretation of the laws of liberty, but few of our friends have ever criticised the methods of work which he or the society named have adopted. On the other hand, the friends of liberty have often owed a debt of gratitude to Mr. Stead for his constant efforts on behalf of radicalism and freedom. I could tell you of a hundred ways in which Mr. Stead has helped the cause of liberty. I only pause in passing to mention his fight for free speech in Trafalgar Square, a story which is worth remembering; of his fight with his proprietor for the right of an editor to let the then abhorred Mrs. Besant speak for herself in his journal; of Mr. Stead's praise of Harlock Ellis' book, "Sexual Inversion," at a time when I was under arrest for selling it. Nor must we forget the heroic stand he made against the Boer war while no man's life was safe from the fury of an almost unanimous England thirsting for the liberties of the two republics.

All the time, however, Mr. Stead has in season and out of season denounced the free-love movement. He is the most determined enemy of the theory of freedom in sex imaginable. This is the only excuse I have for mentioning him in the same breath as Comstock, a man to whom he bears no other resemblance. Stead's weapons against a theory he dislikes are argument, or at the worst to ignore it. He is remarkably ready with his fiery scorn and denunciation. He lays about him with a literary whip more like a scorpion than a pen. His latest enemies have been the theaters of London, whose immoral plays have moved him to a wrath which would seem extravagant if applied to worse offenders against decency. He only began going to the theater a short time ago, and will probably feel sorely bored at the average play when he has seen as many plays as most of us. His often wisely discriminating attacks on indefensibly crude, vulgar and unreal plays have made his name sweet to many who hate the very idea of a play. He has praised a number of good plays, including those of Bernard Shaw, which your puritans found so immoral. This praise must have been accepted by our Comstocks as the price they had to pay for the more frequent condemnation.

Now enter on the scene various priests. Father Vaughan steps into fame by a denunciation of the smart set. Rev. Copeland Smith is allowed to cry out in horror and the *Daily News* against the awful vice of a certain music hall, the London Pavilion, where appears nightly "The Modern Venus," a lady whose lovely form is said to be the nearest approach to Venus of Milo this generation is likely to see. Nudity, vice, the two things are the same to our Comstocks. Let the police close this awful den at once, said Mr. Smith and his friends. If only Mr. Stead would add them with his pen the thing would be done.

Poor old Comstockian Smith! Mr. Stead has been to see the Venus. He came, he saw, and Venus conquered. Let the judgment of our modern Paris be heard. There are some sore places on the soft heads of our Comstocks as they read their chosen champion's account of his first visit to a music hall:

"La Milo was the only redeeming feature in the long monotonous succession of ugliness and vulgarity. La Milo posed as if she were carved out of marble. She represented Hecate pouring out a libation, Circe the Enchantress (in bronze), Maidenhood, Hiram Powers' 'Greek Slave,' the Tambourine Girl, the Venus de Milo, and the

Velasquez Venus. Of these, Circe, the Greek Slave, and the Velasquez Venus were undraped, and the others were more or less clothed. Absolute nudity is out of the question, being forbidden by the law of the land; the semblance was statuesque rather than life-like. In each of these poses La Milo occupied a pedestal in the center of the stage. The question of the propriety of displaying the original statue, bronze or marble, of Circe and the Greek Slave on the music hall stage—there could hardly be any question about the others—is one upon which opinions will differ. There can, however, be no difference of opinion as to the beauty and ideal loveliness of the pictures of which La Milo formed the center figure. As to the suggestion of indecency, that is a fraud, and I fear that those who sell tickets on the strength of it are open to an accusation of obtaining money on false pretences. La Milo is indecent as statues are indecent, no more and no less. Those who came to gloat over indecency were pretty considerably sold, but the audience, unintelligent and vulgar though it was, seemed to be thrilled for a moment by the beauty of the spectacle."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

CRAMMERS OF FURNACES AND SITTERS ON SAFETY-VALVES.

The Coolidge memorial meeting and the events followed suggest a serious and dispassionate consideration of elementary principles of association, assembly, utterance and the preservation of the peace.

Under a republican form of government, such as that of the United States, where changes in policy and administration may be and are brought about by private and public discussion and the formal registration of opinions at the polls, it would seem to be self-evident that the appeal of dissentients, as of conformists, should be, always, to reason, and to enlightened self-interest, if you will; and the object should be the orderly formation and ascertainment of social aspirations and purposes. Only the most grave and continuous denial of the rights of investigation and expression could warrant even the hint of a resort to force, for that appeal would mean the abandonment of reason, of deliberation, of peace, and the exaltation of unthinking physical force, of frenzy, of war. Whatever denial there has been of the right to fully discuss moral themes, there has not been, in all this part of the country, any obstruction of peaceful political agitation, except the foolish attack upon Single Tax speakers in Delaware a few years ago. And whatever interference there has been in the domains of morals and religion, whatever interference there may be in any domain of thought in the present or future, the remedy therefor has lain and lies and in all probability will lie in the hands of the people themselves. They cannot be gagged by their officials save by their own active or passive connivance. Constitutionally, traditionally and historically they may place their feet in paths which broaden into highways that lead out of every ambush and labyrinth of any and all censorship. Only their own superstition, indifference and sluggishness, on the one hand, or their unfamiliarity with their new environment, their impatience and their blind passion, on the other, can avail to make permanent, extensive and really dangerous any sporadic and embryonic manifestations of old-world surveillance and suppression that now annoy or alarm thoughtful men and women.

Whenever a minority's only danger lies in the majority's non-acquaintance with or prejudice against or reasoned rejection of the principles and proposals of that minority, it is folly and suicide for the minority to resort to force or to threaten to resort to force. When it thus dethrones reason and puts brute might in the seat of authority, it succeeds only in deepening the prevailing ignorance concerning its sound ideas and good intentions, it makes the prejudice against its theories absolutely unassailable to argument, and it immeasurably strengthens the brief of every attorney who

pleads at the bar of thought for its condemnation and conviction. When a minority drops the pen of reason and draws the sword of physical force, does it expect still to be opposed by reason and waved back with olive branches? The appeal to the arbitrament of war is an extremely serious challenge, and when a hopeless minority, in a country where persuasive agitation is at least fairly safe, issues such a challenge, its folly is equalled only by its criminality.

I have spoken of the bigoted harrying of the Single Taxers in Delaware. If that persecution had developed a Coolsen, and if from that day to this the orators and organs of the Single Tax party all over the country had been eloquent with guarded apologies for or fulsome laudations of that ill-balanced assassin, what would be the status of the Single Tax idea and its advocates? Instead of meeting, at the worst, indifference, and at the best, eager inquiry and welcome, would not those advocates be despised and hated? Would not their meetings be under police espionage, their propaganda practically nil in results?

While the organizers of Coolsen meetings and the editors of *Mother Earth*—these Communists and revolutionists who mislead themselves "Anarchists"—have been guilty of incredible folly in pursuing the course they have, they have stultified themselves as well. Why they are not Anarchists and how they have stultified themselves I shall show later. First, however, attention must be called to equally stupendous folly on the other side.

These propagandists would be the champion blunderers were the police not seek-and-seek in the race with them. While the Communists have been busy "examining the furnace with resin and pine," the police have been sitting on the safety-valve. Under such conditions explosions always are due. Appeals to passion, to hatred, veiled incitements to violence, always are reprehensible and often are dangerous. But the real statesman is inclined to let the talking proceed, even when it is most unwise and may become very perilous. Except in grave crises, equal freedom for all to talk will be the surest guarantee that the foolish will not overbear the wiser part of the people. Necessarily, this condition of equal freedom is absent in a blood-thirsty mob, where no dissent is permitted, and then it is the first and urgent duty of the forces of order to intervene. But no evidence is forthcoming that the managers of the meetings attacked, that the editors of *Mother Earth*, would have gagged critics. So there can be no doubt, as it appears to me, that the police were very ill-advised when they piled themselves onto the safety-valve of speech. Theoretically, any government is justified to itself when it meets violence, or incitements to violence, with violence; the attacking or threatening faction invites such a counter-stroke, and it need not be astonished or scandalized if that stroke is delivered. But not all violent defensive action that is permissible is politic. It is not probable that any wholly sane man or woman has been converted into a Coolsen admirer or apologist by anything that was said at the interrupted meetings or that was printed in *Mother Earth*. On the other hand, it is quite likely that the assault by the police has created more or less sympathy for those who were arrested, and this sympathy, naturally, is not always as discriminating as it should be. And the misguided action of the police has confused the issues. Before, no one not to some extent susceptible to the attacks of the assassination microbe, or very young and unthinking, was likely to go to such a meeting. Now that the police, unwittingly, have raised the question of free speech, many will hear protest addresses and read protest articles, and in some of these addresses and articles there will be little or no clear thought and much confused and confusing rhetoric, in the mists of which the ideas of many hearers and readers will become foggy and uncertain, divided between approval of force as a "reform" weapon and disapproval of force as a police weapon.

Yes, the police have done foolishly, badly; almost or quite as foolishly and badly as the Communist Coolsen apologists.

The police, led and misled by the ideals now put before them, and knowing little more of small parties than their names used as epithets, are not the men to deal officially with sociological problems and pass judgment on the truth or error preached by men they do not know, and often in a language with which they are unfamiliar. It is pretended that the detective bureau knows all about the "Anarchists" of the East Side; knows who the leaders are, and all the other particulars. But when a raid is made, most of those caught in the net are girls and boys, and mere auditors at that; many of them drawn to the place by curiosity or childish enthusiasm. When a gambling house is raided, only the proprietor and the employees running the games are held; the visiting gamblers and the onlookers are released. Why is not this rule followed when an

"Anarchist" assemblage is caught in the falls? Why hold the members of the audience, the youths of either sex who are neither managers nor speakers? Are the police anxious to make malcontents, rebels, potential assassins, or are they simply so densely stupid that they do not know what they are doing?

If the American theory of social organization is sound; that is, if reason is to be the determining factor in ordering our associative life, then they are most unwise who favor, even if only by apology after the fact, the "removal" of chosen chiefs of state; and they are equally unwise who endeavor by force to suppress expressions of discontent, even if this discontent sometimes foolishly voices itself as sympathy for or approval of unfortunate unbalanced assassins. The surest way to weaken the influence and power of a tyrannous official is to let in the light upon his actions. To kill him is to rally his party and the overwhelming majority of all other parties to avenge his death. The surest way to prevent incendiary utterances is to let folks talk. On the one side, do not throw in too much fuel, raising the steam above the danger point; and on the other side, do not sit on the safety-valve.

The so-called "yellow" press of this and other cities has done vast harm by its sensationalism, its appeal to class feeling, to passion, to indiscriminating hatred of what is; by its magnifying of relatively unimportant issues and its minimizing of vital questions; by its prying into private affairs and its sinister disregard of personal liberty and the salutary freedom of speech, press and life. But is there a careful student of human nature and human history who for a moment thinks the evil would have been less had this most unsanitary press been subjected to a rigid official censorship? Are we not so certain as that we live that an attempt to muzzle these unwholesome sheets would have multiplied ten times the evil wrought by any through them? The very lawlessness of their conduct has made the sinner, more thoughtful, less invasive, even if "conservative," journals much more welcome to earnest men and women than they might have been had they not constantly been confronted and warned by these "horrible examples." The most nearly effective censor of the press is the press itself.

To return to our examination of the policy of those who stand forth as apologists or quasi-apologists for political assassination in the United States: In the first place, as heretofore intimated, they are not Anarchists, for if Anarchism means one thing more than any other, it means opposition to the government of man by man. To take man's life without his consent is the last, supreme, step in governing him. Therefore, assassination is superlative government-alien, not Anarchism. If it is objected that the official is killed in self-defense and that defense is not government, the efficient answer is that in a republic there are other and preferable means of defense; that the killing, instead of lessening the tyranny or the alleged tyranny, but intensifies it in its effect upon all whom it had affected before and extends those baneful effects to others, non-participants in the "propaganda by deed" and non-sympathizers with that method of evangelization; and, finally, so far from the killing being an act of self-defense, it is an act of self-destruction.

In the second place, radical reformers of all schools, including the various divisions of Anarchists and Socialists, acclaim themselves the special champions of anti-militarism, the opponents of armies and navies, the apostles of "the peaceful conquest of the earth." Needless to say, assassination is an act of war, an act kindling the war spirit in others, fanning afresh the fires of hatred, and leading almost inevitably to more and more bloodshed. It is an act of war wholly unnecessary here, wholly futile, and worse. Strangely enough, nearly all those who are ready to order or approve the "execution" of disliked officials are strenuous opponents of capital punishment! Will they see the point when they are asked, as I ask them now, if an "execution" is not the infliction of capital punishment? And in carrying the decree of execution into effect, how many innocent men, women and children are maimed and slaughtered!

But the question I am leading up to is this: Why should missionaries of peace select as their hero a fighter with bomb or knife or pistol; a killer, an assassin, a man who, like Coolsen, never, so far as any of them know, gave to the world a single day of study, a single thought, a single beautiful emotion to cheer and uplift in hours of loneliness and affliction? Why should they select this man, whose mad act has made it almost infinitely harder for thousands of us, men and women, to express our thoughts, to do our work for human betterment—why should they issue memorial numbers of magazines and hold commemorative meetings for him? Have there not been, are there not now, any soldiers of thought in their own ranks!

Has there not been, is there not now, a solitary man or woman in their company or outside it who has done noble work for the race in the fields of discovery, invention, science, letters, art, power? How pitifully small, how hideously malformed, how unappealingly a failure, cringes a Colquhoun at the feet of a Bruno, a Voltaire, a Howard, a Paine, a Kropotkin, a Schus, a Tolstoy, a Spencer, a Darwin, a Haeckel, a Proudhon, a Garrison, a Whitman, an Emerson, a Marx, a Thoreau, an Emerson, a Mary Wollstonecraft, an Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a Susan B. Anthony! A mere blood-letter set high on a pedestal above all these creative workers! And this done by the proclaimers of peace!

In less than forty years three presidents of the United States were done to death by assassins. Two of the murderers were half-demented, to say the least. Perhaps the third, Booth, was, also. Anyway, his deed was a result of five years of civil war; it was born of the fierce passion of internecine strife. Guiteau's act was the outcome of a factional fight in the Republican party. Guiteau's brain could not stand the strain. Probably the influences leading to the murder of Mr. McKinley were more complex. The suggestion to be made here is, What would the whitewashers and gliders of Congress think if certain citizens or aliens were to assemble in meetings today or issue memorial numbers of periodicals intended to "put a good face" on the assassin of Abraham Lincoln or James A. Garfield? But why should they not, if such actions are allowable, necessary, or useful in the case of the murderer of William McKinley?

What could be more absurd and repulsive than for adolescent youths, misers in short dresses, and declamatory agitators to expend breath in fervent periods over such a gruesome event as either of these assassinations? But it has been done in one case; why not in the others?

These assassinations furnish material for serious study, but no excuse for truck-and-oratory. An association of mature scientific men and women might profitably spend some hours or days in examining facts and comparing indications. Alienists, neurologists, pathologists and psychologists would find much that they could make use of in their studies and apply in the amelioration of human suffering. Here were three assassins, coming from different walks in life, acted upon by environments differing widely, and yet producing subjective and objective results essentially similar. It is a rich field for scientific investigation—for careful, painstaking collection of facts; for analysis and synthesis; for dispassionate drawing of conclusions. But for yallow, ranting, partisan speech-making there is no occasion. We had too much of that preceding and immediately following the respective murders. Long ago the demagogues should have made way for the psychologist and the scientific sociologist.

Freedom of speech is necessary to freedom of thought and is a condition precedent to sanity of thought. Reason and equity can do their best work only when fear of punishment is absent. Fear of punishment may be induced by memory or record of former persecution, by present persecution, or by threatened persecution. Persecution may be instituted, without provocation, by the enemies of freedom of thought and expression, or these enemies may resort to it because of the blunders or mistaken methods of the friends of freedom of thought and expression. The man who prayed to be delivered from his reckless friends, at the same time declaring his ability to take care of his enemies without assistance, simply voiced the thought of every sane reformer since the race began its evolution.

Free thought postulated as a method is the antithesis of the methods of physical violence. No sane society that shall be at the same time a better society is possible unless its component units exert themselves to the utmost to rid their minds of the force-ideals of the old society and to keep their hands from that crucifixion of reason and persuasion which is the gravamen of their indictment of the old society. It is incumbent upon the new men and women not only to talk better in glittering generalities, but to plan more wisely and to do more equitably than have the old men and women whose places they would take in the direction of human affairs. "We learn to do by doing," as we want others to do, not by doing as they do while we brand them as criminals because they do not do as we preach.

Where there is even only a partial liberty of investigation and utterance, as in this country, it is the extreme of un wisdom to throw argument and moral appeal aside and revert to the weapons of the savage. To kill officials, to hint at the alleged justifiableness or expediency of killing them, or to condone the killing of them, is the rankest folly, from every point of view. It is suicide. It solidifies against such propagandists not only "the powers that be," but all

who stand for peaceful inquiry and scientific demonstration. Strike thus at officers of government in a republic, and you strike at the vast majority of the people of all schools of thought; you harden their hearts against you; you shut their ears to your arguments, to your just complaints, and your best suggestions. You drive your audience from you and force into silence nearly all reformers, nearly all advocates of change save those whose counsel is to further madness and greater distraction.

Even to argue for the right or alleged right to advocate the performance of criminal acts, on the ground that without unrestricted freedom for such advocacy of invasion the right to liberty of expression is denied, is to sacrifice essential substance to empty form. It is to transform a living principle into a dead dogma, whose worship is blindness and culminates in disaster. Your appeal to reason, or his, or mine, is nullified just in the ratio that insistence is laid on a real or assumed free-speech right to advocate the training of a battery of Nordenfeldts on dissenters or the throwing of a bomb at an official elected by those dissenters by those who do not agree with you or him or me. What may or may not be a theoretical right in the premises is relatively unimportant; what is important, vitally important, is the fact that to insist that we have such a right is to menace and cripple our perfectly defensible right of expression, to seriously limit, if not destroy, our opportunity to teach and persuade. It is enough for us to affirm the right and benefit of the utmost freedom for the discussion of all suggested peaceful changes in belief and society, and to keep it ever before all authorities that in the long run their tenure of office depends far more on non-interference with even the most incendiary utterances than on suppression of that utterance.

The assassin and the arrogant police official play into each other's hands and postpone indefinitely the day of reason and self-rule. Every act of legal or administrative oppression augments alien discontent and trains potential murderers. Every murder of an official puts another drastic law on the statute-book and a thousand more men into the ranks of the police. Blindness and madness are pitted against blindness and madness, and between the two armies of hate the men and women of thought and peace vainly cry for truce and calm study of causes and remedies.

EDWIN C. WALKER.

214 West 113d street, New York, N. Y.

[I do not know to what extent Mr. Walker depended on the newspaper reports of the "Anarchist" meeting which was raided by the police. We all know that such reports are usually exaggerated, to express it very mildly. In order that no injustice may be done, I append Miss Goldman's account of the meeting, as published in *Mother Earth*.—L. H.]

Liberty by the grace of the police and the might of the club was again brought home to us in the most brutal and unspeakable manner. A club of young boys and girls peacefully assembled Saturday night, Oct. 27, to listen to a discourse as to whether or not Leon Colquhoun was an Anarchist. At the close of the meeting three of the speakers—Julius Edelson, M. Monow and M. Rubinstein—were arrested and placed under \$1,000 bail each. Tuesday, Oct. 30, a meeting was called to protest against the arrest of these boys and the suppression of free speech. Mr. Bolton Hall, H. Kelly, Max Baginski and myself were announced to speak. The meeting proceeded in absolute order, with Julius Edelson, who had meanwhile been released on bail through Mr. Bolton Hall, as the first speaker. He had spoken barely twenty minutes when several detectives jumped on the platform and placed him under arrest, while twenty-five police officers began to club the audience out of the hall. A young girl of sixteen, Pauline Shostakoff, was pulled off a chair and brutally dragged across the floor of the hall, tearing her clothing and bruising her outrageously. Another girl, fourteen years of age, Rebecca Edelson, was roughly handled and put under arrest, because she failed to leave the hall as quickly as ordered. The same was done to three other women—Annie Pastor, Rose Rogin and Lena Smith—for no other reason except that they were unable to reach the bottom of the stairs fast enough to suit the officers. I was about to leave, when one of the officers struck me in the back and put me under arrest.

Fortunately, Mr. Bolton Hall and H. Kelly could not be present at the meeting; they, too, might have been clubbed out of the hall.

Six women and four men were packed like sardines into a patrol wagon and hustled off to the station house, where we were kept in vile air and subjected to vulgar and brutal annoyance by the police until the following morning; then we were brought before a magistrate and put under \$1,000 bail each for assault. Fancy girls of fourteen and eighteen, of delicate physique, assaulting twenty-five 250-pounders!

If we as a nation were not such unspeakable hypocrites, we should long since have placed a club instead of a torch in the hand of the Goddess of Liberty—the police mare is not merely the symbol, but the very essence of our "liberty and order."

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary*.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Idem*.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—*Idem*.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—*Idem*.

The name *Lucifer* means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

The anniversary memorial meeting in honor of the Anarchists hanged in Chicago Nov. 11, 1887, was held in Brand's Hall on Saturday, Nov. 10. Miss Voltairine de Cleyre's tender and loving tribute to their memory deeply touched the immense assembly. Mrs. Lucy Parsons, widow of Albert E. Parsons, was the only other English speaker.—Sunday evening, Nov. 11, at the Social Science League, Miss de Cleyre read a brilliant paper on "Anarchists in Literature" before a large and critical audience.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

HOSPITAL, U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Nov. 11, 1906.

My Dear Editor: Thursday last I was honored with a visit from Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, N. Y., the world-famous Boycrofter, and with him came our good friend Maude Pepper Hazleton, of Kansas City, Mo.; also Mr. Wythe, of same city. To say that I enjoyed the visit most keenly is commonplace. Brother Elbertus was most kindly fraternal in words of sympathy and appreciation and in offers of aid if in need of financial assistance. He insists I must spend a week with the Boycrofters when my present engagement at the U. S. P. is ended. He is now on one of his frequent lecture tours, being billed to speak in Leavenworth the same day on which he called on yours truly. Sorry the nature of my business here did not permit my hearing the lecture. More correctly speaking, I regret that the nature of the business of the prison officials with me would not permit me to hear the lecture.

Mrs. Hazleton renewed her kind invitation of some weeks ago, insisting that I must call at her home when on my way to Chicago. Says she will meet me at the prison gate, morning of Dec. 26, at which time I expect also Brothers Shepherd and Young, of Leavenworth, and perhaps others. Of course I shall be anxious to get home as soon as possible, but as Mrs. Hazleton's mother, Myra Pepper-Weller, is expected to visit the daughter about that time, and as Dr. L. M. Hammond expects me to visit her place, a suburb of Kansas City, before returning to Chicago, I feel much inclined to comply with these kind invitations, more especially so since Dr. Hammond writes me that she expects to go to California in the near future. Please write her at once and say that visits to prisoners are in order every day except Sundays and holidays. Be sure not to neglect this. Dr. Hammond has made several unsuccessful attempts to find out when she can visit me. Mrs. Hazleton brought me a basket of excellent fruit—assorted varieties.

From Edwin C. Walker come copies of *World's Work*, *Moody's*

Magazine, *Liberal Review* and *Life*; also good letters on the political situation in New York, with clippings. Tell him I have seen no copy of *Truth Seeker* since leaving home.

Did I tell you I had a visit from Brothers Shepherd and Young, of Leavenworth? Seems to me I mentioned it in my last to you.

From George Bodborough, London, Eng., comes an autograph copy of a book called "The Hundred Best Poems in the English Language (Lyrics)," selected by "A. L. G."; also card.

Please thank L. A. Hauld (Washington, D. C.) for writing, and J. D. Shaw, editor *Searchlight* (Waco, Tex.), for publishing the little poem entitled, "Life's Best Hero (Respectfully dedicated to Moses Harman)." Say to Brother Hauld my only regret is that the said Moses Harman is not more worthy of having such lines inscribed to him. It seems from his editorial note that Mr. Shaw holds much the same attitude towards me and my work that Louis F. Post, editor the *Public* (Chicago), does. Neither of these men share with "Mr. Harman the theories in advocacy of which he has been made to suffer." To this statement Mr. Shaw adds: "How-

ever, it [the *Searchlight*] believes that in their advocacy he is perfectly honest and that his motives are pure. . . . If a man's spirit and motives may be honored while his actions are deprecated, then the lines referred to are consistently admitted to these columns." There is this difference, however, between the attitude of the *Searchlight* and that of the *Public*: While the former has in the main been silent, the latter has given much of its space to a defense of what it believes the right of publication—the right of every man and woman to free expression of honest opinion, so long as the personal and property rights of no one are invaded. In thus saying I wish to censure the motives of no one who differs from me in "theory," claiming to be honest in my views on all questions, I freely grant honesty of purpose to all others. I refuse most positively to sit in judgment upon the motives of others, even upon the motives of those who deprive me of what I claim as my natural and civil rights. I am always glad to get copies of the *Searchlight*, and sincerely thank Brother Shaw, whom I once met in Chicago, for sending me his magazine for November of this year.

In my last letter I failed to acknowledge all the letters and cards I had received up to that date. Last I crowd out these acknowledgments again, I will begin now, and will include letters and cards received since last writing: F. A. de Crane, 1; Ed. Secret, 1; G. H. Wheeler, 3; Joseph M. Bare, 1; W. W. Miller, 2 (and clippings); Emma B. Greene, 2; Flora McPhillips, 1; E. L. Small, 3; Oriole E. Lloyd, 1; Albert Wiseman, 2; Fannie Bellis, 1; Ada M. Morley, 2; Hebron A. Libbey, 1; Rosa B. Parkhurst, 1; J. M. Gilbert, 1; T. F. Meade, 1; Frank Theodore Allen, 1 (and literature); C. N. Greene, 2; Thirza Hathban, 1; Helen Philbrick, 1; I. Jamison, 1; Fred P. Young, 1; J. Allen Evans, 2; Lois Waisbrooker, 1; Edward P. Foster, 1 (and literature); Bruno Lehman, 1; John E. Boultonhouse, 2 letters and 10 picture cards; Dr. J. R. Price, 2; Florence Johnson, 1; Bettie M. Roberts, 1; Sadie A. Magoon, 1; Ollie Steedman, 1; Annie E. K. Parkhurst, 6 picture cards; Philip G. Peabody, 11 picture cards; Dr. Robert Groer, 1 (with booklet); Grace Moore, 2; Grace Potter, 1 (with 60 undressed picture cards); C. P. Holt, 1; Dr. Hardcastle, 1; Lucinda B. Chandler, 2; A. E. Ellis, 1 (with literature). From foreign countries: Bodd Raj Shah, Langhol, Dist. D, Jehum, Punjab, India, 1; Dora Forster-Kerr, British Columbia, 1; Robert B. Kerr, same, 2; a card, written in Spanish (or Latin), mailed at Tepic, Mexico, and addressed to "Hon. Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan., U. S."—I suppose was meant for me, judging from the sub-title or number appended to my name, but not being able to read the writing (except the address) I am left to infer that my Mexican friend has got my name mixed with that of some distinguished United States legislator, hence has tacked the handle—"Hon."—to the wrong name. If this line should meet his eye I respectfully ask him to write again, and get some one to translate the message into "United States" before putting it into the international mail bags. While I plead guilty of having committed the folly of making a political canvass as an antislavery man in a proslavery state during the rushing times of 1862, I hope I have so far outgrown the instincts of youth that no one, native or foreign, can justly accuse me of wanting to see the title "Hon." prefixed to my name.

A good letter from Arthur Wastall, East London, South Africa—the third from him, as I think, since I was sent to Joliet—tells me that two of his friends had written letters to me this year and got no acknowledgment—namely, Fred Weeks, of Sussex, Eng., and Mrs. Hallam, of Sydney, Australia. I certainly have seen no letters from either of these good friends. Perhaps misdirection is the cause.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.

Brother Waitsall tells me there are many surprises awaiting me when again I am free to read what has been done and said and written during the months of my present incarceration. Among other things he mentions the publication of a book in German, called "Marrings of Happiness," and promises to bring this book (soon to be translated into English) to the attention of our readers. Please remind him of his promise, if he should forget it. Again Brother Waitsall speaks of the interest his Japanese friends are taking in our work. "You will be glad to know that the more intelligent Japanese are reading your literature and greedily asking for more." Again, too, he speaks of his "ambitious idea of planting a 'Harman colony' in British East Africa, on a site already chosen by Dr. Theodor Hertke, the noted German or Austrian writer whose work on land and cooperative industry we have been selling for a year or two."

Many other letters I should like to notice, but space fails. I lost an hour or two today from writing by going to chapel to hear Mrs. Booth. She is evidently a fine speaker, but I could not hear much she said. Will send another package of letters soon.

M. H.

THE FEARS OF AN ANTIPURITAN.

In the discussion of the sex question England lags far behind America, notwithstanding its free press. The boldness of experiment which has long existed on this side of the Atlantic is as yet unknown over there, and even the theoretical free-livers of England are too few and scattered to have any influence. At last, however, there are signs of a coming awakening. Many writers of some reputation have begun timidly to allude to the subject of sex, and to hint that some kind of change is needed. One of these is Hubert Bland, who did more perhaps than any one to create the Antipuritan League, and who has now published a book called "Letters to a Daughter," in which there are signs of a progressive spirit. This book is criticised in *Fabian News* for October by Cecil Chesterton, secretary of the Antipuritan League, and some of his remarks are so characteristic of persons who are just beginning to study the sex question that I wish to make a few comments on them. Speaking of Bland's position on the sex question, Chesterton says:

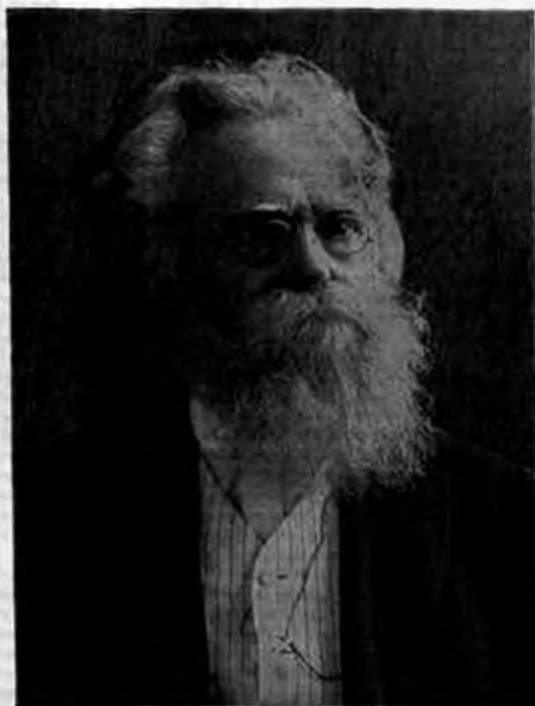
"Neither the sentimentalities of the conventionalists nor those of the revolutionists can disturb the balance of his judgment. His point of view is unconventional, but he is not an anarchist. He knows that without conventional civilization, and indeed human life as we know it, could not exist. He criticizes them freely, but he does not urge a blind revolt against them, as such. He sees the complexity of human problems, notably of the problem of sex. He has no sudden and clear-cut solution."

These statements are rather vague, but I gather from them that Mr. Chesterton, while dissatisfied with things as they are, cannot summon up courage to cut the knot by the simple method of individual freedom. He thinks the community must superintend the love relations of individuals, otherwise something dreadful, he hardly knows what, would happen. As there are many who think like Mr. Chesterton, perhaps the best thing I can do is to mention other subjects regarding which a similar belief formerly prevailed, but has now been abandoned by all intelligent persons.

Not long ago it was the universal belief of mankind that the state must superintend the religious opinions of the individual, otherwise society would be in a state of chaos. Francis Bacon, though far in advance of his age in religious toleration, wrote an essay on "Unity in Religion," in which he described the dreadful things that would happen if men went to different churches. "Heretics and schisms," he says, "are of all others the greatest scandals, yes, more than corruption of manners." Little more than two centuries ago John Bunyan spent twelve years in jail for preaching in an unlicensed conventicle, and the vast majority of Englishmen thought it served him right. A few years earlier Roger Williams was driven from Massachusetts for advocating freedom of conscience. It was not for fear that men's souls would be damned that writers like Bacon abhorred heresy, but because they believed that social life would become impossible if heresy were allowed.

Little more than two centuries ago it was the universal opinion of mankind that if books could be published without being licensed by a government official the most disastrous consequences would ensue. Even when licensing was abolished the press was still severely restrained by the law courts, and liberty was only very gradually secured. The liberation of the press has been approved by historians of every shade of opinion. The rather prodish Macaulay says:

"From the day on which the emancipation of our literature was



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

His crime was the admission into *LUCIFER* of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of *LUCIFER* and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to *LUCIFER*, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

accomplished the purification of our literature began. That purification was effected not by the intervention of senates or magistrates but by the opinion of the great body of educated Englishmen, before whom good and evil were set, and who were left free to make their choice. During a hundred and sixty years the liberty of our press has been constantly becoming more and more entire, and during those hundred and sixty years the restraint imposed on writers by the general feeling of readers has been constantly becoming more and more strict."

Ten years ago nearly all scientists, and the great majority of people who prided themselves on their intelligence, thought that compulsory vaccination was necessary, otherwise nobody would get vaccinated. In England, however, the untutored multitude made such resistance to compulsory vaccination that parliament, with many misgivings, abolished it in 1898. What has been the result? In the very first year of voluntary vaccination the number of vaccinations rose 33 per cent, and it has steadily increased ever since. In 1898, the last year of compulsory vaccination, only 47 per cent of the children born in London were vaccinated; in 1901, under voluntary vaccination, 85 per cent were vaccinated.

Not long ago everybody thought it necessary that the law should, by the severest penalties, punish the act for which Oscar Wilde was condemned. Most people still think so in English-speaking coun-

tries, but hardly anywhere else. In Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, and probably other countries, such acts are no longer punished by law, and a great agitation with a like aim is going on in Germany and Austria. The legislators of those countries have had the sense to see that if persons who have this peculiarity are left free they will not marry, and will have no children to inherit their peculiarity; but if they are not left free, they will marry and have children like themselves.

One could give almost endless instances of regulations which were once thought indispensable, and are now thought ridiculous. But none of them were so absurd as regulations on sex. Religion and authorship are artificial things peculiar to man, and nature gives us no rules for our guidance in such matters. But the relations of the sexes are already regulated by the laws of physiology. Nature tells everybody when the age of love should commence, when it is good to have and when not to have relations with the other sex, whom it is good to have relations with and whom to avoid, how long love should last, and all other matters of the same kind. All these things have been settled by millions of years of natural selection. By the attraction of opposites and other feelings nature tells us what persons we should mate with in order to have superior children. If we choose an unsuitable mate, nature soon shows us our mistake. Now and again people are born with a tendency to sexual excess, just as they are born with a tendency to gluttony or drunkenness, but natural selection is always weeding such persons out. Throughout the whole animal world the relations of the sexes and the rearing of offspring are regulated to perfection by the laws of physiology, and animals are entirely free from many diseases and evils that afflict mankind. It is only when we come to man that we are told that nature cannot attend to the relations of the sexes without the aid of Roosevelt and Comstock.

The rules of moralists and legislators regarding sex consist of nothing but wholesale attacks on the laws of physiology. Women are told that they must not have love relations until many years after nature has commanded them to do so. Strong, healthy women are told that they must live and die as old maids. Vigorous young women are told that they must be "true" to old men with one foot in the grave. Women wedded to imbeciles, drunkards and diseased persons are told that it is their duty to have as many children by such men as possible. Young men are forbidden to have natural relations with clean and decent women and are driven to associate with those who give them the foulest ideas of sex and turn them into fountain-heads of disease and corruption. Variety in love is condemned as bad, although change of air, change of scene, change of diet, change of occupation, and every other conceivable form of variety are admitted by every rational being to be good.

I have no space to deal with all the groundless fears of those who think sex should be regulated, but I will deal with a difficulty Mr. Chesterton raised in the same paper some time ago, that children would be deserted under free love. The answer is that in many parts of the world marriage has already been abandoned by half the people and children are not deserted. In Vienna 45 children in every 100 are illegitimate, and in Prague and Munich 44. Did any one ever hear that the children of these cities were deserted? If they were, there would be a high death rate. According to Mulhall, the most legitimate of cities is Rotterdam, where only 7 per cent are illegitimate, and Vienna is the most illegitimate of cities; yet Rotterdam has a heavier death rate than Vienna. My own opinion is that children will never be really well cared for until they are publicly maintained, but at least they are as well cared for without marriage as with it.

That free love is better than bond love is not a mere theory, but a thoroughly tested and proven fact. For many years freedom in love has been practiced in America by individuals and by communities. Many persons have lived and died under it, and many children have been born and raised under it. Up to date it has been an absolute success, and it is preached and practiced by an ever-increasing number of persons, especially women. Messrs. Bland and Chesterton are well-known journalists and they should come to America and study free love on the ground and then publish an account of what they have seen and heard. Before many days were past they would laugh as much at their present ideas as I have no doubt they now laugh at Bacon for thinking that society would fall to pieces if men went to different churches. R. B. KERR.

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

—Byron.

CART BEFORE HORSE

Helen Wilmans says:

"If the meddlesome brain had staid in the one room where it belongs and left the kitchen department alone, that department in which the action is involuntary, the stomach, lungs, bowels and kidneys, there never would have been any sickness. The involuntary system thinks more perfectly than the brain can think for it."

That the involuntary system can do its work better without the help (or hindrance) of the brain is quite true, but that such interference was the first cause of the sickness which prevails is not true. It is simply a wrong-end-to statement. The brain never troubles itself about the stomach till after that organ complained. You will have to look further, Helen, for the origin of disease.

That there is a close connection between the stomach and the sex organs is conceded by physicians, and the ignorant, excessive, because unsatisfied, creative life threw the involuntary system out of order, and then the brain began to inquire into the matter.

But Helen, in order to substantiate her theory, after accusing the brain of being the cause of the trouble, after saying that the involuntary organs can think for themselves better than the brain can think for them, actually commissions the brain to accuse the stomach to an unrecognized power by which said stomach can overcome the trouble caused by said brain. What nonsense!

Helen, you are pretty smart, but until you recognize the fact that "sex contains all," a fact stated by Whitman years before you assumed the position of leader, and until you further recognize that the sex fountain must be pure before its life streams can be healthy, and also that it never can be pure until woman is wholly free, we receive our highest honor and we demand its highest use—until you recognize all this, your attempts to account for the origin of disease will be failures.

"If there is no malaria in the atmosphere there will be no malarial disease." With no poisonous sex aura in the atmosphere, disease and crime will be reduced to a minimum if not entirely eradicated. The sex relation in which woman is not a willing partner inevitably creates a disturbed, diseased, crime-producing aura, for such relation is of itself a crime.

Mind is powerful if it acts intelligently—that is, in harmony with nature's law—but even Helen Wilmans cannot make two and two five, or cause water to run up hill. All effort to do away with disease and crime, so long as the fountain of life is ignorantly, or otherwise, abused, must fail. Only a pure life-fountain can bring the desired result, and that we cannot have until woman is free—so free that she need not accept what she does not want, nor reject what she does want. Then there will be only mutually desired relations, and nature counts all such relations pure, children born of such relations legitimate. Motherhood is a natural right, and the public opinion which condemns such motherhood a false one. Women, some women, begin to see this and to act from it. I have a letter from a girl-woman of 24, who says:

"I want to have my little baby as soon as conditions will give me an opportunity. Please do not oppose me in anything I say. If you think me foolish do not tell me so. I recognize that the real genius of my being is seeking to manifest. I think as you do, my mind runs in the same channel, yet I have been compelled by circumstances to map out my own course. I must work in a different way and do my best with what is before me."

One year ago she was writing to come to me, but since then she has had experiences which have developed a very strong self-reliance, and she is planning to assume motherhood without the legal chain as soon as she can see her way clear. A few women have done what she is planning to do.

Over forty years ago a teacher in Iowa desired a child. She decided it was her right and acted upon it. She was of Quaker descent. She wrote to her parents, who lived in Ohio; told them she would go home if they said no; if not, that she had money enough to pay for being cared for where she was. Her parents said, Come home, and they tried in every way possible to ascertain who the father of her child was, but they failed. She said she wanted the child; he was not to blame and he should not be troubled. She never did tell. She has passed to the other side of life, but her son lives in Philadelphia and, I am told, is a man to be respected.

Since then others have asserted their natural right, lived it; some for awhile and then, becoming tired of the struggle, have married. Others continue even till now, utterly refusing to bear the legal chain. And what good has it done, do you ask? What does the sunshine do in early spring? As I have talked with women from time to time I have often thought of early vegetation just below the sight; only a little more sunshine and it comes to the surface.

True, it will take a good many mental bombs, a large amount of mental dynamite to penetrate conservative prisons, but they cannot imprison thought.

"Oh, foolish ignorance, that thinks to stop the rising sun of thought by shutting up the thinker!
For thought, when shut from speech, flies o'er the walls like cannon balls when touched by powder's flame."

LOUIS WAINWRIGHT.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

ADAM HANSHIRE, Brewster, Neb.—Please find inclosed \$1 for LUCIFER when present subscription expires. I like LUCIFER, with one exception—it is too lenient with its enemies. There is no manner of use in trying to fight a skunk with cologne water. If your father could lie about Thomas Paine like Roosevelt can, he might be president of these United States. If Thomas Paine were president thinkers like Moses Harman would be protected.

W. L. LIGHTBOWN, Washington, D. C.—I notice my subscription will expire with next number of LUCIFER. I am inclosing \$2—one for another year's subscription and one to apply on fund to be raised for the editor's release and home-coming. I hope all the readers of LUCIFER will be prompt in adding their dollars to this fund as a reward for the sacrifices made by a noble hero in a just and noble cause. I would gladly give more if able, but this much I must give or be false to my ideals.

C. B. HOFFMAN, Enterprise, Kan.—I send by today's mail a copy of "To My Daughter on Her Wedding Day." I wish you would forward it to your father with my love. Your father's and your courage has done much to uphold me and others in loyalty to the great cause of woman, which is also man's—humanity's cause. . . . Have you read the concluding chapters of Wells' "In the Days of the Comet" (October Cosmopolitan)? If not, be sure and do so. I think all that which bears upon the matter of love should be republished in LUCIFER—with explanation as to who Wells is and what the Cosmopolitan is. What wonderful progress after all! Half the day when the light shall shine and melt away prisons and ostracisms!

W. M., New Haven, Conn.—I have just received No. 1078 of LUCIFER. Have only had time to read, so far, the announcement of the "home-coming" of your father. You seem inclined to think that the best place for him, during the coming winter, is in California. You invite suggestions from those interested. My suggestion in the matter would be, do by all means whatever would add comfort or length to his life. I firmly believe that all his friends would most sincerely wish this with me. In order to carry out this idea I would say that a little later I will send a dollar towards defraying the expense for him of a sojourn in California through the winter. I have already sent a dollar to assist in the entertainment of his home-coming, with a promise of another in case you fall short in the cost of such entertainment. I think it would be "the time of my life" if I could only be present at that home-coming, but I really do not entertain any hopes.

OTTO BOSSERT, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—My subscription ran out some time ago, but this is the first chance I could get of renewing it, and you will find enclosed \$1 for same. Would that I could make larger contributions to help along the great cause which you and your dear father espouse. The suggestion that his liberation from prison be celebrated by the liberals of the land is a good one, but I think it would be a good plan if at the same time steps be taken to form a national organization for self-defense against the governmental outrages which are becoming more and more frequent. We have many people in this land who believe in certain radical principles, but who are afraid to express themselves. It is this cowardly attitude of so many people toward the powers that be that makes such outrages as are perpetrated against LUCIFER and its editor possible. . . . Kindly send sample copy of LUCIFER to inclosed address. I made the chance acquaintance of Mr. W. some time ago, and as he did not seem dangerously conservative I started to discuss the sex question; of course I described the work of LUCIFER and its editor, and the outrages committed by the postal

officials. As a patriotic American he was not inclined to believe it, but he agreed with me that the sex question was one of the most important, if not the most important question.

JOHN H. LANDER, Atlanta, Ga.—Your note, stating that the present supply of "Perfect Humankind" has been exhausted, came yesterday, together with the pamphlet. LUCIFER was not among them, but I was much interested in reading "A Letter to the President" and L. F. Post's paper on "Postal Censorship." Living here in Georgia, as I am, one is practically isolated from the currents that make for real freedom and which make themselves felt more and more strongly in some sections of the country.

I am looking forward to the time when, as a nation, we will have a broader conception of things pertaining to the generative phase of human existence, for I am convinced that regeneration of the race can come to pass only by way of proper generation of the individual.

I, too, am sick of the theological hypocrisy which, under the mantle of sanctity, not only protects but most effectually enforces conditions of shame and degradation that are unspeakably revolting. No efforts seem more laudable than those put forth to enlighten the race along these lines. But the process of education in these points must naturally be slow, with that unmeasured amount of superstition and prejudice to be overcome. I wish to keep in touch with your movement, wishing it the broadest and widest success possible.

S. R. SHEPHERD, Leavenworth, Kan.—At last, having gained the use of my "pedal extremities," which were somewhat paralyzed after my summer's sickness, I got Brother Young to accompany me, and a few days ago paid a visit to the imprisoned martyr. And if it is an inch it's six blocks from the trolley terminus to the prison door. Then a standing wait of thirty-five minutes in the chilly wind at the entrance before admission—"on the even hour." A clear case of violating the law against cruelty to animals—of the two-legged variety. For we had no overcoats. I was reminded of (and quoted) the old saying: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." And Brother Young punctured the period with "loud applause." If they'd only provide some rocks or soap boxes for guests to sit on, and a wind-break of cornstalks to prevent them from suffering and taking their death-cold, it would comport better with our boasts of high civilization. Well, we got in at last and had a splendid visit—hilarious and even uproarious, with jokes and laughter—with the victim of peritane persecution. I looked for the guard, every minute, to hush us up, but he let us go. Gallagher, I congratulated him (M. H.) on how grossly healthy he looked. My friend Dr. Yoke came into the room to see who his callers were and what they brought (I brought only apples), and, seeing it was we, waited and came to town with us.

CHARLES W. DICKINSON, Spokane, Wash.—Your letter of October 19, in answer to a request from me, received; also copies of LUCIFER. There is a feeling of true, honest sympathy that goes out from my being into the life and love of Moses Harman, although the copies of LUCIFER you sent me is the first acquaintance I have had with his noble and grand work. It is not convenient for me to send my subscription today, but I will do so soon. In the near future I hope to be able to subscribe to a fund to be given to the editor of LUCIFER, which will be accepted as an expression of our love and appreciation of his work in freedom's cause. I am in the work here in Spokane. I have a class of children which I am endeavoring to imbue with the idea of love and freedom. If you have any suggestions to offer that you feel would be of some assistance to me along this line, I would thank you very much. Will it be convenient for you to send me a copy of "Little Lessons for Little Folks"? If they are what I desire I shall want two or three dozen copies. If you have a good freethought song-book I would also like a copy for examination, and if desirable would want two dozen copies. The books surely would be desirable if on a true freethought basis. Can you inform me where I may procure some "reward of merit" cards, having freethought suggestions printed on them? What I want is a nice card, lithographed—see to give each Sunday to the children of my class.

[Perhaps some of our readers may have suggestions to offer to Mr. Dickinson. Letters addressed to him in care of 500 Fulton street, Chicago, will be duly forwarded.]

In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.—Holmes.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ANTHROPOLOGY holds regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Cornish Hall, seventh floor, Masonic Temple. Free discussion. *LUCIFER* on sale at meetings.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE LEAGUE holds public meetings every Sunday night at 8 o'clock in Room 412 Masonic Temple. Free discussion after each lecture. *LUCIFER* on sale at meetings.

HUGH O. PENTECOST lectures every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue, near Forty-second street, New York. *LUCIFER* for sale at meetings.

THE LOS ANGELES (CALIF.) LIBERAL CLUB meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at Blanchard Hall, 233 South Broadway. Seats free. The public is cordially invited.

"Our Monthly Programme," a neat and interesting little magazine of eight pages and cover, is published in the interest of the Los Angeles Liberal Club and the general cause of free thought. It is in its second volume, is distributed gratuitously at the meetings and sent by mail for 25 cents a year. Ask for sample copy.

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M. HARMAN, 500 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

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BY E. C. WALKER.

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WHOLE NO. 1080

THE PRISON.

And I saw a goal lifting its grimy walls to heaven.
And they that passed by looked at it askance, for they said, "It is
the abode of Sin."
And to them the broad sky and all the earth was fair to look upon,
for they saw the early birds opening and heard the birds that
had come back from the south, and they felt the sun which
was now warming the hearts of beast and plant.
But within the prison, and behind its cold, thick buttresses, and its
small, round, triple-barred windows, that looked like tunnels,
they heard faint groanings and sighings and much lamentation,
and they said, "It is most just, for it is the abode of Sin."
And I heard a Voice saying, "Woe to the cause that hath not passed
through a prison!"
And I looked again, and I saw in the goal those deliverers who in
each age have saved the world from itself and set it free, and
gyves were on their wrists and ankles.
And I saw Israel in the house of bondage before it came forth to
preserve Duty for mankind.
Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!
And I saw the praetorian hall and One that was bound therein, and
the soldiers bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him and
then led Him away to proclaim Love to the world.
Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!
And I saw within the goal them that gave liberty to the slave, and
them that unbound the mind of man, and them that strove to
free his conscience, and them that led onward to Freedom and
Justice and Love.
Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!
And I saw there also those who in our own time have counted them-
selves as nothing if they could not point out God's way unto
their brethren, and there were many, too, of the prophets who
are still to come, and there also were in lands.
Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!
And lo, the sky became clouded, and night fell, and there were no
birds nor blossoms, but a still came upon the earth, and they
that passed by shivered and trembled, and I beheld, and saw
that they were not men, but that they were really wolves, and
apes, and swine.
And within the goal was a great light, and a pleasant warmth came
from the barred windows, and I heard a burst of triumphant
song.
And the gyves fell from the limbs of the prisoners, and there was
great joy.
And they that passed by would now come in, but they could not; and
now within was freedom and without was captivity.
And the hosts within held up their arms, and the marks of their
shackles were upon them.
But I hid my arms behind me, for there was no mark on my wrists.
Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

—Ernest Crosby.

MOSES HARMAN NIGHT AT THE SUNRISE CLUB.

The Sunrise Club dinner, on Monday evening, January 7, will
be Moses Harman night, with James P. Morton, Jr., as the historian-
speaker of the after-dinner talk. Among the other speakers probably
will be Dr. Foster, Moses Oppenheimer, Edw. W. Chamberlain, Theo-
dore Schroeder and members and visitors caught on the spot. The
question will be something like this: "Moses Harman as a Man, as
an Editor, as an Advocate of Free Womanhood and Free Mother-
hood, and as Federal Prisoner: His Purpose and His Method."

I hope the readers of LUCIFER in New York and vicinity will
let me know of once if they intend to participate in the celebration
of the veteran editor's release, so that I may have time in which to
secure a restaurant or hotel large enough for the comfort of all
who come.

EDWIN C. WALKER, Secretary.

214 West 123d Street, New York (Manhattan).

STORY OF ONE EFFORT TO RELIEVE MOSES HARMAN

By Ed. W. Chamberlain.

Believing that Moses Harman is the victim of conditions
which, if allowed to prevail, will finally be a means of over-
throwing our republican form of government, and having
watched from its incipency the growth of the irresponsible
postal censorship which has persistently attacked Mr. Har-
man, and knowing the reckless way in which the first cen-
sorial legislation was enacted and the mischief of the statutes
as well as the confused, contradictory, lawless and arbitrary
decisions of the courts under those statutes,—having seen
that the very parties who clamored for such legislation were
the first to violate the laws of their own making, while ruth-
lessly insisting upon their enforcement upon others, and
being familiar with such judicial outrages as were inflicted
upon D. M. Bennett, Ezra H. Heywood, Ida C. Craddock,
Charles C. Moore and others,—I consider that in taking the
course described in the following resumé I performed a
patriotic service of the highest character. Whether my coun-
trymen will agree with me time and the outcome will deter-
mine.

Responsibility for Mr. Harman's prolonged suffering
rests upon those whose ears were closed to our appeal fully
as much as upon the judge whose management of the trial
produced the unfortunate result. I am not informed whether
this responsibility is with Mr. Moody or Mr. Roosevelt. If
Mr. Moody has failed to make the most urgent presentation
to Mr. Roosevelt in this case I do not hesitate to say that he
is a very unfit man for any judicial position.

The petition signed by about two thousand reputable
citizens having been duly presented, the gentleman who had
charge of the presentation wrote in response to my inquiry:

June 29, '06.

Mr. E. W. Chamberlain, New York.

Dear Sir: I was over to Department of Justice today. There
is no hope, in my judgment, of having the pardon recommended.
They say this is the fourth conviction and that Mr. Harman stated
when out he would defy the law again. You must admit that is
not easy to overcome with a lawyer. Very truly,

C. P. NEBBET.

Thereupon the following letter was addressed to the
pardon clerk:

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION FOR PARDON OF MOSES HARMAN.
10 WEST SIXTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, 26 June, 1906.

Peyton Gordon, Esq., Pardon Clerk, etc.

Dear Sir: The gentleman who presented the petition for the
relief of Mr. Moses Harman writes me that he is met with the state-
ment that the present is Mr. Harman's fourth conviction, and that
Mr. Harman has proclaimed his defiance of the law.

This attributing defiance of the law to Mr. Harman must stand
discredited by the source whence it originated and by the motives
which prompt the persecution he suffers. The relation of "the law"
to Mr. Harman may be learned from a "Review of the Prosecutions
in Kansas," written in 1895 and reprinted in No. 1066 of Mr.

Harman's paper, a copy of which I send you herewith, and to which I beg you will give your earnest consideration. You may be thereby informed about this awful bugbear of four previous convictions. These matters have passed into history. The history of them is known to a great many of the signers of the petition now before you. The facts cannot be suppressed. I believe you will agree with me that this history is not creditable to the judges who have participated in its making.

Setting aside all this, which has nothing to do with the present case, an unprejudiced examination of the printed matters now in question will show that they are not obscene as pretended, and I make bold to say that no clean-minded man has ever said that they were obscene. One of these articles is a reprint from the *Woman's Journal*, a paper supported by the subscriptions of the most intelligent and progressive women in the country (Mr. Chamberlain is in error in this statement). The *Woman's Journal* article was not the subject of the indictment nor was its legality ever questioned in court. It was alleged to be obscene and on this pretense the issue of *LUCIFER* containing it was stolen from the mails.—Ed. J., and the effort to hold these articles up in the light of obscene matters, successful as it appears to have been in the case of Mr. Harman, is a demonstration of the fact that under the procedure obtaining in this class of cases there is no safety for any citizen against whom the cry of "mad dog" is raised.

The manifest effort to excite your prejudice and poison your mind by such suggestions at the outset of your inquiry is characteristic of the methods of these cases.

I submit that this being so, ample and sufficient reasons to justify relief of Mr. Harman by executive pardon appear not merely in the absence of any obscenity in the articles themselves, but in the manner and methods of the trial as shown in the appeal book, some reflections upon which are printed in aforesaid number of Mr. Harman's paper, herewith enclosed. Other articles in the same paper may be considered as having some bearing upon the question before you—namely, the article upon the first page, and the one entitled "Government Follows Moses Harman's Lead." At least you might read these articles with profit.

One further reason I would urge for Mr. Harman's pardon, of an entirely different character from the foregoing, depending upon information received by me quite recently, to the effect that his custodians in prison are imposing cruel and unusual hardships upon him. At his age and with his frail constitution his life has been seriously endangered by confinement in the same cell with a consumptive, and a change for the worse has just been made by replacing this consumptive cell-mate by one whose fury of temper is a constant menace to Mr. Harman's personal safety.

If Mr. Harman had been guilty of theft or had murdered his grandmother or had committed some real crime it would still be the duty of his custodians to preserve his health and guard his safety. How much greater, then, is this obligation when, if guilty at all, he is merely guilty of a statutory offense of the most flimsy and fictitious character. His present treatment is more reprehensible than the offense he is claimed to have committed. It should meet with prompt and stern rebuke.

Mr. Ezra H. Heywood, the victim of a similar unrelenting persecution under the pretense of obscenity, was on one occasion arraigned before Judge Nelson in Boston, and the pretended offense being stated, the judge promptly discharged Mr. Heywood with the remark that the court was robust enough to stand that. A condition of robust morality is required at this time to resist the course of this outrage, and I feel confident that if my appeal is to a man of robust moral character it will not be in vain. I cite you the example of President McKinley's prompt action in the similar case of Mr. Charles C. Moore. Very respectfully,

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

In due time the following answer was received:

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.
OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL FOR PARDONS.
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 20, 1906.

Ed. W. Chamberlain, 10 West Sixty-First Street, New York City.

Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 26th instant concerning the application for pardon of Moses Harman, and to advise you that inasmuch as a former application filed in behalf of Mr. Harman was adversely reported and the case closed June 11, 1906, the same cannot be reconsidered unless the President directs that the case be reported to him or either the district attorney or trial judge file a supplemental and favorable report in the case.

Your letter has been placed upon the file of this department. Respectfully,
FRYDOR GORDON, Pardon Attorney.

To which I replied:

HEATON HALL, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., 3 July, 1906.
Peyton Gordon, Esq., Pardon Attorney, etc.

Dear Sir: Acknowledging your courteous favor of 30th ult., I have to thank you for your prompt response as well as to express surprise at your like promptness in disposing of the application for the relief of Mr. Harman.

I see I was in error in presuming that my letter of 26 June would reach you soon enough after your receipt of the petition to engage your attentive consideration.

With no disposition at this time to reflect upon the officials to whom, under the rules of your department, you have referred the petition, I cannot fail to remark that it must be as obvious to the untrained mind of the ordinary layman as to the perception of the most acute lawyer that your sole reliance upon such reference in reaching your decision furnishes to delinquent officials a fine opportunity to conceal their delinquencies and increases the difficulty of obtaining a just result.

The case of Mr. Charles C. Moore, of Lexington, Ky., has been cited to you—a case which was closed as tight as Mr. Harman's now is. It was speedily reopened by President McKinley as soon as the true story of it was told him by Senator Lindsay.

Would it not be well for you personally to put this matter in such light before President Roosevelt that he will see the propriety of directing a more unprejudiced and impartial report to him if he wants anything further? And would that course not be fairer and preferable every way than to rest the administration of justice upon my ability to find some person whose influence is as potent with Mr. Roosevelt as was Senator Lindsay's influence with Mr. McKinley? Very respectfully,

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Receiving no answer after waiting long enough to be sure that the pardon attorney was taking refuge in silence, I then wrote to "the man higher up":

HEATON HALL, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., 22 July, 1906.

Dear Sir: So much is said officially nowadays about a "square deal" that it seems worth while to try to practicalize the idea in a case which has attracted considerable attention.

An application for the pardon of Mr. Moses Harman recently filed in the Department of Justice is defeated by certain rules of the department, formulated before your incumbency, which I respectfully submit you might very properly amend in accordance with the ideals of a "square deal."

The manifest effect of these rules is to make it possible for prejudiced, designing or misguided officials to make the decision which should be made by your department, and indeed to preclude any investigation by your department. This may be a labor-saving arrangement for your subordinates, but it is certainly not a "square deal."

If you will without bias look into the record and the papers filed with the application in the Harman case you will find not merely that Mr. Harman is innocent of the offense charged, but that the methods of the trial were reprehensible and such as the judge and prosecuting attorney have good reason to be ashamed of and to desire to cover up by such means of concealment as the rules of the department give them a chance to avail of.

I address you personally because I consider this matter one of paramount importance. Very respectfully,

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Hon. William H. Moody, Washington, D. C.

To which Mr. Moody responded as follows:

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
84 STATE STREET, BOSTON, July 30.

Dear Sir: I have received your letter of the 22d instant concerning the application for pardon of Moses Harman. It is absolutely essential that the President should have some rules regulating the consideration of pardon cases, otherwise so much of his time would be taken up with them that he would have little left for his other work. As it is, this branch of the work of the Department of Justice receives my personal attention and all reports to the President are made by me and then receive his consideration. In this case, as the application of Harman, who was convicted of a violation of the postal laws, was adversely reported upon by both the judge and district attorney who tried the case, and who are in full possession of the facts, it would not, under the rules, be precluded

to the President for his consideration. The facts in this case as they have come to me are most unfavorable to the petitioner's application, but if you have any facts in your possession which you think would justify the exercise of executive clemency I should be glad to receive them and can assure you of the fullest consideration. Very truly yours,
W. H. MOODY.
Mr. E. W. Chamberlain, Heaton Hall, Stockbridge, Mass.

To which I returned answer:

HEATON HALL, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., 3 August, 1906.

DEAR SIR: Acknowledging your courteous favor of 30 July and thanking you for your gratifying assurance of the fullest consideration of the case of Mr. Moses Harman, while bespeaking an open mind on your part, I respectfully submit:

That you cannot fail to have observed the force of first impressions, and doubtless you can recall cases in your own experience when the cry of "mad dog" has been thoughtlessly reiterated to the detriment of those not deserving condemnation.

The accusation of "obscenity" acts peculiarly as an exciting cause and stimulant of prejudice, and when formulated against a poor man by a prosecution eager to acquire a character for perversity in a court where the outside shell of appearances must be preserved, however withered the kernel, the situation is a dangerous one even to the most honest victim.

Unfortunately we have no such sturdy jurors nowadays as composed the jury which acquitted William Howe when the infamous Lord Ellenborough got out of a sickbed that he might more successfully than his associate judges manage the conviction of the parodist.

In my possession, as I write, is a letter from a prominent United States senator, not addressed to me, referring to his efforts in another case under § 3953, U. S. Rev. St., from which I quote: "The President, judging from what he stated to me, is opposed to granting executive clemency in cases of this kind."

If the President's mind is so constituted that the "kind of case" weighs more with him than the merits of the case it is possible that Mr. Harman may have to suffer for the President's prejudices, but Mr. Harman and his petitioning friends are to know that. It amounts to this, that if Mr. Harman were a thief or criminal malefactor his case might receive intelligent consideration, but being, as he is, a man of the highest integrity under an accusation which inspires prejudice the prejudice is allowed to prevail over all sense of right.

I have likewise a letter of Hon. Fred C. Stevens, M. C. (not addressed to me), in which he says "a gross injustice has been committed, which demands remedy by the President and a pardon for Mr. Harman."

It is difficult to condense within the limits of this letter my observations of this subject, extending over thirty years, but I enclose a copy of the paper which Mr. Harman publishes and I trust to the spirit of fairness which finds expression in your letter that you will read considerably the history of the Harman prosecution on page 522, under the title "Review of the Prosecutions in Kansas," and its continuation on page 527, entitled "Harman Case Reviewed by a New York Lawyer."

When you have read these the question may arise in your mind whether public purity and a respect for law and the administration of justice may best be promoted by enlarging Mr. Harman or by continuing him in confinement. I leave this question with you, and I shall feel bound to answer frankly any further questions you may wish to ask me.

The unfortunate title LUCIFER may have augmented the shock to the "average juror," but however that may be I maintain Mr. Harman's right to publish his paper and I ask you to maintain it, for, whatever the vagaries of the law, there is as yet no law in this country to compel anybody to subscribe for it or to read it. The subscribers of a paper are its best censors.

You refer to the unfavorable character of the report made upon this case by the judge and the district attorney. A rumor has reached me that the tenor of the reports made by these worthy gentlemen might be reversed if Mr. Harman would discontinue the publication of his paper. You might be interested to verify this rumor by judicious inquiry.

Feeling that this country is not yet prepared for the Russian form of censorship, and awaiting your pleasure, I remain, very respectfully,
ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

To Hon. William H. Moody, 34 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Immediately after mailing the foregoing letter I received

by mail a copy of the printed petition signed by Hon. E. H. Gillette, a member of the Forty-Sixth Congress, which I forwarded to Mr. Moody with the following letter:

HEATON HALL, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., 5 August, 1906.

DEAR SIR: Since writing you, the enclosed paper has come into my possession.

You may be told that no one is interested in the effort to relieve Mr. Moses Harman but those who pander to vice, I send you this paper not as a makeweight to my former letter, but as indicative of the standing of at least one petitioner. Other names of equally responsible persons will be found signed to the petition on file. Very respectfully,
ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

To Hon. William H. Moody, 34 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Nothing transpiring as a result of my efforts, after waiting over three weeks I again wrote Mr. Moody.

HEATON HALL, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., 29 August, 1906.

DEAR SIR: I have your kind favor of 30 July last, relative to the application for pardon of Mr. Moses Harman, in which you say that "this branch of the work of the Department of Justice receives my personal attention," and in which you give me your assurance of "the fullest consideration."

In the tumult of business which presses upon you you may have delayed this full consideration, but it is inconceivable that an intelligent and unprejudiced examination of this case can result otherwise than in an understanding of the silly pretense and the wretched trickery by which Mr. Harman has been deprived of his liberty.

Your early attention may save a very worthy old man the continued torment of imprisonment and may to some extent restore a confidence in the administration of justice which has been badly shaken by the persistent persecution of Mr. Moses Harman. Very respectfully,
ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Hon. William H. Moody, 34 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Moody having apparently lapsed into silence in imitation of the example of the pardon attorney, I visited Boston about the middle of September and made several efforts to see him personally at his office. I never succeeded in finding him there, but I had a conversation with his confidential secretary which inspired my further action. It was upon this gentleman's suggestion that upon my arrival home I sent to Mr. Moody a new petition, accompanied with this letter:

10 WEST SIXTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, 27 October, 1906.

DEAR SIR: Relying upon the kindly assurance of your letter of 30th July, in which you say that such matters receive your personal attention and promise me the "fullest consideration" of such facts as I think would justify the exercise of executive clemency, I am sending you by this mail under separate cover a new petition for the pardon of Mr. Moses Harman.

While in Boston in September I made several efforts to see you at your office, without success. I did talk with your secretary there, and it is upon his suggestion that the petition comes to you in its present form.

I urge your early attention to this matter, as the relief sought may be unavailing if delayed. Very respectfully,

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Hon. William H. Moody, Attorney General, etc.

For purposes of conformity to the reasonable requirements of the Department of Justice I took the printed form of petition which the readers of LUCIFER are familiar with and annexed to it the following presentation:

To Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

I ask the pardon of Moses Harman for the following reasons:

FIRST. Because he is a man of such exalted moral character, such integrity of purpose and such sturdy devotion to principle that the attempt to stigmatize him as obscene recoils upon its instigators.

While a jury may be deceived into conviction by the trick of exciting their prejudices, a deliberate and unbiased judgment must recognize the purity of his act and motive.

I invoke an unprejudiced examination of the incriminated matter.

NOTHING TOO SACRED FOR RIGID DISCUSSION.

Even if I disagreed entirely with the sentiment of LUCIFER and its editor, I should feel it a duty to stand up for the rights of free

time he entered Juliet the deputy warden said to him: "We have a place up on the hill here where we plant such fellows as you, and the sooner you go there the better." At another time, when he was working on the rock pile and had, through exposure, contracted a lung ailment, and asked the same man, who was passing, to allow him to go to the hospital to see the doctor, he was gruffly told that he ought to die. On each occasion that his friends asked that he be assigned to a cell alone, they were told that it had been ordered and would be given him—with the result as given in his letter. Nothing, seemingly, could avail for better treatment at Juliet, and we could only hope for the transfer, the order for which probably arrived only in time to save his life. No other commentary on the difference in treatment is necessary than the fact that the man who was required by the officials at Juliet to break stone for long hours every day, exposed to physical and mental strain both by day and night, is, by the officials at Leavenworth, recognized as in need of hospital nursing and care.

"It is difficult to fairly judge the motives of others, but I cannot avoid feeling that there was a positive determination to break his spirit, and, if not a desire to kill him, there was certainly no reasonable care taken that he should continue to live. And yet, while telling me of these things, he said, in commenting on the denial of the application for pardon, that he could not feel sorry that such had been the result. He would not and could not himself ask for release. He did not want liberty with an implied bond on the future. As long as he lives he will certainly publish LUCIFER, and if he dies it will be in furtherance of this life work."

Please bear in mind that all this is done under pretense of promoting "purity."

In lieu of further argument, I beg to submit the following pamphlets inclosed herewith:

"Administrative Process of the Postal Department. A Letter to the President." By Thaddeus Burr Wakeman.

"What Is Criminally Obscene?" By Theodore Schroeder, Esq.

"Liberty of Speech and Press Essential to Purity Propaganda." By Theodore Schroeder, Esq.

"Our Despotism Postal Censorship." By Louis F. Post.

"Our Advancing Postal Censorship." By Louis F. Post.

Respectfully submitted, ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

10 West Sixty-first Street, New York City, October 23, 1906.

No word coming from Washington for some days I supposed the attorney general had lapsed into silence and was therefore quite surprised to receive the following letter:

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C. November 14, 1906.

Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 27 with its inclosures, concerning the application for pardon of Moses Harman.

I have examined the evidence in the case and considered the facts of the trial judge and district attorney. As both these officials recommended that the petition for pardon be not granted, the case, under the rules of this department, is not reported to the President, unless at his special request. I may add that there is nothing in the case which leads me to believe that I should disagree with the judge and the district attorney. Very respectfully,

W. H. MOODY, Attorney General.

Edward Chamberlain, Esq., 10 West Sixty-first Street, New York City.

10 WEST SIXTY-FIRST STREET,
NEW YORK, November 23, 1906.

Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of 14th instant and to thank you for the attention you have personally given the matter of Moses Harman. I believe it is more attention than is usually given "under the rules of the department" in the cases of many innocent victims of what has come to be known as the American Inquisition, and I want you to know that I am not unappreciative of such unusual favor. I only regret that I have not succeeded in opening your eyes to the real situation in this and similar cases.

You say you have considered the facts of the trial judge and district attorney. Had the representations of these gentlemen been communicated to me I might possibly have furnished some explanation or refutation of them. I cannot regard the concealment of these representations, under the rules of the department, otherwise than as a direct encouragement of official duplicity.

My action in this matter was taken without the knowledge or approval of Mr. Harman himself and solely with a view to a betterment of the so-called administration of justice. As Mr. Harman's term of imprisonment will soon expire, it seems useless to pursue the matter further.

The unfortunate condition remains unremedied that our courts, through popular prejudice and the uncertainty of the law, lend themselves to the purposes of self-constituted censors, whereby these latter are enabled to thrive on the contributions of the glib and credulous under pretense that they are suppressing obscenity, regardless of the pain inflicted upon the innocent victims. It was this condition in which I sought to arouse your attention.

Again thanking you, I have the honor to be yours very respectfully,

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Hon. William H. Moody, Attorney General U. S., Washington, D. C.

A VICTIM OF THE POSTAL INQUISITION.



MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR OF LUCIFER.

His crime was the admission into LUCIFER of a serious discussion of the marital relations of men and women.

One of the two articles on which prosecution was based was written in criticism of LUCIFER and was published because the editor believes that only through free expression of opinion is the truth to be reached.

The other article was written by an elderly woman, a mother of several children—a grandmother as well—in advocacy of self-control by men and women.

Address personal letters to Moses Harman, 5326, Box 7, Leavenworth, Kan. Purely private subjects should be avoided, as all letters are read by prison officials and withheld if not approved. Do not ask questions requiring answer. All such questions, matter pertaining to LUCIFER, changes of addresses, etc., should be sent to the office, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

THE HOME-COMING OF MOSES HARMAN.

On the afternoon of January 1, in Drill Hall, Masonic Temple, the friends of Free Speech and Free Press will tender a reception to the editor of LUCIFER. Names of speakers and further details will be given in our next issue.

EXPLICIT.

Answering your implied question, which follows my "Crannery of Furnaces," in No. 1079 of LUCIFER: In writing that article, I did not depend in any degree upon the newspaper reports, most of which I had not read. My strictures and affirmations were called out by and rested upon facts and considerations not affected by the accuracy or exaggeration, the truth or falsity, of the dailies' accounts of local happenings. The facts just mentioned included the Saturday anniversary meeting and the memorial issue of *Mother Earth*; these two then current facts determining the time of the appearance of my paper.

EDWIN C. WALKER.

The trustees of the public library of Worcester, Mass., have discovered that the book "Eve's Diary," by Mark Twain, is obscene and unfit for general circulation. The board of trustees of the Worcester library is composed of the town clerk, an undertaker and a Congregational minister.

LUCIFER

THE LIGHT-BEARER.
THE PIONEER ADVOCATE OF EUGENICS IN AMERICA.
MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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Money orders and drafts should be made payable to Moses Harman. Please do not send personal checks, as a discount is charged by the banks for collection.

Letters for LUCIFER should be addressed to Moses Harman, 500 Fulton street, Chicago.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bearing or Light-Bearer, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. P. (HOSPITAL), LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Nov. 25, 1906.

My Dear Daughter: Three letters from you since my last writing day. Thanks. All the papers came except *Examiner*. I did not see that. From George Bodborough, London, I have received three more beautiful and interesting booklets: "Best 100 Love Poems in the English Language"; "Pippa Passes," drama by Browning; "Adonais," poem by Shelley. Also *New Age* magazine, Edinburgh, Scotland. A roll of very interesting clippings from London papers, sent by A. Wastall, South Africa, showing how the political and ethical questions are waxing hot among British reformers. From C. Amory Stevens, New York, came marked copies of *New York World* and *American*, wherein "eugenics" is discussed in a way indicating great interest in that hitherto tabooed subject. Please write to the *Evening Telegram*, Portland, Ore., and ask for a copy of that paper dated November 9, and thank the editor for publishing and Eleanor F. Baldwin for writing the article, "The Woman's Point of View." Write also to the editor of *Newspapers*, 150 Nassau street, New York, and ask him for a copy of his paper containing references to the case of U. S. prisoner 5326. Send stamps for these papers, please.

Sent package of letters five days ago. Please glance through them and use, if you think fit. Am glad Brand's Hall has been secured for New Year's day. Hope I shall be able to be there. Am not feeling as strong as I should like—my old troubles, cardiac and gastric—but if I am no worse off than now when turned out of the prison, one month from tomorrow, I think I will go straight to Chicago, except a short stop at Leavenworth and Kansas City. Don't know whether I can get a "stop-over" ticket to Chicago. Will find out in time to let you know.

November 11 P. H. Scrembo, editor of *Tomorrow*, wrote me thus: "While we all feel like making considerable preparation for your home-coming to Chicago, Lillian and others of your friends are no doubt correct that, in the interest of your general health, and in order to escape coming here in the most trying part of the winter, it is best for all of us to urge you to make the California trip first and get back here in the spring." As you say nothing of this plan in your later letters I take it you have changed your view, and think I had better come to Chicago first. What do you hear from our friends in California?

Mrs. Chandler wrote me an interesting account of the National Purity Convention in Chicago, some weeks ago, mentioning the lec-

ture of Catherine W. McChugh on "Motherhood"; also Mr. Schroeder's speech on suppression of knowledge, etc. Am glad to see these subjects introduced into many papers. The *Toledo News-Bee*, November 23, gives account of lectures in that city by Mrs. Mary E. Treat, representing the National Purity League, in which she says: "There is no subject in all the realm of thought more important than that of parentage, and there is more effort put forth today in the interest of the child that is to be than ever before. . . . A subjected motherhood can never give to the world the best in child life. The mother must be free in every sense of the word. She should therefore have the right to franchise, in order to help the man of the household to protect their children."

Mrs. Chandler says the "Spiritualist Association has communicated with all liberal bodies (or not evangelical) on the proposition to have a fraternal league of all, secular and religious. All were in favor except Christian Scientists. The spirit of unity seems increasing rapidly." I rejoice to hear of this movement, and while it would have been pleasant to know that the Christian Scientists had met the proposition in a spirit of liberality and fraternity, there is nothing unexpected in their refusal. I attended, by invitation, three or four of their meetings, and was told by one of their leaders, in so many words, "We do the teaching, you do the learning." As between the Eddy cult and that of John Calvin and Cotton Mather, I certainly prefer the former; but if I know the meaning of the word *bigotry*, then, for genuine, unadulterated, simon-pure bigotry in "original packages," the Eddies "take the cake." Perhaps the Roman Catholics, of the "Daddy" Lambert section (never say "see!" to Roman Catholics!), might divide honors with the Eddies in this regard. I heard Lambert deliver a course of five lectures some years ago, and have read many of their publications, therefore am not wholly ignorant of what the "Mother Church" teaches. "Let each be fully persuaded in his own mind." "Charity for all, malice towards none."

Speaking of the suffrage movement, am glad to hear, by letter from R. B. Kerr, that the agitation in England goes bravely on—bravely, if the invasion of the "parliament house" by the "suffragettes" can be taken as a sample. Without assuming to dictate, however, I would modestly suggest that instead of storming the masculine parliament house the British suffragettes would better, as I think, build a little parliament house of their own, then proceed to pass laws for the feminine half of the population, elect their executive officers, carry on their government to suit themselves, and go to jail rather than support in any way the rule of Edward the Seventh, his cabinet, his lords or his commons.

Of letters and cards received since last writing day, not yet mentioned, I thankfully acknowledge: C. Amory Stevens, 1; Bolton Hall, 1; Philip G. Peabody (picture cards with brief message); 1; Elizabeth Breese, 1; Albert Wickman, 1; C. N. Greene, 1; J. T. Small, 1; George R. Wheeler, 1; Ada M. Morley, 2; Emma Greene, 1; Harrison D. Barrett, 1; "Myra," 1; J. A. Evans, 1; D. Legelie, England, 1; A. J. Merakergard, 1; "Frank," 1; Annie E. K. Parkhurst, 2; J. E. Boultonhouse, 3; Walter Breen, 1; Nancy McKay Gordon (with book on "Psychology of Finance"), 1; Katharine S. Fry, 1; A. Wastall, South Africa, 2. If any have been omitted the writers will please let me know.

Reading matter accumulates faster than I can properly attend to it—of course I don't mean letters and cards; of which I never have too much, no matter how long or how frequent; I mean papers and magazines; but the patients in hospital and convicts in the cell-houses are always glad to get them. Have done more reading in the five months just past than ever before in my life, as I think, in the same length of time. You will think I must have abused my eyes, knowing how much trouble I have had with them in the past ten or more years. I have tried to be careful with them—have rested them by frequent bathings, hot and cold; also by using glasses of differing magnifying power. Of library books, have generally been fortunate in getting those with large print. A few, however, were not. Among these is "Les Misérables," which, in solid type and medium size print, was hard on my eyes. I had never read the book through before and decided that now is the time to do it. A most wonderful production of a wonderful man. Another book hard to read, but well worth the reading, was "Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa," especially that part of it giving an account of the two journeys of exploration by Mungo Park, a Scotchman in the employ of a British geographical society. The first journey was made alone, on foot and sometimes on horseback, most of the time unarmed and without provisions or money. Often robbed by the Moors or Mohammedans, and often very narrowly escaping with his life, he was generally well treated by the negroes. Once, when in the suburbs of a large city, Sego, on the Niger river, when all doors

were against him, and when he was preparing to spend the night in the branches of a tree, because of danger from wild beasts, he was invited to her hut by an old negro woman, who gave him a great supper of fish and a pallet on which to sleep. Quoting the narrative:

She then desired her maidens, who had been gazing in fixed astonishment at a white man, to resume their tasks, which they continued to ply through a great part of the night. They cheered their labors with a song which must have been composed *ex tempore*, since Mr. Park, with deep emotion, discovered that he himself was the subject of it. It said in a strain of affecting simplicity: "The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn. Chorus: Let us pity the white man; no mother loss be to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn."

I read this story when a small boy, and when, many years afterward, I heard the stentorian voices of fifty or a hundred negro slaves on a southern plantation singing their extemporized "corn songs" around a monstrous pile of unshucked corn, I was reminded of Mungo Park's experience, fifty or more years before, in central Africa.

The compiler of the many narratives given in this book says: "The negro character appears to be distinguished by some features usually ascribable, by a peculiar warmth of the social affection and by a close adherence to kindred ties. If some travelers have been ill-treated and plundered, others have been relieved with the most signal and generous hospitality."

Park was gone two years on his first journey and was given up as dead. His story of what he had found only whetted the appetites of his employers for more extended knowledge of the great unknown interior of the "Dark Continent," so they sent the explorer back; this time with a company of soldiers, well-armed and provisioned. But, as might have been expected, the simple-minded and naturally kind-hearted natives did not like the sight of soldiers and fire-arms. They had good reason to suspect that the object of the expedition was not peace and good will, but war and robbery. Speaking of the way in which the peaceful and unoffending negroes had been treated from time immemorial, the compiler of these stories of exploration says: "Troops surrounded a town in the dead of night, watching till the first dawn, when the gates are opened—then they rush in, set fire to it, and while the victims, with shrieks and cries, are seeking to escape, bind and carry them off into slavery."

No wonder Mungo Park found it impossible to convince people who had had warnings without number such as just described, that his intentions were peaceful. The upshot of his expedition was that, at a narrow pass of the river on which he and his few remaining companions were floating in a boat, they were assailed by volleys of stones, clubs and spears and all killed but one, and that sole survivor was not Mungo Park.

Reading these stories of the character and history, so far as known, of the negroes in their native land—as well as in the land to which they were taken by cruel kidnappers, and sold into slavery for life, and their children after them—I cannot help asking who it is that is chiefly to blame for the "race war" that now threatens to desolate the southern third of the United States of America. Park's account of the inoffensive, peaceful and moral character of the negroes of central Africa is corroborated by the experience and observation of Mrs. French-Sheldon in her book, "From Sultan to Sultan." This writer testifies that during her stay of some months with these naked natives she never heard of a case of sexual outrage, and that crimes of all kinds were rare, as compared with lands called civilized and enlightened.

Time up and sheets full. With love to all, yours hopefully,

M. HARMAN.

A VISIT TO THE EDITOR

[The following account of a visit to the editor of *LUCIFER* was written by Mrs. Maude P. Haseltine, of Kansas City, to her mother.]

My Dear Mother: A party of three—Elbert Hubbard, Ralph Wylie (a violinist and the local manager of Hubbard's lecture here), and I—went to Leavenworth on the early afternoon train. The prison is about two miles from the depot. It was a fine day, so we walked both ways. I took a small basket of different kinds of fruit. Elbert Hubbard knows Major McManis, who is at the head of the prison, and had expected to see him, but he was up in Iowa, so we had to wait outside the gate by the little round house of the chief warden while he telephoned in to the main building about admitting us. While we waited Hubbard and I had a good talk, while Wylie was trying to talk to the rather uncommunicative but very civilly disposed guard. A number of trustees were hauling loads of dirt, and one load was of the refuse leaves of cabbages. This load stopped immediately in front of the sentry and the driver took a bayonet and jabbed over and over again through the pile to the bottom of the wagon. Hubbard explained it was in show to the sentry that no man was in hiding beneath the cabbage.

In about twenty minutes we were admitted. Two young prisoners with good-looking, boyish faces unlocked the first gate and two others the second gate. We went to an officer's parlor, and they took the basket of fruit to have it examined and sent a guard with us to show us the place. Hubbard and I wanted to see Harman, so the officer detailed a man to tell Harman to come down from the hospital to the visitors' room to meet us. We were surprised at the roominess, the extreme cleanliness and beauty of a certain kind of

the entire prison. The rooms are large, ceilings lofty, fresh air everywhere, and not a particle of dirt to be detected, even by my eye. Floors that look like tiling—mosaic—but we were told they are of a rubber-like substance, to denote sound. One element of their composition is sea-water. The more the floor is used the smoother and better it becomes—much as a real oriental rug improves with age and use. I never so fully realized how much horror was done away with when they abolished the prison stripes. The men are dressed in blue suits, the only mark of prisonism visible being the number sewed on one trouser leg in front just below where the jacket comes. The dining-room has walls of marble one-third of the way up. The room looked like a large schoolroom, as the arrangement for eating seemed to be like school desks and seats—one for each person. There were perhaps forty men in this room, standing in military fashion by the seats as we went through. In the kitchen were immense cooking vessels with shining copper tops. One man was washing the already clean floor. A young Chinese prisoner was clearing a large enameled kitchen sink. Another room held trays upon trays of loaves of bread, and we saw different lots of provisions, all prepared in cleanly fashion. Then we went through a long corridor-like room, all divided into little places like a state room on the Lake Michigan steamers I have used. There are two narrow beds or berths, one above the other, in each room, and I noticed the sheets and pillow-cases were clean. Each bed was made up "exactly so," and on the top of almost every bed was placed, in methodical, painfully neat fashion, a comb, toothbrush, mug, some carefully placed photographs (sometimes a pretty-faced girl, or a baby, or of elderly men and women), and generally a book or two, and sometimes two red apples. The guards said the apples were given them at meal times (dinner) and they were allowed to put them in their sleeping-rooms to eat in the evening if they wanted to. Hubbard picked up one book from a bed; it was Froisart's tales. Another was a history; on one robed boy's bed was a dictionary. There was excellent plumbing and sanitary arrangement—a wash basin and faucets, and a closet seat, which the guard flushed to show us it was in good order. The cleanliness of everything is of the hospital order—absolute.

We could have looked about still more, but we thought Harman might be waiting, so we went to the visitors' room. I have a vivid picture in my mind of the eager, bright eyes and majestic gray head of Harman as he sat with his crutch on the long seat. I wish you could have seen the greeting of the two, Hubbard and Harman. They hugged each other, and if they had been women they would have cried. Hubbard bent down his head and said: "Look, brother, I'm almost bald, and your hair is thick as ever," raising his hand through Harman's bushy mane. Harman remembered me, and was introduced to Wylie. Then we three sat down on one side of a long mahogany table, Harman on the other side, and a guard at one end. Then how Hubbard and Harman did talk! Maybe I didn't chuckle inwardly to watch the change from a look of boredom on the guard's face to one of mystification, then slightly veiled interest, then hardly veiled admiration apparent in his looks at both Harman and Hubbard. Hubbard told Harman of talking in Chicago with Alice Stockham and his saying to her that she ought to be here (prison) too. Of course Harman saw how Hubbard meant it, yet he said, "No, no; it is better as it is."

Hubbard told him he and Alice (Hubbard) want him to come and spend a week at East Aurora as he (Harman) takes the trip he is planning to make to New York. Hubbard also asked him if he shouldn't have some money with him for expenses going home in December, but Harman refused it, thanking him for the thought. The guard said that the authorities there pay the train fare of those whose time is up. Then I said to Harman that you and I expected him here, and the question came up if the railroad will allow a stop-over. So then and there Hubbard made plans which I promised I would carry out. That is, that you and I go to Leavenworth the night before, so as to be able to meet Harman at the gate early on the morning of the 26th. When we reach Kansas City we shall find out at the depot if there is a stop-over allowed. If there is, well and good. If there is not, we will get him a sleeper ticket on a Pullman, so he may have a comfortable journey to Chicago. And Hubbard said he would be looking for a letter from me about December 28 or 29, saying we had done so.


I was glad to find they were still keeping Harman in the hospital. Still, to me he looked in better health by far than when he was here that evening three years ago last month.

We talked, I should judge, about a half-hour; then we left, with Harman accompanying us down the corridor as far as another room, where they notified him the basket of fruit was ready for him. As we went down the steps the young guard who sat at the table during our visit asked Hubbard: "Are you the editor of the *Philistine*?" "Yes," said Hubbard. "I read them," said the guard, "but haven't had them steadily."

It was about five o'clock. We walked to the town, where I boarded a street car for home. Hubbard and Wylie went to a hotel, for Hubbard was to lecture in Leavenworth that evening.

As you may know, it was a great day—one I shall always remember. A day such as that seems to be a fruitage of the many preceding days—where "nothing happens." Occasionally there comes a birthday that proves there has been a useful foreground, a necessary period of gestation or growth that we had not thought held any promise of significance. Nicht wahr? Write and tell me that of course you will be here to do as we have planned. I wrote immediately to Lillian Harman, telling her a little of our visit—indeed, Hubbard asked me to do so—and I told her you would send her this letter, so she might know a little more about it in detail.

LUCIFER.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

ENTERED AT THE CHICAGO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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WHOLE NO. 1081

RECEPTION FOR MOSES HARMAN.

Moses Harman, editor of *LUCIFER*, will terminate his educational engagement for the United States government in the penitentiary on Christmas eve. During the few months that he has been in the Leavenworth prison, since his transfer from Joliet, Ill., he has become so well liked by the prison guards, as well as by the other prisoners with whom he has come in contact, that their feeling of gladness that he is to be released so soon from what most of them are convinced is an unjust imprisonment will be strongly affected by regret to lose his genial and refining presence.

Even within prison walls Moses Harman has been what he has continually tried to make his paper—a Light Bearer. Many testimonials which *LUCIFER* is not at liberty to publish have been received concerning the influence for good which Moses Harman has had on the other prisoners. His evident purity of mind, his undaunted optimism, his broad tolerance of even the views of his persecutors, have endeared him to the prison guards, most of whom have come to look on him as an honored guest instead of a criminal.

These men, who have had the care of criminals for years, can see clearly what Judge Landis and the jurors who convicted Moses Harman could not see—that he is not a criminal, but is a noble, high-minded humanitarian, who has been cast into prison by the ignorant because of his efforts in behalf of a better humanity.

A reception in honor of this grand old pioneer in the field of eugenics will be held at 2 o'clock on New Year's day in Drill Hall, seventeenth floor, Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Among those who have consented to be present and make addresses of welcome to the released prisoner are two clergymen who count it an honor to testify in public that they are in accord with Moses Harman in his contention that every child has the right to be born well and in his further contention for the right to discuss on the platform and in his paper the vital importance of eugenics—the science of good birth.

One of these clergymen is the Rev. Walter Henry MacPherson, pastor of People's Church, South Chicago.

The other is the Rev. J. M. A. Spencer, pastor of People's Church, Aurora, Ill., which has the largest congregation of any non-Catholic church in that city.

Other liberal-minded clergymen have been invited and some of them may accept later.

Woman's side of this all-important question—for, after all, it is preeminently a woman's question, inasmuch as it is a contention that woman alone should have the right to determine when and under what conditions she shall bear children—will be presented at the reception by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, the noted author of "Tokology" and other works on sexual hygiene which have won for her the love and gratitude of many thousands of women in all parts of the civilized world.

Mrs. Gertrude Breshaw Hunt, one of the most noted of the women advocates of Socialism in America, will also speak.

Other speakers of prominence have been invited and the names of those who accept will be announced later.

All persons interested in the cause of free speech should attend this reception if they live in Chicago or can be here on New Year's day. They will then have an opportunity to hear from Moses Harman's own lips what Judge Landis in the United States District Court refused him the right to utter—his reasons why he should not have been declared guilty of sedition—"obscene" matter through the mails.

HERMAN KUEHN,
S. T. HAMMERMARK,
J. M. CRANE,
Committee.

Friends desiring to assist in the distribution of announcement cards, or in any other way, may address S. T. Hammermark, 2807 Southport avenue, Chicago.

CHRISTMAS FROM TWO ANGLES.

The inimitable Mr. Dooley, descending on the subject of the Christmas spirit, pictures the whole world in a chink for three hundred and sixty-four days of the year. "A gran' rassin' match is goin' on in every corner of th' civilized globe," he says, "and we're all in a tangle, fightin', quarrelin', robbin', pinchin', or murderin', accordin' to our tastes." It's "what Hogan calls th' struggle f' existence," he explains, and "it'll always go on while there's a dollar in the wuruld, a woman, or a ribbon to wear in our coats." But on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day, says Mr. Dooley, "suddenly we hear a voice: 'Gistlemen, gistlemen, not before th' childer.' An' we get up an' brush th' dust off our clothes an' shake hands, pretendin' it was all fun. Th' kids have come in." Thus, with brouge and optimism, is "the children's season" painted for us in the December *American Magazine*. Tattling to the *Compendium* of the same month we are confronted with another aspect of the Christmas season in its relation to childhood. Mr. Edwin Markham tells us of a "griid behind the holidays" to which few of us, probably, have hitherto given a thought—a griid which exacts toll from tired little hands and unsatisfied young lives. We read:

"Greed and Gain, grim guardians of the great god Mammon, continually cry in the ears of the poor, 'Give us your little ones!' And forever do the poor push out their little ones at the imperious ukase, feeding the children to a blind hunger that is never filled. And the spell of material things is so heavy on the hearts of all of us that scarce a protest goes up against this betrayal of youth, this sacrifice of the children in factory, store and shop."

"And at Christmas time—the children's time," as we call it in our soft rhetoric—the march of this army of little workers is heaviest; it is then that the feet falter most wearily. You cannot, in any city, at any season, go upon the streets too early nor too late to miss the tired recruits of this children's army. Between 7 and 8 in the morning, and between 6 and 7 in the evening, you see them sprinkling the ways of traffic, flying to or from their work. But at Christmas time this army of little conscripts suddenly increases. On the streets; in halls and elevators; in offices, stores and cellars; in workshops and factories—in almost every industry we have built for luxury or utility, thousands of little feet and hands and brains are there to serve and suffer.

"It is, however, in the box, the confectionery, and a few other factories that the masses of the children throng. It is in these that the hours are longest, the drive hardest, and the pay scantiest. Nowhere else is there a harder fate for the little holiday workers, save only among the bundle-packers, the cash-girls, and the delivery boys in the large retail stores.

"A thing so dainty and delicate as confectionery we are slow to associate with drudgery and weariness. The luscious, glistening piles of the Christmas shops, little delectable mountains flavored with every living from Attica to San Diego, and tinted and scented with the cheerful May time—all this ambrosial stuff might seem to have come, like flower and fruit and comb, out of the ever-springing joy of nature. Yet this trade, which employs more people than mulling, canning, or meat packing, is one of the industries in which little children are found to be most efficient and desirable. The candy factory of the cheaper grade is a place swarming with little ones, especially girls. It is a place where children are worked cruelly long hours to fill orders; where the work is monotonously monotonous; where health and character are broken down.

"Three months before Christmas the smaller confectionery establishments call in troops of little children and begin full work and overtime work, making ready for this brave pomp of the holidays. There must be preparation for the bulging paper sack and the swollen tarlatan bag of the Christmas tree, for the bottle of striated sticks, and the pudgy 'socker' with its noble luscious quality. Tons upon tons of candy must be prepared for the holiday markets. What irony of civilization is this—one band of children wasting their bodies and souls to make a little joy for the rest! What serene mind conceived this caricature of justice, this burlesque of life!

"In the East Side box factories the children, in the Christmas season, begin their work at 7:30 and keep it up till 9 at night; Sundays included. From 7:30 to 9 at night! Reader, do you take into

your heart how long these hours are for little fingers and little feet! But how are these tired workers kept at the wheel? You will not believe me when I tell you that the factory doors are locked to keep the little wage-slaves at their tasks till the factory paasha is satisfied with his day's profits. Louis Shrednick, who has worked for years in these American dungeons, says that, in "rush seasons," the children are locked in so they shall not go home till the master's work is done. The secretary of the Hebrew Trades confirms this astounding statement. Here is improvement of American citizens! Here is the outrage that in 1812 we thought it worth while to go to war about! What is 1907 going to do about it?

"FREE EXCLUSIVE MONOGAMY."

Dear Gladys: We both agree that "free love" should mean love free from commercial considerations and from coercion of any kind.

You prefer to call your ideal of love "free love," instead of "varietism." But since you are opposed to "exclusiveness," your ideal must be either loving more than one at a time, or loving one for a limited time, and this is varietism, as distinguished from monogamy for life. Giving your ideal a nice name does not alter the real facts, and it is these facts which we must discuss, not the names.

On the other hand, exclusiveness does not mean unconditional marriage for life for all who marry. It means only that normal beings in the majority of cases, and that the overwhelming majority, adopt this principle and live according to it. This does not prevent abnormally mated couples from separating, and is not meant to prevent them from separating and finding a suitable mate. But I do not speak of exceptions when discussing a general subject. I speak of the rule.

So long as your article is meant to be merely an expression of your individual opinion and feelings, it is your affair. But if it is supposed to be a general discussion of the subject, it lacks the main thing—namely, general facts gathered by mass observation.

You speak of exclusiveness in love as "a selfish love scheme." There you fail to recognize that it is not a scheme, but a growth. You will see presently what I mean by this.

You have, no doubt, studied some works on the history of the family. Did you not observe in them that sex relations have become more and more exclusive? Exclusive sex love as an ideal is a very modern product, and as a practical fact it has not yet found the conditions required for its general practice. It is indeed true, as you say, that exclusiveness in love is not practiced by the majority today. This is due simply to the social conditions in which men and women must live under the present system, and to hereditary qualities which struggle for survival.

You want to know what is practicable today. You do not care for things that may happen in two or three generations from now. Well, what is practicable?

Men's and women's economic position, their work and interests, are different in many respects and conflict at many points. So long as social conditions remain as they are, so long as men and women cannot become acquainted on terms of economic equality and enjoy plenty of time to get acquainted, just so long will the great majority fail to mate with fitting comrades. Then the flower of lasting love cannot grow, and exclusiveness in love will not be a happy and healthy thing for the ill-mated.

Will "varietism," or, as you prefer to call it, "free love," be any improvement on this state of things, always discussing for the moment what is practicable today?

Let us give a minute's thought to the "starving hearts" of whom you speak so feelingly.

Have you never realized how dangerous it is for working people with unstable and uncertain prospects of existence to practice your free love? Have you never noticed that it does not mean love, but misery and want for them? So long as women are not in a position to support themselves—and very few are—they must be supported by the men to whom they surrender. Does experience show that the great majority of men faithfully support the women who surrender to them outside of marriage? On the contrary, it shows that very few men remain faithful to their love and very few indeed support their sweethearts loyally to the end. This is surely little comfort for the starving hearts.

And what about the little ones? You know very well how hard it is for a woman under the present system to support herself. If she has to provide for one or more children, life becomes an unbearable burden. The little ones are not cared for properly, are not loved, and the little minds are starved and stunted, their feelings trampled upon, their hearts starved. There you will find some starving hearts, where you did not think of them.

Have you ever thought of the blighting effect of scars and ostracism which such a mother and such children have to bear all their lives?

Furthermore, we live in a society in which some are adherents of true monogamy and others of varietism. If a male varietist takes a fancy to the wife of a true monogamist, or a female varietist takes a fancy to the husband of a woman who believes in true monogamy, somebody's heart will have to starve. If the varietist accomplishes his or her purpose, the true monogamist will suffer. Otherwise the varietist may be disappointed, but since a varietist quickly finds others to console him or her there will be little harm done to their hearts. But the true monogamist whose mate is led astray is a sufferer for life and cannot find any compensation. Did you think of those starving hearts?

Let me pause at this point and call your attention to a few other facts. In the first place, I am not arguing either for or against varietism or exclusiveness as though these things were matters of choice which every one might select at will. You argue as though one might just as soon be the one as the other. In the same way the utopian reformers offer their schemes to everybody and think that they have but to call upon all people to adopt their scheme and everything will be lovely. That is not the way in which things are changed in this world. I do not adopt this attitude. I do not advocate any scheme. I study the historical process, its past, its present, and its tendencies. And from this point of view alone am I of the opinion that exclusiveness will gradually prevail.

People are not varietists or exclusive monogamists from free choice. They have indeed some choice, but it is practically predetermined for them by heredity and environment. They think about these things and make their choice, but this internal and external activity is determined by historical necessities over which no one individual has control. Consequently some find varietism practicable, others exclusive monogamy. But what results from this play of forces?

If I were only thinking of what is practicable today I should warn young girls against varietism for the additional reason that under the present system over one-half of society is sexually diseased. The short acquaintance and easy familiarity and intimacy of varietists are among the greatest of disseminators of venereal diseases. Of course, venereal diseases also occur among true monogamists, but the percentage is vastly on the side of the varietists, and they are the active source of these diseases. And if I were asked why I hold that exclusive monogamy will gradually prevail as the rule I should mention among the principal reasons that the varietists propagate more diseased children, care less for them, and lose more by death. The few statistical figures gathered among small communistic colonies, which are often quoted as a proof to the contrary, prove more against the general rule in capitalist society than these colonies themselves prove as economic experiments. The varietists breed a declining line of human beings, while the exclusive people have greater chances of breeding strong and uncontaminated children, care better for them and breed a rising line of beings.

You see from this one illustration alone that even the consideration of what is practicable today leads us on beyond today and into the future. And in considering what is practicable we as thinking beings must consider the future and those whom we compel by our actions to come into the world and live in the future.

For this reason women should be very careful what they say and do in this matter. It is not only a question of satisfying the hunger of their "starving hearts" but also of satisfying the hunger of the starving stomachs and hearts which they produce, of the minds which they should mold, of the race that will live when they are gone. And with this in view the question of what is practicable today assumes a very serious and momentous aspect.

What is practicable today? It is practicable to stop a moment and to consider whether it is not very impracticable to follow one's impulses regardless of the consequence to others, especially to those that will be after us through our actions. It is practicable to study history and try to find the general tendency in which sex relations have developed and what they have produced as consequences. It is practicable to take the object lessons of history to heart and try to mold our ideals in conformity with the experience so gained. Whether one succeeds in living up to this ideal—which, in my opinion, will be true monogamy—depends on historical necessities, which are likewise continually changing and which bring more and more power over nature and over our inherited qualities to us.

In reply to a few minor points of your letter, I want to say first that you have little cause for speaking of the "selfishness" of ex-

eliveness in love. For I have seen a lot of cruel selfishness among varieties. They would still their "love hunger" regardless of the pain they gave to others, regardless of the lives they were ruining, regardless of the lives they were creating. There was no sympathy, no thought of the feelings of others whom they were making miserable by their happiness. Only the desire to satisfy their own love predominated in them. And this is true of both women and men. But I do not cast any stones at them. Selfishness has been the principle by which human beings have survived. And by it they must continue to survive. Only it must become an enlightened selfishness, which identifies the individual happiness with the welfare of the race; and by this token exclusiveness is certainly the more enlightened selfishness.

You say that a part of the lesson which love teaches is to forego love as well as to covet it. True. But don't you see that this works both ways? And don't you realize that jealousy is as much a product of historical growth as its companion, exclusiveness?

There is a narrow, brutish jealousy which demands that the beloved should give up even the social intercourse with the other sex, which sees in every warm friendship for the other sex an unpardonable treason. This is the animal stage of jealousy which in a lower stage of animal life kills the hated rival or drives him from the herd. But to the extent that people learn to control their emotions by reason this stage will be outgrown and a more rational view developed in which jealousy will be no longer the green-eyed monster but the enlightened understanding that no scientific sexual selection and breeding can take place without mutual assurance of loyalty in sex life.

I agree with you that the sex function is neither higher nor lower than any other physical function—for instance, the reasoning function. I am convinced that a normal use of the sex function is a requirement of healthy development, the basis of "happiness." I believe with you that the mind as well as the erotic passion must be satisfied, and that all the beauty of sex life is destroyed when a woman is compelled to surrender against her will. Forced surrender breeds disease, backward offspring, slavish minds and beastly men. And had not economic conditions done much to prevent men from rising out of the surviving animal traits of their sex life, had not the same conditions forced women into an inferior position, the sex problem might be easier to solve than it is now.

Only when women will become economically independent of men, when they will have the means and the leisure to develop a free mind in a free body, when they will be able to choose their love-mates without any thought of selfish gain or a chance to live, only then shall we have free love. Only then shall mankind follow the call of Eros without fear of economic or physical misery. Whether this free love will be exclusiveness or variety will depend on the outcome of natural selection. Unless the signs of history deceive me, the next historical stage of love will be free exclusive monogamy. Fraternally,

Orlando, Florida.

HELEN USTERMAN.

LOVE IN LIBERTY.

[The following letter was written several years ago by a young woman—a dear friend of mine. It was one of a series of letters which were very interesting to me, written, as they were, by two schoolmates resuming the intimacy of their school days, differing radically at times in their views, but always earnestly searching for truth. I copied this, and told my friend that some day I should publish the entire correspondence. I give the letter place at this time, as the subject is up for discussion. Though not written for publication I consider it none the less interesting because of that fact.—L. H.]

My Dear Amy: . . . Now, about this love question. If two people really and truly love each other, and no one else, that is all right. If in their nature it is impossible to have a feeling of real love for others, that is all right, too; but it is a more or less selfish love, and I'll admit that I can't help having a "hanker" for such a love. But when two people love and a third person comes into their love—into the man's or the woman's love—can they still feel that feeling of love? They may attempt to stifle it, thwart it, and reason themselves out of it (maybe), but it will cause pain to all concerned. Suppose, for instance, you love a man, comes along who seems to appeal to you in every way. You recognize in him a nature of true worth. You begin to love him; you begin to think of him when he is away; you long to see him again; you enjoy being in his presence. While you are having these feelings, what position in your heart does your husband occupy? Or, let's take another example which will be better, since you have mentioned it. Suppose you were to see your husband and me "getting happy together." If he were happy with me, in talking with me, in being with me for a while, don't you think you could find some little pleasure in seeing him happy with me, if you knew he still loved you—if he still loved

to be with you? Don't you think it could be possible for him to love both?

"True love in this differs from gold or clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

So says Shelley. Do I love you the less because I love Lillian? Do you love me the less because you love Maggie? Do you love your first child the less because you have the second? Must you divide your time between them in a way that causes a lessening of your love for either of them?

How do you know that you and your loved one are equal to the "task" of constancy? Can you see all the way down the pathway of the future, that you can be so sure that you will be constant? It is true that you may force yourself to be constant in action, but the point is, will you always be constant in heart and thought, will you always experience the joy and pleasure of love, or will the feeling be but that of cold duty?

Suppose Mary Ann had never known the joys of loving—had never met one whom she could really and truly love until she saw your husband—and she met and loved him deeply; needed his love. Suppose your husband loved her, and saw that by manifesting that love she and he would be happier. Suppose you knew him so well that you were sure he was exactly the kind of man whose love this woman needed—you really and truly realized there was no other man who could love this woman and be so considerate of and helpful to her as your husband. Could you, knowing the joys of loving and being loved, have the heart to deprive this woman of some of the tenderest and love of your husband? Couldn't he still love you the same and be with you when you needed him most and wanted him most and when he wanted to be with you most? I know it is hard for you to understand these things, Amy—I could never have understood or believed them possible if I had not seen with my own eyes.

Have I ever said I believed in spiritualism—or annihilation, either? I have said that I think I should like to believe in spiritualism, but everything pointed to annihilation. I hope I shall continue to live, but I believe if there is future existence we will all live, no matter what we believe or whether we have any beliefs at all or not. You think the soul of man continues to live on and on. If you can tell me what the soul is—so I that I can understand it—I'll be so very, very glad; if you will enlighten me as to the difference between mind and soul. Lytton tries very hard in his "Strange Story" to explain the difference all through the book, and he finally comes the here to be convinced that there is a difference and to admit at last there is a soul; but he failed to convince me. Some of his arguments are very weak. For instance, he was talking about man being the only animal which was gifted with a capacity ("a passive power," as he explained it, differing from a faculty, which was an "active power," etc.) of comprehending a Deity, a Hereafter, and planning for the future. Surely an ant thinks of the future when it stores away food for the winter, and so do squirrels and many other animals. How could Lytton make such assertions when he didn't understand the "lower animals" and their "thinks"? And an animal will fight as long for the preservation of its young and its own self-preservation as man will.

But to return to the love question. The more we can love the happier we are, for love gives us more interest in life, and it is certain that the more interest we have in life the happier we are.

How else do you receive happiness except through your body? Our happiness is felt through the senses, and if they are not faculties of the body, what are they? What do you mean by the term "physical benefit" in the phrase, "Educating your minds for physical benefit"? Are not all your friends helpful in giving you physical benefit? Did you not say, once upon a time, that all our associations with friends, everything we do, is for our pleasure? "Physical benefit" involves everything, all the pleasures we enjoy, for these come only through the body. Without the body, without the senses, there could be no sensation of either pleasure or pain, so far as our present plane of existence is concerned, at least. Just as there could be no music if there were no instruments, either natural or manufactured, through which it could find expression.

We are still friends, aren't we? You see, as I now have two friends, you and Lillian, I must carefully and exactly divide my time. If Lillian had no place in my affections I could write you twenty-four pages instead of twelve. When I learn to love another friend, then I can write you only eight pages, and so on. See?

With lots of love to you and your dear, sweet children. Wish I could see them. I hope you will some day have that sweet little girl, if you want it, and feel able to care for it, and think you have time to share your love with one more child, and if it will not take too much of your affection from the others; but the first one is truly to be pitied for having half of your maternal affection taken from it to give to the second. Do not let the time for your thoughts of the one encroach on the time for the other! . . .

VAUNA.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Daughter—"Mamma, I advertised under an assumed name that I would like to make the acquaintance of a nice gentleman."

Mamma—"How shocking! And what was the result?"

Daughter—"I only got one answer, and that was from papa."—
Pick-Me-Up.

Within one's self must be the source of strength, the basis of consolation.—Marcus Aurelius.

LUCIFER

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.
The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

This is a sort of "clearing up" issue of LUCIFER. Some of the matter has been in type for several weeks, but has been crowded over. As the editor will probably be glad to have the opportunity to prepare the contents of the next number, I want him to have a clear field, with no "left-overs." This partially explains why so much space is given to the discussion of the relative merits of exclusiveness and variety in love.

One piece of "unfinished business" is the case of Miss Leppel, whose advertisement appears in another column. It may be remembered that LUCIFER No. 1036 was "hold up" as unmailable because of certain paragraphs contained in an article written by Miss Leppel which appeared in that issue—an article attacking not merely ideas which Miss Leppel assumed were entertained by my father, but also comprising assertions and insinuations concerning his personal life, of which she of course knows nothing. I felt sure that the wording of the article would cause a "holdup," and so it did. Miss Leppel sent proof sheets of her reply to my father's comments, asking that her reply be published in LUCIFER. She did not publish his comments, for the reason, as she said, that her readers do not wish to have the sex question discussed in her paper. This rejoinder of hers was among the "copy" left by the editor for insertion in the next issue of LUCIFER when he was taken to prison. Miss Leppel had said in criticism of him: "No man of discretion would have printed the obscene paragraphs after having been punished twice for a similar offense." Father proved himself lacking in discretion by willingness to risk a second "holdup" for her paragraphs, which were adjudged "obscene" by the local postal official. I declined to incur that risk, and thus proved my discretion, according to Miss Leppel's definition. Miss Leppel said that at some future time she would issue a supplement, giving my father's article—which would be sent to some of her readers months after her reply to that article had appeared in her journal.

Miss Leppel considers herself misused because her advertisement has not appeared in LUCIFER, and makes that the basis for various charges in her paper. I do not know whether any further space is due her or not. I have not seen her paper once a year, and neither know nor care whether LUCIFER's advertisements have appeared in its columns. I am quite willing, in any case, to give her the benefit of the doubt, and insert her advertisement as many times as she claims it is due. But I told her that, according to previous rulings, the wording of her advertisement might cause LUCIFER to be denied transmission through the mails, and asked her to substitute another. This she has not done.

Tired of waiting for another advertisement, and wishing to avoid the least possibility of cause for just complaint by Miss Leppel, I sent a copy of the advertisement to the superintendent of second-class mails, asking if, in his opinion, its publication would render LUCIFER inadmissible to the mails. I did this because I do not care to risk the suppression of an issue for matter which not only I myself do not think of sufficient importance, but for which Miss Leppel would not willingly incur any risk of prosecution. I will add that I have never, with this one exception, asked the opinion of the postal department concerning anything which I wished to publish in LUCIFER. But I have been careful to publish only matter which I believed worthy of making a fight for, if necessary.

In reply to my inquiry, the superintendent of second-class mails said that he is unable to decide the question and had referred it to the department at Washington. This would seem to imply that an issue of LUCIFER containing the doubtful matter would be detained in the postoffice pending the decision of the Washington officials. As I do not think the readers of LUCIFER would wish to wait two or three weeks for their paper, I am giving Miss Leppel the space which would be occupied by the doubtful paragraph, but leaving it blank. If the decision is in its favor, the advertisement will appear complete in a later issue. If it is adverse, Miss Leppel can have no cause for complaint, as she condemns others for failing to submit to the dictum of the powers that be.

Miss Leppel prints in her paper a crude picture of a tombstone for LUCIFER, as a prediction of its death, finding, I presume, a satisfaction in her artistic work similar to that experienced by the street gamins who draw chalk caricatures of those who have incurred his enmity. And then she lays the flatteringunction to her soul that we "fear" to let the readers of LUCIFER know of the existence of her work!

Miss Leppel says: "You are just as stupid as vegetarians editors, who think by ignoring my criticism and suppressing my teaching, their readers will not hear about me. I shall keep a standing paragraph about LUCIFER in H. W. D., so you cannot complain that I do not advertise you. LUCIFER is doomed." Her letter closes thus: "Hoping that LUCIFER will soon be DEAD, as predicted by me."

Persons who give way to feelings of hatred and revenge for real or fancied slights are to be pitied, probably, rather than blamed. Miss Leppel claims that her system of diet can cure all sorts of ills. Possibly she may some time discover and apply the remedy for her peculiar temper. Those of our readers who would like to see a literary curiosity in the way of appreciation of self and vituperation of opponents, will probably enjoy reading *Health Without Drugs*. But don't send silver in payment.

The letter by Helen Untermyer was written in reply to one by Gladys V. Lamb, which appeared in No. 1073. I do not know whether Miss Lamb intends to say any more on the subject; if she does, her reply will appear in these columns. I am glad to have these letters, and while I feel that I must make a few comments on Mrs. Untermyer's letter, I do not wish to give the impression that her letter is less welcome than is that of Miss Lamb.

"Evolution," like "Truth" and "God" and many other words which are used to express a finality, really means "all things to all men." That is, many different things are proved—to the satisfaction of the writer—by "evolution." To Mrs. Untermyer, evolution will have but one fruit in the sexual relations—that is, "free exclusive monogamy." It seems to me that evolution necessarily brings forth variation. In freedom, I feel sure, there will be free monogamy and free variety and free celibacy also. At first glance, "free exclusive monogamy" seems a strange combination of words—for can real monogamy be anything but exclusive? However, the distinction is well made; for while "monogamy" is the rule in present "civilized" society, it is a hypocritical, sneaking, cowardly pretense of monogamy; a monogamy which demands exclusiveness of the "other fellow" while using monogamic marriage as a cloak for all uncleanness and excess. If Mrs. Untermyer means to characterize as varietists all the thousands of female prostitutes and the tens of thousands of male prostitutes for whose convenience they exist, then I would not question her statement that such "varietists" are responsible for child desertion, prevalent diseases, etc. But I do not think such characterization is accurate, nor is it fair to those who call themselves varietists. Of these there are but few, and they are certainly not responsible for the conditions named by Mrs. Untermyer. With all due respect to the writer, I must say that I am in a position to know that the children of these people are starved neither in hearts nor stomachs; and her other accusations are equally

unfounded. Those who really are responsible for these conditions would consider themselves insulted if called "varietists." To them monogamy is the ideal state; they give it lip service, at least, on all possible occasions. The man who seduces women under promise of marriage absolves himself from guilt because she has "fallen" and therefore is unworthy of consideration. He may associate with prostitutes and bring physical contamination to his wife; but that is nothing to him in comparison with the moral contamination the wife would suffer should she but speak to the prostitute. And this woman, too, would neither comprehend nor desire a condition of universal individual freedom. She wishes to be owned by one man—with the opportunity, perhaps, of deceiving him when she could conveniently do so—yet her ideal is at least the pretense of "exclusive monogamy." So long as monogamic marriage provides insurance against neither deception, nor disease, nor hungry hearts and stomachs, I must consider it a read too slender and too weak for "young girls" or any one else to lean upon. LILLIAN HARMAN.

TWO STORIES FROM REAL LIFE.

The story of Zola's children, born outside marriage, which was given to the world soon after his death, is again brought to the notice of the public by Madame Zola, who, herself childless, wishes her husband's children to bear his name. Under date of Dec. 6 the following cablegram from Paris appeared in the Chicago Tribune:

"Mme. Zola today formally applied to the courts for permission to confer her late husband's name on the three children born as a result of M. Zola's intimacy with Mme. Roseau, which was revealed only at the death of the famous novelist. The children are being reared by Mme. Zola, who expresses special gratification at the fact that the boy has decided to adopt a technical profession instead of trying to emulate his father in the field of letters."

"The strange romance in the life of Zola, which only his death revealed, has had few counterparts in modern times. It was a romance in which all defied the law and the conventionalities of society. And yet it had the sanction of Zola's wife."

"When Zola died a mysterious veiled woman, accompanied by two children—a boy aged 13 and a girl aged 5—appeared at his home and wept beside his coffin."

"On the day of the funeral, when the procession wound its way through the streets, followed by a great concourse of mourners, the thousands who stood with uncovered heads along the route looked with wonder at a woman in black, heavily veiled, who walked by the hearse, leading two children by the hand, all the way to the cemetery. When the mourners had departed the veiled woman and the children went to the grave and prayed."

"When Zola's will was opened and read the mystery of the veiled woman and the two children was solved, for Zola had acknowledged the children as his own and made ample provision for them as well as for their mother."

"Zola was devotedly attached to his wife. They were inseparable companions. It was to her that he looked for all his inspiration. It was to her that he turned for solace when exiled from France by the powerful enemies of Dreyfus."

"At the same time Zola loved Mme. Roseau. She became the mother of his two children. She had loved Zola for years before she knew his real name."

"Mme. Zola knew of the intimacy between her husband and Mme. Roseau and sanctioned it. When the first child was born to Zola by Mme. Roseau, Mme. Zola insisted that the mother and the child be invited to her home."

"Then began the strange friendship between the two women. Mme. Roseau and her children, of whom Zola was the father, were frequent visitors to Zola's home."

True it is that this "strange romance has had few counterparts in modern times." Had Madame Zola killed the great novelist, or had she silently endured and ignored his "unfaithfulness," there would have been nothing remarkable in the situation. Real life as well as literature and the drama teems with such incidents. But to love and honor her husband, to reverence his memory, and at the same time love and care for his children and be on friendly terms with the mother of those children, is a condition so unusual that it is no wonder the world gasps in astonishment.

There is nothing "strange" in another story which appears in the Tribune of just one week later. Under the headline, "Two Reasons for Killing Brown," appear the pictures of two bright-faced little boys. The fact of their existence is sufficient "reason" for the murder of their father, and the further explanation is really superfluous:

"SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Dec. 15.—Accompanying are photographs of two reasons why Mrs. Anne M. Bradley, of Salt Lake City, shot down former United States Senator Arthur Brown in the Raleigh Hotel, Washington. The two children are sons of Brown and Mrs. Bradley. They are now with relatives in Salt Lake City, wondering why their mother does not come home. Just before Mrs. Bradley started for Washington, her heart filled with jealousy of Mrs. Annie Aeneath Adams, mother of Maude Adams, and bent on a

mission of tragic vengeance, she took the two children to a photographer and had their pictures taken. The older child is Arthur, aged 7 years, who always gives his name as 'Arthur Brown.' The younger is Mark, aged 3 years."

Mr. Brown, like many other men of his class, found marriage—and the promise of marriage—a very convenient cloak for the irresponsible gratification of his desires. According to the newspaper reports, the women to whom he promised "undying affection" were many. His first wife attempted to kill him for "unfaithfulness" twenty years ago. He was to marry the mother of Maude Adams on New Year's day, and it was to prevent this that Mrs. Bradley killed him and made her children worse than fatherless and motherless. Of her proposed marriage Mrs. Adams said:

"I was doing this in the face of all I knew concerning his relations with Mrs. Bradley, but there was an understanding that by some agreement—some financial agreement to be reached—Mrs. Bradley should in some way be compensated. He had sworn undying affection for me and declared he never would marry Mrs. Bradley. It was a matter of contention between us for a long time. I always maintained he should marry her, but he told me it was impossible."

"And so, when I saw it was as he said, I agreed to marry him on condition a financial settlement be made with Mrs. Bradley. I thought that would suffice her."

"Had I seen her, had she come to me and asked me to withdraw, I think the tragedy would have been averted. But it is too late to talk of that now. As it was, I sent a special delivery letter to him, begging him on his deathbed to make Mrs. Bradley his wife in order that her children might bear his name. That letter, however, was too late."

And "what will become of these children?" Mrs. Adams, like Madame Zola, wished them to bear their father's name—as an act of deathbed repentance. Will she emulate the widow of the great author still further and give them love and sheltering care? What an absurd question! How much happier would be the lives of many children of irresponsible parentage both in and out of marriage if they could share the fate of the children of the "romance in which all defied the law and the conventionalities of society"! L. H.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR.

U. S. P. HOSPITAL, LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Nov. 29, 1906.

My Dear Daughter: Another agreeable surprise. It seems to be a rule that every holiday is an extra letter-writing day. Not expecting such privilege, and having only a few hours in which to write, my letter will be necessarily impromptu and ill-digested. Will do the best I can, however. One drawback is a full stomach. Eating no breakfast, I had a good appetite for dinner, consequently ate more than I would have done had I known that I could write a letter home today. Having written you a long letter Sunday last (which I hope you received in due time), it will be less important that I write a long letter now. Had a good visit from George on Tuesday, and, as usual, was the grateful recipient of a basket of excellent fruit.

Last eve I had a letter from Dr. J. E. Roberts, of Kansas City, "minister of the Church of This World," saying that himself and "the proprietor of Bonaventura Hotel, Kansas City, contemplate a visit to Leavenworth next week for the purpose of calling on you [me], and also of seeing the institution. I have written the warden, apprising him of our intention." Of course you will understand that a visit from the well-beloved and renowned Dr. Roberts will be greatly appreciated by me. Of his friend, Dr. J. E. Smith, proprietor of the Bonaventura Hotel, I am not sure that I have any knowledge, but if he is a friend of Dr. Roberts I shall be glad to enroll him as mine also.

Other letters and cards received since Sunday are those: Philip G. Peabody, 2; C. N. Greene, 1; Harper Harman, 1. R. H. Kerr sends me a roll of clippings from London (England) papers describing the imprisonment of the eleven "suffragettes," as they are called, for alleged disorderly conduct in the lobby of the House of Commons. These clippings, from the London Tribune and Daily News, published a month ago, ought, as I think, to make every Englishman blush for his native land. One of these clippings is headed thus: "Willful Women Martyrs. Suffragettes Refuse to Be First-Class Prisoners. Goad 'Inferno.'" The first paragraph of this report reads:

"There are now nine suffragettes languishing in Holloway goal. Two have been released. These latter are Mrs. Petherick Lawrence and Mrs. Montefiore, and they are now bound over to be of good behavior for six months. The reason these ladies left the goal was that their health gave way. Since their removal from the Westminster police-court to the North London prison, the offending suffragettes have had many friends working in their behalf. The incarcerated ladies were subjected to the strictest prison rules, there

was no amelioration in their treatment to that of the ordinary felon, and although efforts were made to have them regarded as first-class misdemeanants, these self-made 'martyrs' declined to abrogate a title of their right to be dealt with under the same conditions as male offenders in similar circumstances. It must not be forgotten that these women are voluntary prisoners. All they were asked to do by the Westminster magistrate was to bind themselves to keep the peace, and imprisonment followed only on their refusal to be bound over. When appeal was made to the Home Secretary early in the week to have the prisoners placed in the first division, Mr. Gladstone was adamant in his refusal, but subsequent pressure on the part of members interested not only in the suffragette movement, but of others, who looked askance at the degradation of educated and refined women being dealt with as common criminals, induced that minister to adopt a more conciliatory attitude."

One of the released women, Mrs. Montefiore, is reported to have described her prison experiences in one word, "inferno"—hell! Her experiences cannot be reproduced here. The cells of her prison house seem much worse kept than are American prisons, so far as my experience and observation go.

The suffragettes appear to be in no sense discouraged. One of their leaders, Mrs. Parkhurst, expressed herself thus as to the prospect ahead:

"This change is a gain to us, as it comes from the most powerful government of the time, who have climbed down in the face of the growing public opinion. We are at last recognized as a political party; we are now in the swim of politics, and are a political force. That is the important result which has been obtained. Everything which is done now will help us. We are going to fight the government to the bitter end. In by-elections we shall attack the government candidates until our rights are given us."

The imprisoned women refuse to receive any food that has to be paid for, and resolve to wear the prison clothes, though now permitted to wear their own.

The animus of the movement is thus expressed by Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, daughter of the great "anti-corn law" agitator, Cobden, who gave cheaper bread to the English workman. Said Mrs. Sanderson: "It is because of the unhappy lives of our sweated women that I am here [in prison]. Nothing will ever be done to ameliorate their present wretched condition until they possess a vote themselves."

This struggle of a part of the intelligent, cultured and refined British women for the political franchise seems, at the present time, to be attracting more attention from the libertarian minds than any other fight. Whether these women are adopting the best course to obtain their end is a question upon which there will be honest difference of opinion; also as to whether the elective franchise will liberate the "sweated women" from wage-slavery, there will be honest difference; but that good will grow out of this heroic battle of self-sacrificing women there can be no doubt.

Some weeks ago A. E. Ellis, a Scandinavian friend now living in Boston, wrote me a long letter telling me of the great victory of the suffrage movement in Finland within the present year—"the gaining of universal suffrage and absolute political equality of women with men. It is curious," continues friend Ellis, "how extremes often touch each other. In this case, under the scepter of the same despot, the Czar of Russia, the Russian people, in spite of the most heroic efforts, in spite of torrents of blood, have failed to gain even a semblance of liberty, while the Finnish nation has succeeded, without a shot being actually fired, in acquiring perhaps the most advanced constitution in the world, including the one-chamber system, and universal suffrage for both men and women. . . . It was almost a year ago," proceeds our Scandinavian correspondent, "when the Finnish revolution took place, when the whole nation 'went on strike.' On the first of November [this letter was written Oct. 15, 1906] last year every wheel of industry, every official activity, every vestige of regular authority ceased to function in a nation of 2,300,000 people; but an organized army of citizen soldiers, which had not existed the day before, came suddenly into evidence. All the Russian gendarmes and police were disarmed and made prisoners all over the country. In Helsinki, the capital, the Russian flag on the Senate building came down and the red flag of the revolution waved over the homes of the brave and the land of the free. The Russian troops in Helsinki barricaded themselves in their barracks and the governor-general fled to the battleship *Slova* in the harbor. A steamer was sent to St. Petersburg with the demands of the three Finnish parties. In four days the steamer returned with all the demands granted and all illegal acts of the Czar for many years back revoked.

"So the Finns won their revolution against the most cruel and aggressive despotism on earth without a life being lost. Since then these demands and promises have been enacted into law through

regular channels, but the military organization of the Finnish class has been all the time watching and seeing to it that pledges have been held.

"It is the first time, perhaps, since the Paris commune, that working class has been in absolute control of the military power of a country."

There is much more of the same sort in our friend's letter, but have transcribed already much more than I intended. It was a suffrage question that started me to transcribing, thinking you would be interested in hearing how "equal suffrage" is gaining in Europe. Please thank friends Kerr and Ellis for the information they have given us on these matters.

I think I told you in Sunday's letter that I hoped to get to Chicago in time for the meetings you say are arranged for my homecoming.

HOSPITAL, U. S. P., LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Dec. 9, 1906

My Dear Lillian: Once more, and perhaps for the last time during my present incarceration, I address you from the prison hospital. Incarceration and incarnation sound much alike, and I am wondering if this is to be my last letter to you from behind prison bars during my present incarnation. While I sincerely hope that no more imprisonments will be needed in defense of freedom of speech and of the press, and in defense of woman's right to the ownership and control of her own person; also in defense of the right to be born well, if born at all; also in defense of the right of children as well as adults to a sane and rational education in regard to all that pertains to sex—to parenthood and prenatal life;—while sincerely hoping all this, I repeat what I have often said before, that if it is necessary for any one to go to prison in order that the sleeping masses, the ignorant and superstitious masses be awakened from their age-long slumber in regard to these most vitally important subjects, then I prefer to serve my sister women and fellow men once more in the way I have been doing the ten months soon to expire, rather than to see any one else made to wear the habiliments of a felon, eat prison fare and work under the eye of a prison boss, for the law-made crime of "obscenity."

Of course I do not need to explain to you, dear Lillian, that in thus saying I indulge no feeling of bitterness, no spirit of hate, revenge or unkindly criticism towards those who enacted and who administer the obscenity laws, nor towards the prison management. I hope I have got over all that. We all are victims of inextinguishable causation, both those who make and administer laws and those who suffer imprisonment because of alleged violation of laws. Under like circumstances, with their heredity and training, I can easily see that I would have done just as the federal courts and prison officials have done. If this be true, we at once see that praise and blame, revenge and hate, as commonly used, are irrational, unphilosophical.

Three bunches of pamphlets, etc., from you. Thanks. "Physical Culture, Tomorrow, Arms, Public and some others, I think, from publishers, as usual. George Redburn (London, England) sent another of the admirable series of English booklets. Other letters and cards not mentioned are those: Rev. W. H. MacPherson, 1; Adeline Champney, 1; J. P. Robinson, 1; Lois Walsbrough, 1 (including card from Mrs. Merrill); George E. Bowen, 1 (with poem, "Is Gratitude"—original); Wegie H. L., 2; Albert Wichman, 2; C. S. Gresse, 1; John A. Laut, 1; J. Allen Evans, 2; James W. Adams, 1; Osborn P. Loomis, 1; Thirza Rathbun, 1; Fannie D., 1; Josephine S. Tilton, 1; T. C. Deuel, 1; James Myers, 1; Ada M. Morley, 1; Mary E. Walker, M. D., 1; James B. Elliott, 1 (with bundle of clippings); "The Chaplain" (A. Johnson), 1; Hilda P. Loomis (with clippings), 1; George B. Wheeler, 1; Dr. Leverton, 1; Annie E. Parkhurst, 1; Philip G. Penbody, 7.

Dr. Hardcastle, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "I would like to see how you look trimmed. I abominate superabundant hair, and consider it a disguise, and in case of beard, a good handle for hold-up men. There is no more sense or science in it than in the half-inch long fingernail of the oriental high muck-a-muck."

Please say to Dr. Hardcastle that I appreciate candid and honest criticism even more than I do the opinions of those who agree with me in everything. There is plausibility, at least, in what Dr. H. says about long hair and long beards, but I think there is another side. Adaptation to environment—in other words, use—is the fundamental principle upon which Nature works. We have arms, hands, fingers and fingernails because these are useful to us. If the human animal had not needed these appendages, these appendages—or organs—would not have been developed. When the human animal is

longer needs arms, hands, fingers and fingernails these now useful appendages will probably become vestigial and rudimentary, just as the muscles that once worked a tail to switch off the flies have become vestigial in the human animal; also a dozen or more pairs of muscles which are no longer useful to the said evolved animal. As to the "long nails of mock-a-mucks," they are absurdly long simply because they are not properly used. If used in productive labor they would wear off, just as the nails of a dog or cat or the hoofs of a horse keep at proper length by use.

The same principle holds as to hair, which is a part of the integuments, just as nails and teeth are parts of the integuments. Once, hair grew all over the human body, as over the body of a dog or monkey, but now that the human animal has for ages worn clothes (except a few tribes in torrid climes), hair on the body has become rudimentary. Hair on the head is useful to protect one of the most vital organs from sudden blows, also from excessive heat or cold. Storepipe hats and superheated rooms (offices) have done much towards making hair on masculine man's head rudimentary. Woman does not wear storepipe hats; and when she goes out to the park or nearest grocery store she commonly goes bareheaded; therefore few bald heads are seen among women.

Men do not cover up their lips and chins, therefore their beards continue to grow, notwithstanding the barbarous habit of shaving. Women have rudimentary beards which they try to extirpate entirely by depilatory processes. (Did I strike the right word?) Men need beards more than women because exposed more to change of weather, hence evolution permits them still to wear beards. Perhaps the principle of use will, in time, deprive men of beards, and both men and women of hair for the head; but for one I must say I do not hanker to see that stage of evolutionary progress, and so I allow my hair and beard to grow. As to how long both hair and beard should be allowed to grow is, of course, a matter of taste, and should never be a matter of legislation or coercion.

The fact that a long beard may be a temptation to the footpad to hold me up and rob me doesn't trouble me much. I have not been so held up, and if seized by the beard for that purpose, I would say, as gently as possible: "Search me, brother! and if you find any gold watches, diamonds, double-eagle gold coins or \$1,000 bank notes, and if you think you need them worse than I do, why, take them, of course. I shall never inform the police nor help to put you in prison; but here is my business card. Come and see me tomorrow and we'll talk this matter over. Perhaps I may put you in the way of getting a better job and one less dangerous than that of highway robbery, and not half so disagreeable in bad weather."

Time up and space filled. Will try to write two weeks from today.

M. H.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

JAMES W. ADAMS, Home (via Lakeview), Wash.—Moscow: Looking back to that afternoon when the United States marshal interrupted our tête-à-tête and notified you to be ready to start to the penitentiary at 5 o'clock, I am thankful to the unseen Source from whence I received higher aspirations and deeper inspirations, thereby enabling me to outgrow the vengeful feelings I nursed towards Judge Foster and others connected with your trial and conviction. To be consistent, no one should blame another for that which they themselves would do under the same circumstances. When I was a Methodist and Democrat, I, too, would have suppressed *LUCIFER* if I could have done so.

The question naturally rises, Why such a great change? There can be but one answer, and that is couched in the axiom quoted by Paul, "When I was a child I thought as a child," etc. In proof of the axiom "As a man thinketh, so he is," I submit that when the war broke out I thought as a Southern Methodist. I was thoroughly imbued with the desire to kill as many Yankees as I could, and for years gloated over my war record. I truthfully believed John Brown to be a traitor and an unmitigated villain. I now regard him the peer of any in all that pertains to true manhood. I blindly voted with the Democratic party and as blindly looked to the minister to do my thinking until our eighteen-month-old babe was translated to the Land of Souls. Grief-stricken, and my prayers unavailing, I began to question my would-be teachers solely from the desire of benefiting my spiritual condition. At first they counseled, then remonstrated, and finally heaped rebuke for seeking knowledge, as they said, "wisely withheld by a loving Father." Their reproach drove me into open revolt, and I unwittingly became a social, religious and political outcast, and for years I drifted hither and you like a ship at sea without chart, rudder or compass, until I embraced Spiritualism. Judicial wrongs drove me into acceptance of Anarchism, the only system or school of thought that proclaims self-government, passive resistance, non-invasion and voluntarism in all things. Since then my attitude towards our mis-

guided brothers who had me indicted, and the press that so vehemently denounced and misrepresented me, has been the antithesis of what it would have been had I remained a Democrat and a Methodist.

As you know, I came here with wife, children and grandchildren. I have never regretted the move. Notwithstanding the efforts to railroad myself and comrades to the penitentiary, we commanded the respect of United States marshals, reporters and others who came in personal contact with us. Our park is frequently used by excursionists from Tacoma. Last Sunday it required a steamer and three launches to accommodate the crowd. The forty-six homes here compare favorably with any village in Washington. Our schoolhouse and hall (built with voluntary contributions), 34x70, two stories high; our wharf, our store, the absence of the well-nigh omnipresent saloon and ubiquitous policeman's club, proves that people can and do live in peace without the intervention of man-made laws, demonstrates the superiority of our philosophy, the preeminence of well-directed effort over blind faith in established precedents. The friends join me in good wishes for your material welfare.

M. FLORENCE JOHNSON, Milford, Mass.—My Dear Mr. Harman: I want to write a word about your autobiography. We do not want it finished. Just tell us what you have lived and enjoyed and conquered, and when you are through others will say of you as they now say of Dr. Foote, "His life was a continuation of the work as told in the account of his life by R. P. Putnam," and then a chapter given of the recent work. From the paragraphs printed, I knew the work would be an inspiration. What would we miss if autobiographies were all wiped out? Your own past you can tell as no one else can, and as you think the thoughts you have now are worth running a paper to print, you must see how we would like the whole story from your earliest remembrance to the present; then say this will be continued from issue to issue of the paper.

I suppose you have seen a "Prospectus of a Home Colony," by Upton Sinclair. I have just finished an article [see *LUCIFER* No. 1078] in criticism of his proposed plan for rearing children. As I do not believe in colony homes, where 100 families eat together, etc., and as I do not want children raised by narrow rules and have the rules called scientific, I will have much opposition, I expect. The fact that I succeed with my own children, and also with the children of others, gives me courage to give my opinion on that subject. The treatment Sinclair recommends would do perhaps for the vicious and insane.

My little grandson is with me again. There is much typhoid and scarlet fever in Wellesley, so we think him better off here. Within a month Olive, Ralph and I will go to New York and Newark to visit my other two girls, Pearl and Bertha. That will be a treat. I have been nursing recently in a family that makes me appreciate the harmony between my daughters and myself. I liked every member of the family, but they quarreled among themselves all the time. They were religious and moral and conventional in company, but not commonly decent in their treatment of each other. I wouldn't live in such a home a week.

I am so glad your health improves. How I wish I might be one of those to welcome you when you come home, but I do not see my way clear to do so now, and fear there will be no way. Many things might happen between now and then, however. I have new pictures of Virna and George, Jr. I think them very nice.

I am quite anxious to attend Emerson College of Oratory for a few weeks this winter for a little review, then start in teaching, but do not know that I can accomplish it. I wish our folks would see the necessity of preparing to represent their ideas in an attractive way in public utterance. Our opponents make themselves as artistic as possible and we would accomplish more if we should do so.

Mrs. F. A. DE CRANE, Orange City, Iowa.—Dear Harman: The days are speeding by so fast, and it is with a sigh of relief that I read in *LUCIFER* that you are still with us and with health somewhat improved. With what delight all those that love you will hail December! How glad that in last *LUCIFER* we had a glimpse of the rest of your family. What a dandy little grandson! I would just love to hug him. I send you, under separate cover, *The Social Rebel*, with a marked article by my daughter May. It is eighteen years since I first saw *LUCIFER*'s light, and through its influence I taught my daughter the right to own herself. Daughter May is now 19, and I think her ideas show your work did not fall amongst "the stones and barren places." I also send you a photo of my other child, Evelyn. I hope she, too, will prove to be worthy of efforts I have made to do justice to *LUCIFER*'s teachings. . . . May your health keep good, and may we be able to hail your return to *LUCIFER*'s force, is the earnest wish of yours sincerely.

G. W. BROWN, 907 Kilburn Avenue, Rockford, Ill.—My Good Brother Harman: It was fifty years ago September 10 that Governor Robinson, G. W. Deitzler, G. W. Smith, Gains Jenkins and myself were released from our four months' imprisonment, held at Leocompton for trial, indicted for high treason, by a rabid pro-slavery court and grand jury. We were discharged without trial, though it was the intention of the prosecution to hang us because we were in their way of making Kansas a slave state. These efforts to crush free principles terminated in the war of the rebellion, and the emancipation of chattel slavery not only in the United States but throughout the world.

Every contest for the advance of truth, during all the ages, has been met with violent opposition and those who have led in

reformers have been the most cruelly persecuted. And so we must expect the world will continue for the long ages before it, for it is ignorance that holds mankind in thrall.

I rejoice, as I look back at the past, that the enemies of liberty thought me of sufficient importance to labor with such zeal to get rid of me. And I joy to look out upon Kansas, and see her materialistic, moral, social and political advancement, and know it was my *Heart of Freedom*, my labors and sacrifices, that contributed so largely to bring about the result. Indeed, I cannot do less than feel that but for the *Heart of Freedom*, and the independent action of its editor, Kansas would be a slave state today, as would many of the states west and south of it. And without American example the serfs of Russia, the slaves of Cuba, of Spain, of Turkey, of Egypt, would still be toiling for cruel masters, with no star of freedom in sight. You may make the application as you will in your own case, and with a forecast of fifty years you can see the hold you have then on those who have learned to think.

I am glad to learn that your health is improving. You will survive your imprisonment and be stronger than ever, and sustained by the more friends because you have suffered for opinion's sake. If I survive until then and am able I will gladly greet you when you return home, but, living or dead, be assured of my continued friendship for you.

BOON RAI SHAH, Sanghol, Jhelum, Punjab, India.—Dear Mr. Harman: To know a hero struggling with troubles that he brings upon himself by the advocacy of a great cause is in itself a liberal education. I regard it as a privilege that I know such a hero. Your arduous labors for the emancipation of woman, your selfless devotion to the cause of progress, compel admiration. To crown all, the tranquility of mind that you have displayed elevates you to the rank of those who act as beacon lights for the guidance of their less fortunate brothers. Assuring you that you have some admirers and sympathizers on this side of the Atlantic, I beg to remain yours.

J. H. STEFFEL, National Robbers' Home, Tennessee.—Am sending you, by this mail, copy of the "sustainers" edition of "The Jungle," with the hope that you may be able to sell it and pay yourself for my subscription to LUCIFER the current year. You were good enough to "deadhead" me a year ahead; but I can't put this copy to a better use. It is probably pencil marked some, but the fact of its being the first edition ought to make it more valuable to a Socialist. It has been lying wrapped up in my "locker" for months, and these old wrecks don't care a striver to read it. . . . I've just written a protest to E. C. W. against his crocheting the Single Taxers with all the political persecution handed out to agitators in the past few years. Anybody at all familiar with our (Socialist) propaganda history knows that our people are being jailed and clubbed in many parts of the country and our meetings suppressed. This has been the case all along. . . . Am glad your father has had so many letters. Makes me feel less gaily in not having written to him.

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